Shining Cycles of Love

BY

ANNA COGGINS DART

ILLUSTRATED

BY

HARRIET DART

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Paschal, Carrie and their first child,
Albert Heston Coggins

Gift of
Anna Coggins Dart
thru Mrs. Ben Bowman
Chicago, Ill.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

MY MOTHER AND FATHER

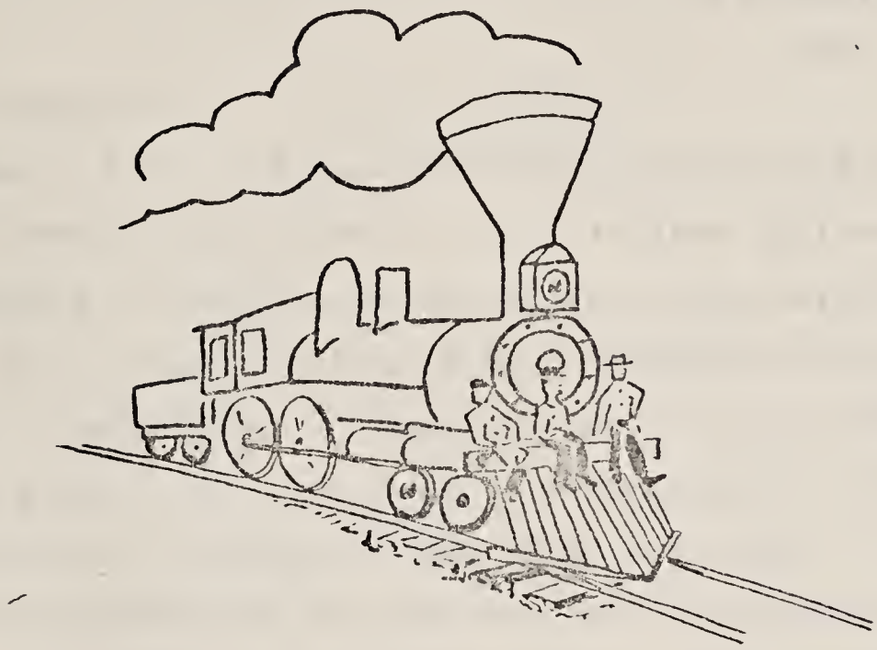
FOREWORD

This story is a fictionalized version of the lives of my father and mother and their six children in Philadelphia in the 1880's and the early 1890's. Each statement of historical import is based on a reliable source. Some of the conversation is real, though, of necessity, much of it is fictional. I believe that the atmosphere of the various situations is rather faithfully preserved.

My thanks to all my brothers and sisters for having shared with me their memories of those days of our childhood. As we have discussed our parents' lives with each other, it has seemed that each has a different interpretation. I hope that they will tolerate my rather free translation. Had it not been for so many incidents and sayings recalled for my benefit by my brothers and sisters, my story would have contained less reality and more fiction. The reality is far more precious than the fiction.

Grateful thanks are due to many others, particularly librarians, for their valuable assistance in gathering facts and answering questions. Had it not been for the hours and hours spent in planning and producing my *Shining Cycles of Love* by our son, Irwin, its advent might have been long delayed. His gracious and artistic wife, Harriet, drew all the illustrative sketches for my book. And, finally, thanks to my ever-patient husband, Vane, whose advice and continuing encouragement has greatly facilitated this labor of love.

CHAPTER ONE



THE IRON HORSE AGAIN

Mary Williamson Coggins, deserted once more by her husband Paschal, (after that summer of 1876 when he had lived with her again), had continued on in the old-time home of her girlhood at Seventh and Arch Streets in Philadelphia. But when her daughter Ann died of diphtheria in budding womanhood, Mary's loneliness became unendurable. So she urged her son Paschal Heston Coggins, a successful young magistrate in Sacramento, California, to return to his birthplace with his family to make their home with her. Paschal, her only heir, was so constituted that he could not refuse his mother's plea even though it required him to relinquish his position as magistrate in a Sacramento court, leave a growing practice and start his legal career all over again. Having fully determined upon his future course, Paschal had written to his friend D. N. Fell, (under whom he had taken his legal experience training while attending the University of Pennsylvania from which he had graduated in '72).

Here is the answer to Paschal's letter of inquiry:

1534 North Broad Street ,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
Oct. 24, 1881.

My dear Paschal:

Yours of the 3rd inst was duly received and laid aside until I should look around a little to know if I could write you anything of value as to the prospects of entering an office. Now I come to write I very naturally know no more than if I had written at once. I can only say that I will be very glad to see you back in Philadelphia and will be pleased to be of any use to you when in my power. Since you left Philadelphia our Bar has increased very much. It has run up to something over twelve hundred. The improvement in general business has not kept pace with the increase in membership. I will keep the matter in mind and try to find a place but my opportunities to do so are not very good. Mr. Brok is with Mr. Bispham. The court has had a good many students the past few years and I suppose there will be little chance for a new man there. If I can find any opening before I again hear from you, I will write.

Yours most truly,
D. N. Fell

Paschal's wife Caroline was most sorrowful to leave all her many brothers and sisters, her dear parents and an extensive round of congenial young friends. Among all of these she was called "Pet". But that term of endearment remained behind in Sacramento, her birthplace. Most acquaintances in this eastern city would know her as "Mrs. Paschal Heston Coggins". Later on her very closest Philadelphia friends would eventually come to call her by the name her husband and mother-in-law used, "Carrie". It would take her quite a while to grow up to and become reconciled to this more adult name. The time was coming when she would proudly

Mary Williamson Coggins, about the time when her husband, Paschal, was in the California Legislature.

sign "Carrie L. Coggins" to an occasional educational article. In Sacramento "Pet" had begun her literary career with two published newspaper articles. One, "A Trip To Mount Diablo", the other "From The Capital City." Both of these informative descriptions she had signed "Cleona", this being her contraction of her maiden name, "Caroline Leonard ". But in Philadelphia she would suffer (being unfortunately a person with tender, sensitive feelings) at being called "Carrie" in such a matter-of-fact tone.

Mary, now in her middle fifties, had by no means come to her real old age. Though her love-life had been ruthlessly torn asunder, she still cherished rich memories and loved on with a blind hope that someday her beloved would return. As she was faithful to her early Quaker upbringing, she continued to serve suffering humanity with her whole strength. In accordance with her girlhood identification of herself as one of those who accept life's responsibilities, she now again dramatized herself, as formerly, by the very same quotation: "Stern daughter of the voice of God".

Paschal and Carrie and their two sons, Albert and Herbert, and Mary were all living now in a rented house in West Philadelphia. Mary had selected it, moved some of her own furniture into it from her place at Seventh and Arch Streets (which she had rented) and also provided some new suitable furniture and furnishings to give an up-to-date atmosphere to this home for the young Coggins family. In her usual businesslike way she had paid the rent in advance, moved in and even had a fine dinner ready for the weary travelers when they arrived in a hansom from Broad Street Depot.

Sometimes Carrie wondered if she would have married Paschal could she have known that in only a few short years after their simple home wedding (with all her brothers and sisters gathered close around), that he would decide, in spite of her pleadings to remain in Sacramento, to heed his

mother's desire for his presence and return to Philadelphia.

Mary was extremely capable, so much so in all household chores that Carrie, the school-teacher type of housekeeper, felt comparatively inefficient. Soon it was all too evident to Carrie that Mary and her son Paschal had made, were making, and would continue to make all decisions on matters of importance. Thus Carrie found herself in somewhat the position of an eldest daughter in the family. That she would be in such a dilemma had never occurred to her when she gave up teaching in the Sacramento city schools and married Paschal. Nevertheless here she found herself in old, staid, grave, drab Philadelphia, playing second fiddle to Paschal's purposeful, intelligent mother, Mary Williamson Coggins.

Mary's management of the affairs of the house was further supplemented by her active participation in training the two little boys, Albert and Herbert. She believed in administering justice at the exact moment a spanking was indicated. (What Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten system of education so deeply revered by Carrie, believed about corporal punishment did not bother Mary who did her duty as she saw it.)

Though Mary Williamson Coggins knew all about housekeeping and child-rearing, she by no means limited her activities to mere household matters. For she was a woman of affairs in the eleemosynary life of Philadelphia.

Yes, Paschal's mother was a Charter Member of the recently formed New Century Club, an organization of women, for women, which was to sponsor an almost countless number of worthy projects and to bear a highly respected name in Philadelphia through all the coming years.

And, always solicitous for the unfortunate, Mary had recently helped found a hospital for poor women, not excluding the "fallen and the weak."

This institution was the Women's Homeopathic Hospital

of Philadelphia. There is a large bronze tablet on the wall in the Main Building on which is inscribed:

The Originators and Corporators of The Homeopathic Association of Pennsylvania Who Established These Hospitals, December 13, 1882.

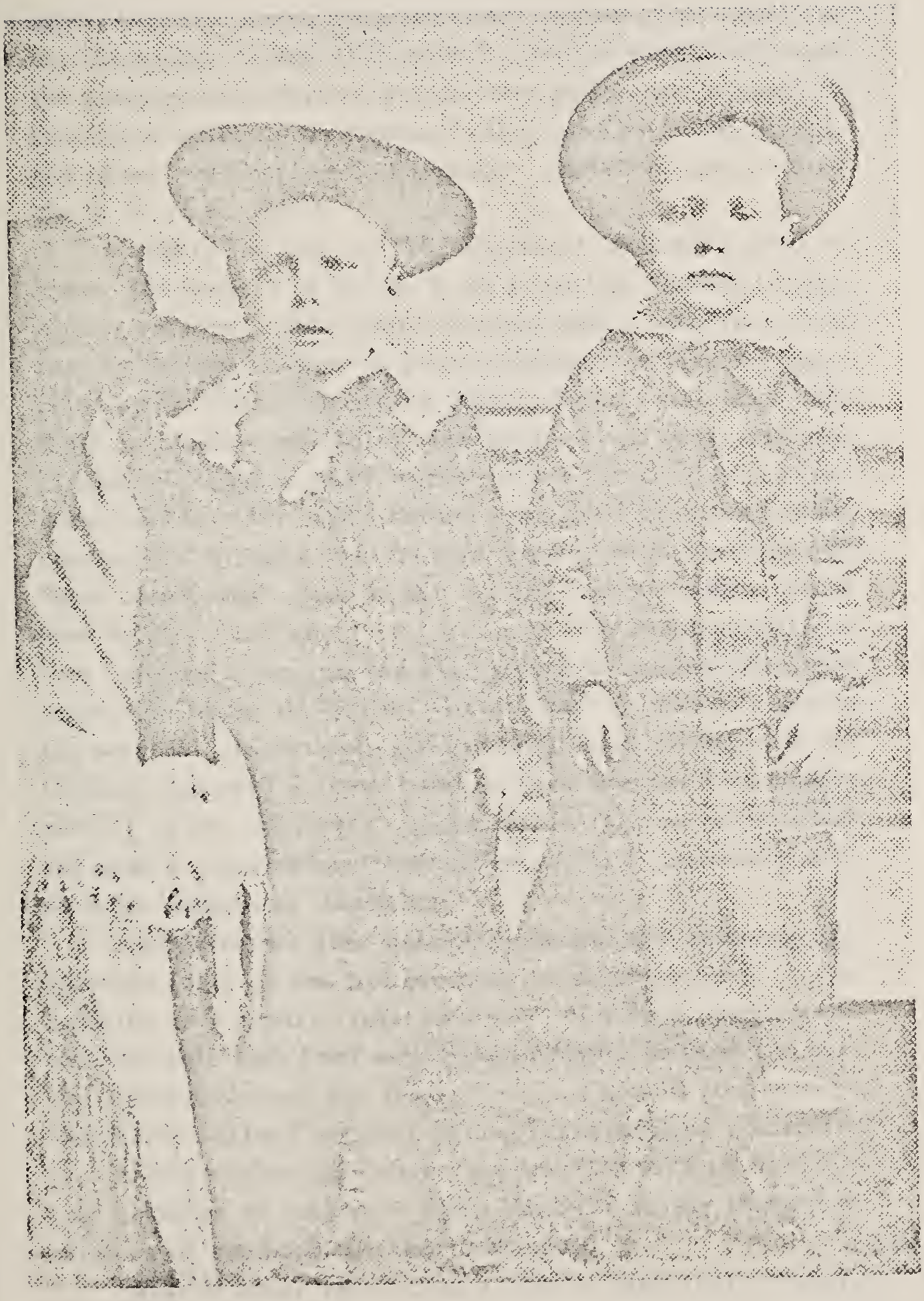
Then follows the names of twenty five members, among them, Mary W. Coggins.

The Board Meetings were generally on a Tuesday and Mary attended them faithfully for nearly twenty years through all kinds of Philadelphia weather. At one time while waiting to secure a suitable matron, Mary served in that capacity without pay, until a matron could be hired. The history of The Women's Homeopathic Hospital shows that Mary usually served on the financial and legislative committees. She was the first President and served for several years faithfully and excellently. She had natural executive ability and was a great help and much appreciated by the Board.

Occasionally, of an afternoon, Mary's sister Anna would come to the home in Philadelphia and stay overnight with the family. Still wearing the Orthodox grey, and always wearing her tiny white ribbon bow for the W. C. T. U. (which Mary also often wore) old "Aunt Anna" was still full of life and conversation. She and Mary never seemed to run out of this free commodity. Of a morning after a night spent sleeping in bed with Mary, "Aunt Anna" would remark that she had scarcely closed her eyes, whereupon Mary would remark tartly: "If ever I heard anyone sawing wood all through the night, it was thee". Hearing random phrases from the almost incessant conversation, Carrie supposed that Anna was of the Hicksite persuasion, so often did that word occur, until Paschal set her straight: 'People who use the word 'Hicksite' are themselves 'Orthodox'. People who use the word 'Orthodox' are themselves 'Hicksite'".

Although Carrie now knew she would have little say in matters financial, and though it seemed as if her husband and his mother were not treating her fairly, still she made herself try to renew her faith in Paschal's judgment, somewhat diminished here in Philadelphia. But she never let herself forget that when they were married she had kept in mind that he would eventually become *an author*. She brought home from the nearby library a volume of Browning's poems and began reading some of their favorites out loud to Paschal, as she had done in their courtship days. And even acknowledging that she, Carrie, was of no consequence in his legal and financial dealings, still and in spite of all unfairness on his and his mother's part in their treatment of her, it was *she and she alone* who must encourage him to write and become an author.

During the very first year of his return to Philadelphia, Paschal began that joining of men's clubs which met evenings, which, as time went on, would leave Carrie more and more at home with the children while he was "out with the boys". What he joined first of all was a class with an educational purpose, viz. to train young professional men in the art of elocution and oratory. Taught by Mr. Shoemaker, it was known as "The National School of Elocution & Oratory" and many of its students did surprisingly well in later years. Once during the several years of his attendance at the N. S. of E. and O., as the school was popularly dubbed, Paschal sat up in bed asleep and declared in very loud and convincing tones: "Each and every one of you gentlemen of the jury is a genius". Probably such speeches were part of what young lawyers practiced in their oratorical flights. But as is so often the case in life, what Paschal *paid to learn* was not the greatest benefit he derived from this educational institution. For had he not been of this group of fellow students, it is quite likely that he would never have



Left Albert Heston Coggins and his uncle, Right
Harry Leonard

started on his upward progress along his own glory trail toward becoming "a man of letters". For in that class were two young men who were to become very active participants in Paschal's start as an "author". One was Charles E. Hires, The other was Charles C. Shoemaker, nephew of the head of the N. S. of E. and O.

Probably because of "The Speakers' Garland", used in class, the members of the N. S. of E. and O. reached the decision to form a publishing firm of their own. They felt they could compile just as good a "Speaker" as the one compiled by Mr. Garrett known as "Choice Selections", etc. The stock in the new publishing firm sold well to class members, Paschal purchasing $1000 worth. (Mary never made a wiser investment for her son!) Before long the little publishing company had brought out its own speaker with the title of "Best Selections". Just as Mr. Garrett had borrowed a little from Webster, and some from Lowell, and various declamations from here and there, so had the members of the new firm done likewise. After all did Mr. Garrett have exclusive right to the work of celebrities? (Oddly enough many of the same selections appeared in both books.) Soon the new firm bought out all of Mr. Garrett's rights in his "Choice Selections" and made a combination "Speaker" which sold remarkably well to other schools of elocution.

Since Paschal just naturally became the attorney for this new firm, it was his business to serve somewhat in the capacity of a "public relations man". His first correspondence may well have been with Horatio Alger. Perhaps the ballad "John Maynard" was published in the new combination "Speaker's Garland" without giving Horatio Alger credit for it? A letter from the author expressed a wish to have his name included as author of "John Maynard" in any subsequent editions of the book. He then continued:

When I wrote the ballad I had no idea that it would

attract more than passing notice. But later, when I found it included in many collections, and received letters from Longfellow, Stedman, Prof. Mathews and others, referring to it in complimentary terms, I was led to believe that I had builded better than I knew.

Yours sincerely,

Horatio Alger, Jr.

Just about when Carrie had adjusted her spirit to being left with the children for the nights when Paschal attended the N. S. of E. and O. and a night every two weeks for meetings of the new publishing firm, for which he was attorney, he began going with his mother to an organization sponsored by the New Century Club, viz. a legal aid society to help poor working women secure their legal rights, (back wages collected, a chance to visit the children held by the divorced father, etc.)

Alas for Carrie's fond imagining that Paschal would be at home playing with his sons, or reading out loud to her! Did he prefer the company of other men to being with his wife and sons? At times she could not avoid believing he did. Strange the pattern into which her life was falling! Sometimes in a dejected spirit she would muse: "Wouldn't I have been happier if I had remained school-teacher Pet Leonard, living at home with my own dear parents, and playing on our old piano 'Whispering Hope'?"

CHAPTER TWO

NANNYGOATS

The members of the publishing company, which had grown out of the association of its members as fellow classmen in the N. S. of E. and O., evidently enjoyed their Tuesday evening meetings, as the attendance was quite regular. A politically inclined young man, Reuben Moon, was currently studying to pass the bar examinations. (Eventually Reuben Osborne Moon was to realize his political aspirations for he was elected congressman from the Fourth Pennsylvania District and was reelected five times, serving his constituents during the terms of 1903-1905-1907-1909-1911-1913.) Then there was young Charles E. Hires who made use of these meetings to acquaint his fellow members with his "root beer," as he did also during some of the class meetings of the N. S. of E. and O., reported by a classmate: "We all soon got over being surprised when Charles placed a glass in someone's hand and said, 'Just taste this to see how you like its flavor.'" Any guest was sure to receive two glasses of "root beer" during his evening's visit. Eventually Charles left

the N. S. of E. and O. and the little publishing company to his companions and devoted himself to perfecting and enlarging his root beer enterprise. (By 1890, his business was incorporated as the "Charles E. Hires Co." By 1895, his capital stock was $500,000. Eventually his product was known around the world. A member of the Friends' Society, he proved to be one more Friend who was a good business man. He became a director of the Merchants' Bank of Philadelphia, and also a director of the Philadelphia Drug Exchange.)

Of all the young men concerned in pushing the new little publishing company, no one was as devoted as Charles Chalmers Shoemaker. Born in Newtown, Pennsylvania, and graduated from the Pittsburgh High School, he had returned to Philadelphia (Newtown is only a little ways out of this city) to attend the N. S. of E. and O., conducted by his uncle, J. W. Shoemaker. It had been necessary for him to perform some of the janitorial tasks in keeping the school rooms in order. This he had presumably done to offset the board and tuition with which his uncle had provided him. With a somewhat humble appraisement of his own abilities, Charles welcomed the warm friendship of his fellow classmates and appreciated their ignoring the fact that at times he was to be seen sweeping out the rooms, building fires, etc. As any other Philadelphian would realize, so young Charles knew that in this rather snobbish city, men of lesser caliber than these young professionals would have assumed superiority to one performing menial tasks. Charles did not aspire to oratory; nor did he plan a professional career. He wished rather a safe and congenial business opening, perhaps where he could have security year in and out. From assisting in compiling the "The Best Selections", he sensed his own capabilities along this line. Yes, much more than anyone else in the infant publishing company, Charles was devoted to furthering its aims.

Finally Carrie received some little comfort from Paschal's having a little verse published and from his receiving ten dollars therefor. The idea for the little verse had originated from a remark made by Albert when his father had chided him for wearing out his new shoes so fast. "But you must remember, Papa", replied the earnest little boy, "the kid wore that leather a long time before it was made into shoes for me."

The fact that such a little remark originated by a small boy formed the substance of a poem for which Paschal had actually received ten dollars sent Carrie back to her earlier work of putting down in her notebook the bright or extra funny sayings of her two gifted boys.

Rousing again her will, (Carrie had great faith in will and had a quotation from Browning about will-power which she often read), Carrie picked up her hard-backed note book she had bought during her high school days in Sacramento. It had been handed over the counter to her by Charlie Crocker. That was in the days just before he became one of "The Big Four", when he was still patiently measuring out yardage for Sacramento ladies and handing school supplies to school children. Of course "Pet" had not known then that Charlie would soon become fabulously wealthy, known around the world for his part in building the great transcontinental railroad; nor could the high school girl have imagined that she would never use that particular notebook until after her son Albert had spoken his first few sentences. On the outside front cover, Carrie had pasted this title:

Mere Maternal Vanity or Nannygoats

The Nannygoats was an expression derived from an incident in Paschal's little boyhood. Once when he was about five, his mother had left him at the *Sacramento Union* Office with his father-editor thus in charge of him as well as the office. A man came into the office and the little boy seemed

to hear him tell his father: "I have brought you some nannygoats". While the two men talked inside, little Paschal had searched every available bit of space outside for the nannygoats, but with no success. Later that day he learned from his father the meaning of the word "anecdote".

"A lady wanting to kiss Albert, who declined, said: 'Then I'll cry'. Albert replied: 'Then you'll make a nuisance of yourself. That's what they tell me when I cry'."

"A China boy whom we had hired to watch over Albert before Herbert was born, chatted amiably with Albert who knew the same language, for Albert attended a kindergarten in which many Chinese children were enrolled. Later, when the question came up of his Uncle Harry (ten days his senior) going to kindergarten, Albert said: 'You can't go Kin-cool. You too little-ah, me know how'."

"Some time before Albert was four, he saw his father drinking from the hose, so attempted to follow his example. Paschal hastened to interfere but Albert said, 'Why Papa, I saw you do it'. Paschal answered: 'But I won't any more'. 'Well', replied Albert, 'I'll do it this once, and then I'll say I won't do it again'."

"After Albert had learned to count at 'kin-cool', he counted the guests at the breakfast table one morning, then counted the number of little sausages on the platter. Finding one guest too many for the sausages, he turned to a certain lady guest and asked her, 'You don't like sausages, do you?' "

"One day in downtown Sacramento, Albert saw a group of colored men talking together. He turned to me and asked earnestly, 'Mama, is there a black God for these black people?' "

"Once, after I had warned him that if he put a certain brightly colored handkerchief in the wash its colors would fade, he brought it to me triumphantly, 'See Mama, it didn't

Herbert Leonard Coggins, holding the cord
by which he pulled his woolly lamb.

faint away'."

Here in Philadelphia Herbert was also showing wit in his remarks and a certain fine sympathy for others. So his mother turned over quite a few pages and began in her best Spencerian:

"Herbert's Sayings"

"One day when Herbert and I were walking we saw a very shabby old man approaching. Herbert whispered to me: 'Can I smile at that poor old man?' 'Yes', I answered. When Herbert smiled up at him, the man smiled back at him with smile full of spiritual radiance."

The very next morning when Albert was in school and Herbert in kindergarten, Carrie went to the public library to find a poem which would express how much a smile could mean. She found none. So in the congenial atmosphere of the library Carrie composed her own poem. Later she wrote it in the proper space in her notebook just below the incident for which it was appropriate:

Encircling Love

As down the quiet street we strolled,
My baby son and I,
A shabby man, forlorn and old,
Came slowly passing by.
Wishing his happiness to share,
(His tiny hand in mine,)
Baby smiled up in loving air,
Came back a smile divine.

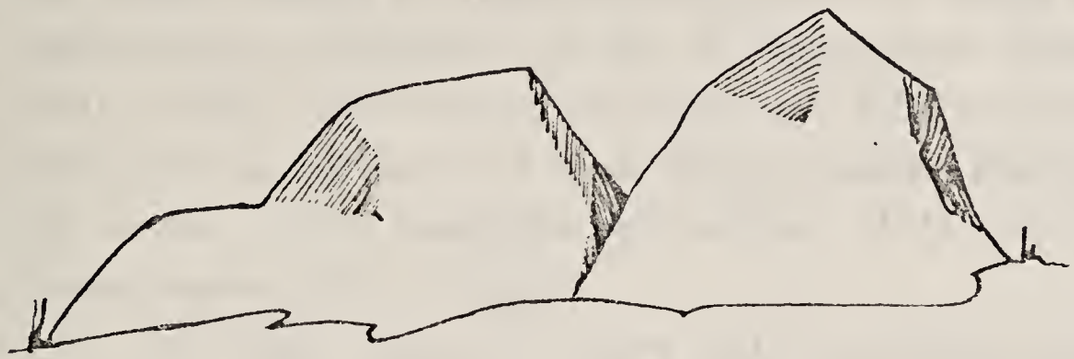
Versatile Carrie, besides keeping all these precious sayings of her two gifted little sons, (hoping to use them sometime in writing for money), also toyed with the idea of telepathy. She had herself experienced several clear-cut cases of telepathy, which had amounted, in her mind, to *divine revelations.* Near the very back of her notebook, she had placed:

Experiences in Telepathy

I was mending Paschal's socks and pondering on what God really is, trying to recall what various Unitarian ministers had said of the attributes of God. The arguments of the evolutionary theory must have brought the monkey to mind. I had almost forgotten that little Herbert was playing with his blocks there at my feet. But in the midst of my very deepest meditations about the nature of God, Herbert looked right up into my face and said very positively, and most emphatically, 'God's a monkey, that's what!' "

While we would not by any means imply that Carrie considered that her baby boy had solved the riddle of the universe so quickly and easily, still the fact that his mother found significance in this experience was indicatory of her way of thinking. For Carrie possessed or was possessed by a touch of the mystic, and at times derived great solace from such thoughts, beliefs, and feelings which neither Mary nor Paschal would have countenanced. Instinctively Carrie was too wise to discuss these etherealities with her more materialistic associates. While Carrie confidently believed that she received help from the *encircling good,* Paschal and his mother planned and, at times, worried about providing the necessities of life.

CHAPTER THREE



CLEFT LIKE THE ROCK OF AGES

Mary and Paschal favored hospitals, doctors, medicine, and accepted in its entirety the idea that germs make us sick. The only subject which "Pet" had never liked in her Sacramento schooling and teaching had been Physiology. To her that picture of the bone and muscle man was repulsive. When she read once that Mark Twain had reported that he had a bad night because, in his dreams, he had met that skeleton man out of the Physiology book, Carrie knew Mark Twain as a kindred spirit.

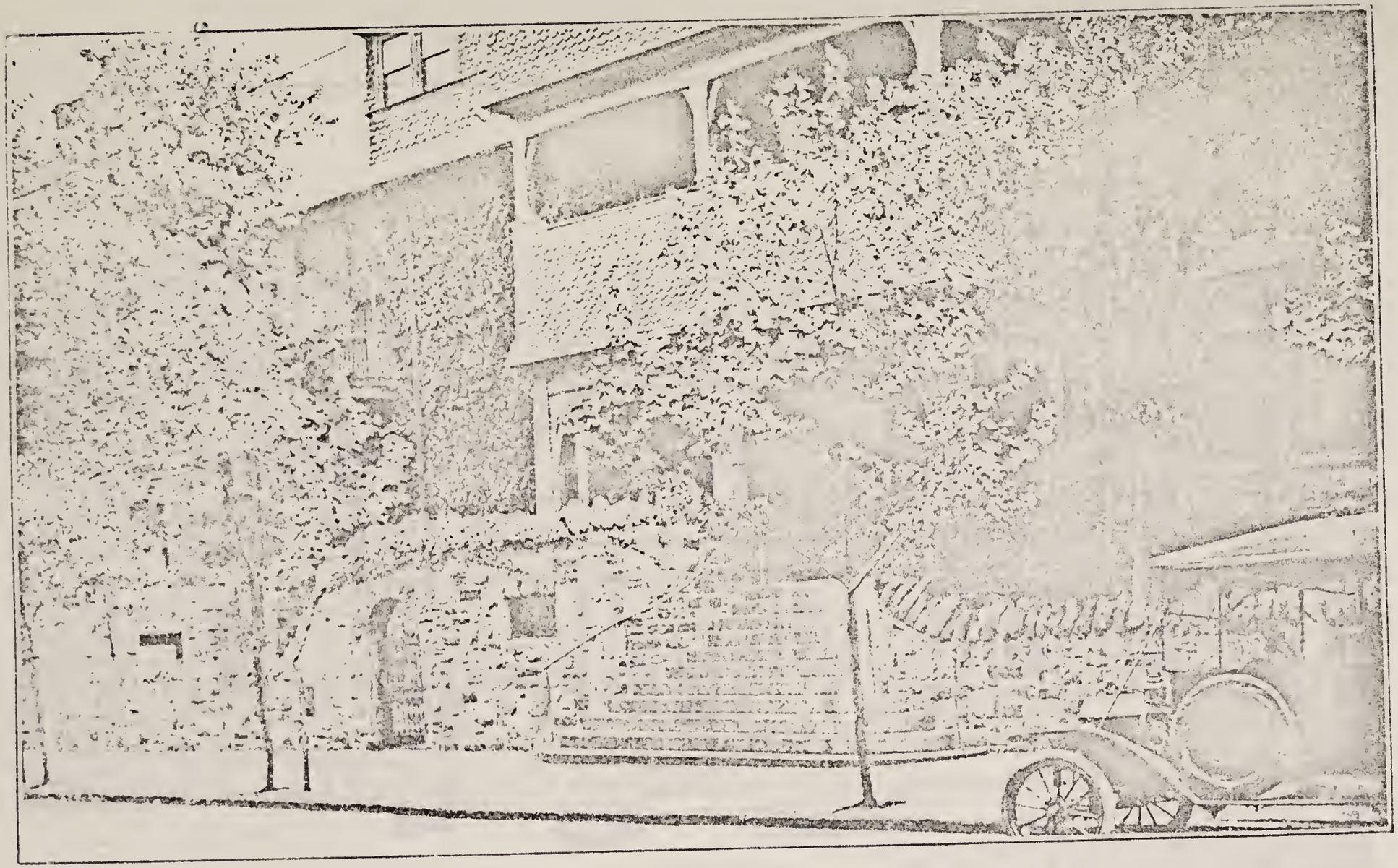
In the Leonard home of Carrie's girlhood, the kindly philosophy had prevailed that Nature tends to right herself. Her mother brought up her numerous progeny without benefit of germs. Even when high power microscopes convinced most people, Carrie preferred to remain uncontaminated.

Yet, perhaps because it was so much milder than the prevailing Allopathy, Carrie, along with Paschal and Mary, appeared to believe in Homeopathy. To the Coggins home for all ills, Dr. Mabel Jones brought her little black grip,

filled with powders and pills, and tiny bottles of liquids. If the ill boy decided that he would rather have pills than powders (neatly folded in little white paper squares), then Dr. Jones poured a liquid on the pills. It might be aconite, belladonna, nux vomica, or any of three other flavors. Typical of the reactions of the boys was Albert's remark: "Do not give me any more of that baking powder medicine folded up in the little kindergarten papers. I'll take the little round sugar pills please."

Dr. Mabel Jones did very well in helping the boys to get over their little colds and fevers. She was respected by all three of the adult members of the Coggins family. In these early '80s in Philadelphia there were already many lady doctors. But Dr. Jones, now middle aged, had attained her medical training only after years taught in rural Ohio, for three dollars and seventy five cents per week, about as much as earned by Mary Lyons, founder of Mount Holyoke College. Mabel Jones had "boarded round," sleeping with one or other of her pupils. The fact that the young woman in those pioneer days of hardship and ignorance had, at times, experienced nature in the raw may have been of real value to her in later years of practicing in Philadelphia, where, occasionally nature was still a little raw. Whether or not the Homeopathic School of medicine made all the cures it claimed is open to question; but there is no doubt that this sensible woman doctor, with extra advice on healthful living, brought confidence and a feeling of renewed health to the Coggins home. And just to illustrate how genuine a feminist Paschal had become/between two ardent suffragists, his wife and mother, he too called on Dr. Mabel Jones' services if he occasionally lay in bed with a severe cold.

But while the Homeopathic block was the keystone in the



WOMEN'S HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA

NURSES HOME.

Mary's mother, Elizabeth Pyle Williamson, and her grandmother, Ann Passmore Pyle.

arch that upheld the Paschal Coggins family, Unitarianism was its genuine foundation, a foundation which, like the Rock of Ages, held together though often "cleft." For Carrie suffered acutely from a feeling that she was not being treated fairly by her husband and mother-in-law. To break with Paschal's mother would have meant destroying Paschal's peace of mind; to continue as she was psychologically subservient would destroy her own peace of mind. Carrie strove always for peace of mind. But this inner conflict from which she was never free developed in her a tenseness alien to her natural spirit of tranquility. Hence Carrie was seldom able to be her whole, outgoing, gracious self.

The greatest healing and unifying force in the lives of Mary, Paschal, and Carrie was their Unitarian church with their dearly beloved pastor, Charles Gordon Ames. This man of faith preferred being one of his flock, rather than set above them as a superior. Though after his experience as an earnest evangelical, he had found spiritual satisfaction in the Unitarian fold, he did not wish to be too rigidly classified even as a Unitarian. For some reason, his words and his presence brought a portion of his own inner security to others needing comfort.

Little baby Charles had been adopted from a foundling home in Boston and taken in an open sleigh to New Hampshire, to the home of his foster parents. (Nothing could have endeared him more to Mary, unless it could have been proven he had been an illegitimate foundling. For Mary by now had developed a particular sympathy for unwed mothers and their offspring. Already Carrie had been burdened in her kitchen with an unwed little mother as "helper." Mary had placed the mother and babe right in the Coggins home fresh from her hospital. Of so little assistance was the young woman thus obtained that Carrie felt as though she had two obstacles in her kitchen around which she must constantly walk.)

Charles Gordon Ames had worked so unceasingly for the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War, that his health had to be restored and the National Unitarian Association sent him to California as a missionary. Brother Ames had become acquainted with Paschal Coggins, Sr. by visiting him in the *Sacramento Union* office, in Sacramento. Paschal had directed him out to the "ranch" to talk with Mary about letting little Paschal and Ann attend Unitarian Sunday School in Sacramento. Thus it was that the boy not yet in his teens had met the earnest, outgoing young minister talking to his mother on the stoop. Paschal had noticed the stranger from afar and had come cavorting in from the fields on his little palomine, Thad Stevens. Tousled black curls, sweating profusely, with every freckle in bas relief, it may be that his strength and vigor touched the young pastor. He and his Fanny had recently buried in the Santa Cruz Mountains their baby son, Theodore Parker Ames, too frail to endure life. Whatever may have been the thoughts of either man or boy, a life-long friendship began then and there. The next Sunday saw Paschal and his little sister Ann stepping from the carriage in which they had been driven to town and hastening to Sunday School. It was ever so cute to see how tenderly Paschal helped her put on her little kid gloves as they approached the steps of the church.

The flowing years had brought the Ames family back to Boston where Charles became editor of the organ of the National Unitarian Association, *The Christian Register*. For almost every weekend during three years, Charles had commuted between Boston and Philadelphia to preach to a small group of Unitarians who met in a room of the Spring Garden Institute at Broad Street and Spring Garden. At length in 1880, five members pledged their support for five years if Charles would come to live in Philadelphia and be their permanent pastor. Among those pledging were Peter and Susan

Lesley and Rudolph Blankenburg.

Although there were two other Unitarian churches in Philadelphia, still many people were drawn to this new one. In a smaller group people become more intimately acquainted. They can express their own ideas and grow with the church. A new church building was going up on Girard Avenue, that same street where the young Carl Schurz in 1852 had observed "a marble college for poor boys." Little curly headed Herbert Coggins, often to be seen dragging a white woolly lamb on wheels, had been told when he asked if he could go to the church, "There is not enough room in the church for you." Now when he had asked wistfully if there would be room for him in the new church, Carrie was as deeply touched as if he had asked, "Will there be any room for my name in the Lamb's Book of Life?"

When the new church was actually completed, everything got off to a fine start. The church was named "The Spring Garden Unitarian Church," though it was on Girard Avenue, thus showing at the very beginning a spirit of harmony between the two groups, since one secured the name it desired and the other the location it chose.

In no time at all, Paschal became an active trustee, and Carrie had been elected president of the Ladies' Alliance. Carrie's soul which had been somewhat on the sickly side since residing in Philadelphia, now convalesced, so to speak. For she was nourished and replenished from the words of Brother Ames and the fellowship of the church membership. For "Fellowship is life and lack of fellowship is death." She tried to buoy up her faith in Paschal as a spiritual being, aware of divine love and glimpses of immortality. The gentleman under consideration, however, was gaining new friends, incidentally some of them would become his clients. He paid fifty dollars for a fine Life Membership Certificate in the American Unitarian Association, with gilt edges.

You can look in the Hinshaw volume of Quaker births, marriages, deaths, and expulsions from the Friends' Society and find that Mary Williamson Coggins was dropped because of her attendance at a Unitarian church. All this had happened thirty years earlier. Now, as an older woman, Charles Ames was associated in her mind with her husband Paschal, in the Sacramento days of their happiness. Hadn't they taken the river steamer many early Sunday mornings to reach "the city" by evening to hear Charles in his evening service? Then she had been a fully realized woman. Her husband in the State Legislature, planning to run for Congress. He had loved his work as City Editor of the *Sacramento Union*. How beautiful the Sacramento River in the moonlight and again at dawn when they reached Sacramento early the next morning! It all lay there pictured in her memory, so calm and clear. That was before Paschal had broken her heart, so that she preferred living back in Philadelphia to the utter misery of seeing him in Sacramento, no longer hers.

Often now on a Sunday evening, here in Philadelphia, the whole family would attend an evening service at their church. Often a celebrity would occupy the pulpit. In this way the Coggins boys were exposed to knowing and seeing famous people, the idea of their parents being that they would always remember that they had heard, seen, and shaken hands with such persons as Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Robert Collier, Boker T. Washington, George William Curtis, William Cullen Bryant, James Freeman Clarke, John Greenleaf Whittier, Sam-McChord Corruthers and many, many other men known to men of letters. *For Paschal adored famous people. That was his disease.*

All this mingling with understanding hearts, the many lively discussions pursued in the Adult Bible Class, (where everything but the Bible was discussed), the many, many entertainments, including plays, picnics, and monthly church

suppers, brought back the color into Carrie's cheeks. (Nobody but prostitutes *put* color on their cheeks in those days.) And Carrie strove to revive her faith in an ordered universe planned by a "Divinity that shapes our ends." She needed more implicit faith in her husband also. Was he making good in law? Somehow she felt she had not completely won him. (How could she know that he had the same misgivings?) Had Carrie expected more will-power and determination in her mate? Or was she still trying to conceive of married love as being more ethereal? It is sad to know that at this time Carrie wrote a pathetic little verse which shows she was really far from happy.

"When dreary seems the dawn of day,
When love has seemed to slip away,
Rouse then thy will and know
That faith can be renewed."

Was Carrie somehow fluttering, unheeding the physical facts of life? Did she not yet sufficiently understand the true significance of Froebel's unity? Body, mind and soul? Was Carrie, in spite of trying circumstances, (or maybe because of them), nurturing herself in a dream world of sweet phrases left over from her girlhood, "a land beyond the shadows," and the "sunshine of encircling good," and the one she used in her valedictory essay spoken from the platform of the Opera House: "Life goes round in cycles, in shining cycles of love." In truth, neither Paschal nor Carrie had yet perceived what a poet expressed:

"No one worth possessing can be quite possessed."

Of course there were still many unused pages in the notebook Carrie so highly prized:

"It had been snowing so Grandma brushed the snow off the dining room window ledge before putting crumbs out for the birds. Next morning, Herbert noticing that snow again

covered the same window ledge, said, 'There now, Grandma, the snow is there again. You just made God all the more trouble.' "

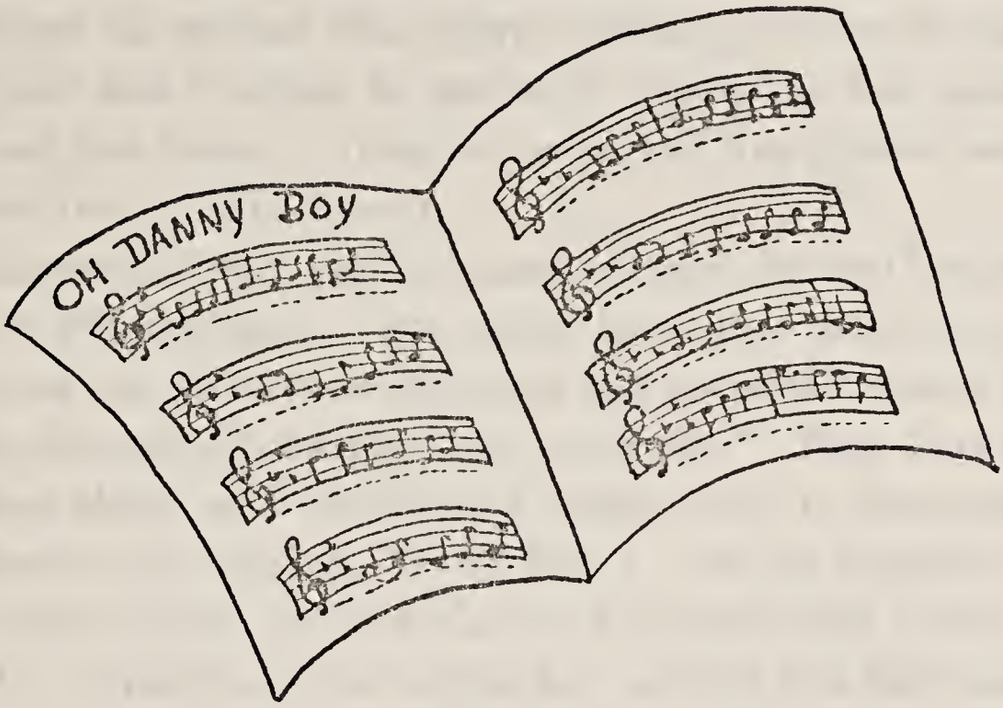
"Albert was trying to pun. One day he asked: 'Mama,' with a twinkle in his eye, 'is chamois skin sheep or deer?' obviously making a pun on 'cheap' and 'dear,' "

"Herbert wanted to go alone to the corner store and purchase himself a banana. When refused he said: 'Then I'm going to behave in a very disagreeable manner.' After making this correct sentence with the right use of words, his whole countenance brightened up and he appeared completely satisfied with himself, making no further mention of the banana."

"One night Mary, Cousin Margaret, and I were sitting in the room next to the one where Albert and Herbert were supposed to be asleep. But Herbert called out: 'Girls, are you still there?' "

"Albert said to Paschal: 'If your mother is my Grandma then my mother is your grandmother.' "

CHAPTER FOUR



REAL IRISH AIRS

Not very long after the Spring Garden Unitarian Church on Girard Avenue had started off in high gear, an opportunity presented itself to Carrie. And she did not allow herself to be thwarted because of any opinions her husband had about women showing off in public. In short, Carrie actually staged the first of her one-woman revolutions against restrictions believed proper by Paschal.

In Sacramento, "Pet" Leonard had been plenty popular. "Your mother had all the beaus in town," her mother told a grandchild years afterward. Paschal had by no means been her only possibility. Somewhat lacking in genuine earthiness, she had accepted him as her lover partly with her mind. Not hers the ardent need for little ones of her own. When had the Leonard home been babyless? Nor had she yet experienced that completeness in love sometimes called soulful sensuousness.

Here in Philadelphia, Paschal had given few signs that

he was progressing along literary lines. But he had made many good friends, partly because he was that non-competitive type of person who enjoys helping others to succeed. Among his men friends he was well liked for his unselfishness and his humor. (Paschal reserved his gloomy moods for the confines of his home.)

Carrie had not yet had many chances for self-expression here in Philadelphia. But quite by chance one day, several ladies of the Unitarian Alliance had gathered around the piano in the church parlors for a "sing." Then Carrie sang with her whole soul as she had always done in Sacramento. As they were all singing "Danny Boy," one by one the others had become silent so that Carrie finished this Irish air by herself. Then they had urged her on and she had sung "The Last Rose of Summer," "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms." These three genuine Irish airs had been part of the repertoire sung by a group of Irish singers who had come to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. Paschal and Carrie, honeymooning at the time, had heard them sing at the Pavilion.

If Paschal had heard of this little singing spree in which Carrie took the lead, he had not minded as the ladies were the whole audience. Yet a few weeks later, at a meeting in the church parlors attended by both men and women, a member of the Alliance asked Carrie to sing her three Irish airs. Unhesitatingly Carrie rose and moved to the piano and sang even more feelingly than before. Everyone was enthusiastic; everyone except Paschal. That gentlemen was almost beside himself seeing his wife so smilingly showing off.

On the way home by street car, Paschal tried to be very patient in his explanation of his great displeasure. "My wife isn't going to recite or sing in public. It surprised, almost shocked me the way you smiled and reached out your arms to the public." But poor Paschal was just wasting his

breath, for in the months and years ahead, Carrie would more and more do as she deemed advisable.

As a matter of fact, Unitarians (among whom were many disowned Quakers like Mary who had been raised without any musical training or even experience in singing) were not especially musically inclined. While they blanketed into the Unitarian fold most of those noted hymn writers of New England under the caption "Our Unitarian Poets," still they by no means excelled in their singing proclivities. Why some of their brainiest members actually sang off-tune, like Paschal himself.

CHAPTER FIVE

"To my friend I write a letter, and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. Me it suffices..... The only way to have a friend is to be one.....Friendship is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution."

Emerson

A DEAR FRIEND

Several years after the Spring Garden Unitarian Society had elected Charles Gordon Ames its pastor, he and his wife took a summer trip to Europe. As was his custom, he wrote to his many friends, among them, Paschal Heston Coggins:

Paris, Sunday,

My dear Friend:

It has often been in my mind to send you a greeting but it had not occurred to me that you would get the advantage of the first word. Please accept hearty thanks for your recent letter, which reached me here, night before last, just as we came in from Switzerland. It was indeed both welcome and refreshing. Did not some old Hebrew say, 'As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country'?

Two or three pleasant little intimations had reached me but you are the first to tell me what I had wished to know about the Sunday doings at Spring Garden. I understood, as you did that the church would be open, not for the sake of keeping up the institution, nor to make any sort of show,

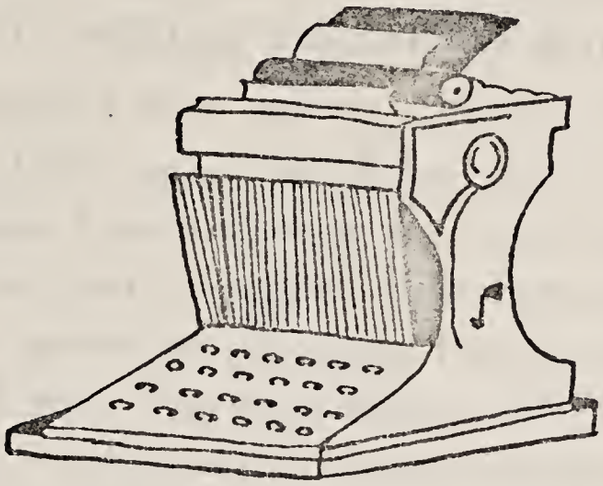
but for the simpler yet higher end of possible benefit to the few who cared to come together. So far from being a failure, it has therefore been a true success in accomplishing the only and originally aimed at. Even in the mere matter of numbers, it has made a creditable record.

I am the more pleased because I have had no hand in the matter myself. I think the little committee acted wisely in trusting to a simple, inexpensive programme, without trying to attract sensation-hunters. That a serious and earnest discourse would be read and that those who came together would enjoy an hour of quiet fellowship in the spirit, in a place which has grown familiar and dear to some. This was justification enough for the meeting and, as I understand, it has been happily realized. I have thought of the little company on Sundays with loving sympathy; and I am deeply grateful to you and all who helped to put our little building to so good a use. It is one more step in the direction of building up a true life in our society, independent of the minister; and the more general the advance shall be in that direction, the happier I shall be, and the higher estimate I shall place upon the results of my own work.

I will not enter on the large subject of our little journeys in Europe. But it is pleasant to report that we have seen and enjoyed a good deal; that a good deal more is left untouched. We have often wished our friends could share every good and beautiful thing. And that amid all the sight-seeing, and the going to and fro, nothing in this has seemed so desirable as to be wise and strong for the greater service of truth and humanity. It will be a happy day for us when we can again look on the "dear familiar faces," and clasp hands in the old way. Meanwhile, please accept for yourself and give to all friends, expecially to your wife and mother, the assurance of our cordial regard.

Chas, G. Ames

CHAPTER SIX



THE TYPING MACHINE

Ever since Paschal and Carrie had visited the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia on their honeymoon in the summer of 1876, Paschal had remembered with enthusiasm a demonstration on a Typing Machine, showing how it could almost print.

One day in these early 80s, Paschal purchased a machine called the Oliver. Several days later, when the delivery man had placed Paschal's new typing machine on the bare dining room table, the entire family gathered around in excitement.

"Who will print on this contraption?" asked Mary skeptically.

"I think only ladies can operate them" added Carrie , unscientific as usual.

"When you are old and sick in bed, then I will use this machine to print my own poems and stories," said Albert. looking up earnestly at his father's face.

But there was a lesson book that showed the operator

all about the use of the lettered keys and the punctuation marks. Despite the negative suggestions, Paschal felt very confident that he could work his new machine.

At his wife's insistence, and also because he liked to express himself in writing, Paschal had written a child's story. Now, when all were asleep, Paschal experimented in typing out his little story which he hoped to sell to the Sunday School paper Albert brought into their home on alternate Sundays. Far into the night, that first night and many other nights, he worked by carefully hunting out the letter and pressing it firmly down with either forefinger.

When Paschal exhibited his accomplishment to his wife, she exclaimed: "Now I know beyond any doubt that you will become a man of letters. Mark Twain used just such a machine." And the happy conclusion to all this so auspicious beginning was the actual sale of his "Mother Vincent's Surprise," to the Unitarian Sunday School paper appropriately named *Every Other Sunday*. When Carrie's happy eyes read it, with Paschal H. Coggins right below the title, she exclaimed triumphantly: "Faith can accomplish wonders after all."

Paschal was so happily elated over his little success (having been extravagantly praised by all his good Unitarian friends and members of his evening school, the N. S. of E. and O.) that he set to work, cudgelled up his brains, so to speak, and began a new story called "Old Pegs, A Christmas Sketch." He wrote with a good fountain pen, ink as dark as possible because he even sometimes had trouble reading his own writing. He encouraged himself by settling on the title and placing it atop his first page. Even more stimulating was the coffee he brewed on an old oil heating stove. which he had placed in that upstairs room now dedicated to what Carrie so respectfully referred to as his "literary work."

After Carrie had gone over his hand-written story for

misspelled words, inserting the correct spelling above each one designated as wrong, Paschal again performed the miracle and soon showed his admiring family another completely typed story.

About the same time that the good ladies of the Unitarian Alliance were preparing for a fine Christmas party to be held for their children in the church parlors, Paschal received a check (not very big but imagine the fame) from the same Sunday School paper. This was an appropriate publication for Paschal's Sunday School type of stories; stories in which those heedless in tantalizing older people are won over to a kinder attitude towards folks less fortunate than themselves. (In all the stories yet unborn in Paschal's fertile brain, as they eventually unfolded, we find it was usually the male who did the teasing. That must have seemed the natural way to him.) "Old Pegs, A Christmas Sketch," was published at Christmas time and added greatly to the happiness in Carrie's heart on that day.

When spring came on apace Paschal, of course, was too busy to dig in the garden for a little planting his mother had in mind. "Hire a man to dig," Paschal told her not too gallantly, "I'd rather live at a hotel or in an apartment than to worry about gardening."

In May, when it was time to tack the linen cover over the winter carpet which covered the two flights of stairway, Paschal fumbled around so unsuccessfully with the hammer and tacks, mostly striking his own thumb and forefinger, and not placing the linen at all evenly on the stairway, that his mother finally said: "Paschal, if thee cannot tack this linen down smoothly, I'd rather do it myself." To which suggestion (we are ashamed to report) Paschal not too reluctantly yielded.

Carrie was somewhat perturbed by what might have been

termed as a lack of handiness. (Nobody in those days even suspected that sometimes a person just *can't do* what he *does not want to do.)* While Paschal's mother was putting in new rose bushes, digging up weeds, and helping with the ironing, it did seem to Carrie that he might at least do a little bit of work around his own home. When she expressed this idea to her mother-in-law, Mary answered:

"I also certainly do wish that Paschal would lift a hand now and then. But I had plenty of experience trying to get his father to help around the house. I don't think thee will get to first base with this Paschal either. Thee will have to reconcile theeself to the fact that Paschal is reserving his energy for doing what he most enjoys doing, that is reading and trying to write. He likes to associate with the so-called 'men of letters.' He hopes to follow them along the glory trail of successful writing."

Until Carrie heard this precise enunciation of Paschal's purpose in life, she had not clearly realized that she too was leaning rather heavily on the "glory through writing" idea. Still, she reflected, she had expected also to be a literary person. She had never expected all the glory to be *his*. So now she made up her mind anew *that she must achieve in her own right.*

Though Carrie was to remain a somewhat naive woman, imbued with an enduring faith that "life goes round in cycles, in shining cycles of love," nevertheless it was greatly to her credit and understanding of life that she determined to exert herself mentally. Nor would she allow herself to use as an excuse for apathy the presence of her dynamic mother-in-law.

Since both boys were away in the mornings, Carrie began spending some part of each morning in Paschal's sanctuary, that very same room in which he had brought to fruition his two stories. Those were the stories which had marked his

entrance into the world of successful authors! She looked with respect at his covered typing machine, but had no desire to operate it. Carrie was well satisfied with her own neat handwriting and prided herself on being a natural born speller.

The ladies of the Alliance had asked Carrie to give a talk on "Our Unitarian Sunday Schools." And that she first put pen to paper in this room dedicated to literary success to write a paper for some group to whom she would read it, was indeed indicative that throughout her life her writings, except a verse or so, would usually be papers to be read to a sympathetic group usually comprised of women.

So after many mornings of work on her paper, Carrie I. Coggins (as she signed herself since Paschal liked that name for her) produced a paper explaining the weaknesses and strength inherent in the methods then in use in the Unitarian Sunday Schools. She concluded that, as in other schools, the textbook method dealing with "the sciences of Religion and Ethics and all the so-called Sacred Literature left to the church and Sunday School, as belonging to them," would surely be the educational tools to bring about the desired ideals in our Sunday School classrooms.

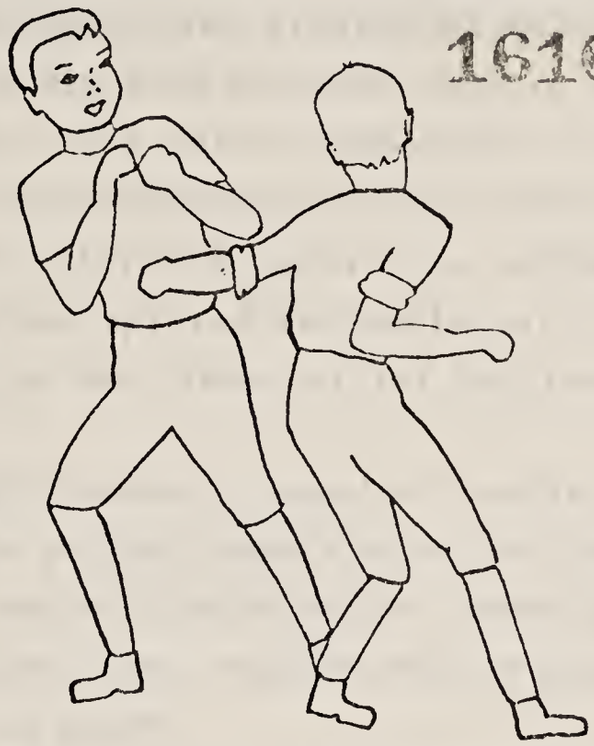
When Carrie read her paper to the Alliance meeting held in the church parlors, it was received with gracious appreciation which naturally made her feel that she, as well as her partner, had secured at least a modicum of success by her own intellectural efforts. And when summer came, in the July number of the Unitarian organ called *The Message*, there was her whole article neatly printed with the name of the author directly below the title of "Our Unitarian Sunday Schools."

Spurred on by her success (as which among us is not) Carrie now essayed an even weightier literary task. It was to be read in the Adult Bible Class of which she and Paschal

were members. Her title was: "Religious Instinct, The Compelling Power Which Makes For Unity In All Life." Then some weeks after she had polished her article to her own complete satisfaction, Carrie read it to her Adult Bible Class in the parlors of the Unitarian Church. She was much acclaimed for the wisdom therein displayed. Her only disappointment was that Paschal had not shared her hour of triumph. At the time she concluded that some crisis in church affairs had necessitated a meeting of the trustees, of which Paschal was president. (The truth was that Paschal and another erring trustee were playing chess down in the janitor's room.) As Carrie did not learn of this perfidy for many days, the joy of her triumph was only slightly dimmed. And just imagine! During October of this year (so eventful in a literary way) Carrie's whole long, serious, beautiful article was printed in *The Message!* At the very beginning its entire impressive title was given, but on subsequent pages the editor had used merely "Religious Instinct."

Thus by autumn of 1883, it seemed as if "Unity in All Life" had been achieved in the little rented home in West Philadelphia

CHAPTER SEVEN



MENTAL AND MORAL TRAITS OF ANIMALS

Carrie was most happy when Paschal informed her that he had completed his course in the N. S. of E. and O. "But," he told her, "I shall have to attend the meetings of our publishing firm every time since I am lawyer for our little group." However, Carrie, optimistic on the slightest provocation, hoped that Paschal's joining days were over. Sure enough he did stay home quite a few nights in succession. It was a comforting sound to hear him plugging away on his machine in his third story room! And later he received a nice check from a new magazine called *Out West* for his latest literary creation called "A Reminiscence of the Flood of '61." And when this article was printed, Paschal gathered his two boys close to him (something he too rarely did) and half read, half told them this story of the time his mother, his sister, and himself were saved from drowning by a boatman who rowed them through the dangerous swirling waters of the American River to final safety in Sacramento. The story ended:

"Twenty minutes later, the boat entered the office of the old Sacramento Union and floated at ease, its gunwale tapping the edge of the long business counter in a most business-like fashion. The active adventures of the day were past. My father was summoned and we were soon ensconced in a convenient hotel, there to await the subsidence of the worst flood which had visited the valley of the Sacramento within the memory of the oldest of its English-speaking inhabitants."

On those nights when no sound of hunting and pecking came from Paschal's writing room, Carrie and Mary and Albert knew that Paschal was writing with his fountain pen, getting more ideas worked out into stories and articles to be published for money and glory.

It was several weeks before the manuscript that Paschal had written after the story of the flood was placed in Carrie's hands for correction of Paschal's spelling. The title was almost as imposing as had been that of Carrie's masterpiece, for it was "On the Mental and Moral Traits of Animals." As Paschal never allowed a cat in the house, had no use for dogs, and had explained to his sons that he liked Rosa Bonheur's cows better than similar animals in the meadow, Carrie was curious as to just which animal Paschal had communed with to ascertain a knowledge of its mental and moral traits. She wondered if perhaps he had drawn on "Intimations of Early Childhood" when he rode his palomino, Thad Stevens, up and down the streets of Sacramento. She was greatly pleased that her husband had begun his article with this quotation from Milton:

In contemplation of Created Things,
By steps we may ascend to God.

This unique treatise "On the Mental and Moral Traits of Animals," was decidedly a scientific article written in

a most sympathetic vein regarding the lower animals, and emphasizing their close relationship to humans. The first paragraph is indicative of its general tone:

This subject, taken in its greatest dimensions, might be construed to involve the whole doctrine of evolution, if carried to its ultimate conclusion. For evolution does proclaim the potential unity of all animal life. When it broke down the old idea of the immutability of species, it left standing no fixed barrier to the rise and progress of even the humblest form of animate existence. If its teachings are true and if the common hope of human immortality be well founded, time and favorable environment may develop a sponge into an angel. With this flash-light view of the opposite horizons which indicate the present boundaries of the theory of evolution, I am very sure you will agree with me that something smaller must answer our purpose today.

The last paragraph of this first section of Paschal's article reveals the depths of personal kindliness toward animals in the author's nature. (We contend that this is often true of fine natures, even though these individuals do not care to associate closely with animals.)

The greatest good to both man and the lower animals from the maintenance of a relation between them which attributes to, and respects in, the animal a capacity to improve under favorable conditions, which conditions are very largely under the control of man. They may be best dealt with as undeveloped human beings. The question as to whether or not they have souls is not very important for our present purpose. I feel certain that the soul will come with the need for a soul.

In the second section (published a month later) of "On the Mental and Moral Traits of Animals," Paschal shows his usual humorous strain. Oddly enough humor seems omitted from the first section. Besides some paragraphs as weighty

as those just quoted from the August number of the "Journal of Zoophily," we find in the September issue the following:

Out at our Zoological Garden.....two great elephants were holding a peanut reception.....Their great trunks were extended out through the bars and wound around a convenient rafter or cross-bar that extended along the upper front of the cage. This position presented their mouths to the best advantage as targets for the excited children.

Now it hardly comported with the dignity of an elephant to unwind and bring down his great trunk and go through the process of swallowing every time he caught a single nut, so they each remained in status quo till they were conscious of having caught a respectable mouthful, when the final steps were taken in due form. The tide of popularity was against one of the elephants so that no more peanuts were coming his way while his companion was clearly profiting by his loss. Suddenly, and with a wonderful deftness, but with no turning of the head, he passed his trunk in between the bars in front of the other elephant and gathered from his open mouth the entire crop of peanuts deposited therein.

Paschal continued to ask "Do animals think?" He told of a mother bird rejecting bright colored yarn for a softer kind better suited for her nest in the hollow of a tree. And many other convincing examples.

How fortunate that Carrie laid aside her mending and corrected all spelling errors. How wise of Paschal to hunt and peck far past midnight many nights so that he soon had his manuscript mailed. And wasn't it most considerate of the firm that accepted his article to send a substantial check even before publication? "Everything happening just in the nick of time," thought Carrie, "showed it was meant to be." For the "Journal of Zoophily," after publishing "On the Mental and Moral Traits of Animals" in its August and September issues, suspended publication indefinitely!

CHAPTER EIGHT

FROM BOOTBLACK TO PRESIDENT

Sometimes there were "special-called meetings" of the Unitarian trustees, when, of course, Paschal must be out for those particular evenings. The fact that his mother was active in the Legislative Committee of the New Century Club called for Paschal's attendance with her at this committee from time to time. Young lawyers were donating their services to help working women collect overdue wages; to press claims for injuries while at work; and to help them keep some kind of contact with their children in cases where the divorced husband had custody, which was usually the case. Paschal had also been appointed as lawyer for the Women's Homeopathic Hospital.

All these after-supper outings for Paschal led to some confusion in Carrie's mind. For in her girlhood Leonard home in Sacramento, "Pa" went to the Odd Fellows' Meeting once a month: otherwise he was just naturally home with his family. Again Carrie suffered from that "not being treated fair" feeling. From this depressed mood it was hard to free

herself even by assiduously reading her Emerson. Then too, wouldn't one think a father would spend some evenings with his fine-looking, clever little sons? Shouldn't she and he occasionally discuss future plans for their upbringing, in particularly regarding their education?

As is the case with so many solicitous wives, Carrie was keenly aware of her husband's shortcomings. In the first place, though he was forever going hither and yon, attending this and that "worthy" meeting, he did not seem to be bringing in any appreciable amount of money. Carrie's own purse was empty most of the time. She hated to ask Paschal for money and he either forgot she might need some or was short of cash himself. Carrie finally became convinced that at least some of the money Paschal used was given to him by his mother. Thus to the misery of being left out of the planning being done by other grown people was added her actual need of some ready money of her own. Fortunately or unfortunately, the Coggins family had credit at their grocery store; that bill was always larger than Carrie enjoyed comtemplating.

Secondly, or is it thirdly by this time, instead of seeming eager to read Browning with her as he had been while courting her, Paschal had developed a "pernicious" habit of making himself ever so comfortable in an easy chair (the only one of course) and reading Alger books by the hour. No one she asked knew how many Alger books there were excepting that over one hundred had already been published. While his books were found in most Sunday School libraries, Carrie was not impressed with their literary qualities. And there sat Paschal evidently relishing every word, reading book after book! Sometimes she wondered if he were getting younger as her hair was greying?

Finally Carrie roused her will (good old will that Browning believed in so positively) and told Paschal in no

uncertain tones that if he were going to read boys' stories, he would read them to her and his sons. Completely surprised by Carrie's "categorical imperative," Paschal began to read out loud occasionally to his sons and his wife. Of course Albert was delighted at this attention from his father but Herbert, scarcely mature enough to suffer and rejoice vicariously with the current "Ragged Dick," would try to engage his mother's eye in his direction by calling out: "Pay attention only to me, Mama." Now Carrie could only concentrate with great effort on Alger's "From Bootblack to President" school of philosophy, but she shushed little Herbert and listened carefully to Paschal whenever he read out loud. For she was deeply and genuinely interested; not in what she heard but in the actual result brought about by her taking a positive stand. Probably husbands were more like children than is usually known. When you really are demanding obedience use that tone of voice which means business.

CHAPTER NINE

GETHSEMANE

"Misery treads on the heels of Joy;
Anguish rides swift after Pleasure."
Ik Marvel

Mary had decided that she and her husband Paschal could not live together on "his" terms. When he had come to Philadelphia that summer of 1876 to cover the Centennial for a San Francisco newspaper, he had become very ill and Mary had given him her tender nursing care. He had been utterly unable to carry out his assignment. Mary's decision against going back to California with him was final. There was no surety of his being able to earn enough to support her and their daughter. Equally adamant, Paschal had been unwilling to remain in Philadelphia where he most likely would have become dependent on Mary's Williamson money. Though Mary worked usually towards more freedom for women, she did not wish to be free of Paschal. In fact she had refused him a divorce, saying with that finality which only one sure of her own righteousness can assume:

"Our marriage is final and enduring."

Since his mother had established a policy of estrangement toward his father, Paschal Heston Coggins had also shut the elder Paschal out of his life. So during these seven intervening years since 1876, the younger man had allowed this sclerosis of his heart to become chronic. (One more heartache which Carrie had to endure!) To her it seemed unjustifiable, since through the years her husband neither refuted nor accepted his mother's occasional innuendoes concerning "another woman."

Paschal Sr. had tried repeatedly to break up this life-destroying estrangement, an old Philadelphia custom for which he had no use. But no answers had ever come back to him in California from his wife and son in Philadelphia. By what seemed an odd twist of circumstances, Ann, so selfish and indifferent to all his kindnesses during her childhood and girlhood, had felt and expressed compassion for her father. She had written to him often; had poured out her heart to him about going into the Episcopalian church in spite of her mother's protests; and told him of the long horseback rides she was taking in company with other young people she had recently met. In fact they had enjoyed a companionship by letter that they had known only briefly in times when they had lived in the same house. After Ann had died her father had written one last letter to Mary. This she had never shown her son. He fancied she kept it among other keepsakes of former and happier days. Strange she had even one treasure she did not share with this son so closely identified with her!

Now early in November 1883 came a telegram from Paschal in San Francisco to his son beseeching him to sign over his right of survivorship to a little piece of property to him. This was the last piece of the original Warner property on banks of the Schuylkill belonging to the Coggins family.

The land was in Hestonville; it had belonged to Edward Coggins who had been killed at Antietam. By his will he left it to his brother Paschal and his heirs with right of survivorship. Edward Coggins had probably obtained it by the will of his grandfather, Edward Warner Heston, for who Hestonville was named. This grandfather had been left all his land along the Schuylkill by the will of his father, Jacob Heston, who said it had belonged to his wife's father, John Warner, son of John Warner, son of William Warner, known as "Old Captain Warner." It was a release from his right for which the elder Paschal asked the younger. Without such a release the property could not be sold for the benefit of either one of them. Paschal knew that his father must have been in desperate straits to have beseeched of him this assistance. (Moreover the address to which he was to mail the notaried release made the young lawyer blanch. It had like effect on the two women, who also knew their San Francisco.) Glancing at his mother, he saw tears on her dark lashes: and a trembling of her lips usually set so resolutely. Just for an instant as his old love for his father welled up in his heart, Paschal believed he would sign the desired waiver and send it on to his father with a kind letter. Did Mary sense his weakening? Had the old sympathy and love welled up in her heart too? If so the "Stern daughter of the voice of God," rallied quickly as she said: "We won't even answer him. His plea is, of course, very touching. He hasn't been a newspaper man all these years without learning the tricks. There is that other woman back of his demanding you give up your legal claim to that Hestonville property."

Carrie knew herself "stricken." By what right with a few unchallenged statements had Mary to make up her son's mind? How could her husband so cold-heartedly ignore this life and death plea from his own father?

A few days later came a second telegram, showing the

need was even more urgent, ending: "My money is completely gone."

Carrie, readying up the front room when the telegraph boy had given her the telegram and had her sign for it, sank weeping on a big chair. Now it seemed as if the room reeled around her. "This truth is too hard to bear," she cried to herself. Yet she must not faint, not let the walls of the room blacken. Surely Paschal with a second urgent life and death cry before him would not again let his mother decide?

Trying to persuade Paschal, when she had him alone in their bedroom, was of no avail. For Paschal had not been conditioned to oppose the will of a Quaker woman who knew she was right. So it was just one more sleepless night for Carrie.

Arising early, Carrie dressed in her best mauve trimmed with aqua blue, hoping to bring back fond memories. At the breakfast table she said: "Paschal, please put aside your newspaper and listen to me. I want you to take out of your bank that $500 my father sent me when he sold my little house on Q Street. Then telegraph it all to your father. If you still have any love in your heart for me, do it right away this morning as soon as the bank is open."

Paschal turned as white as a rather ruddy man could: "Carrie, I invested your $500 in some railroad stock and now you have no $500, because I lost it when the new scheme went out of business. But as I live and breathe, the day is coming when I shall return your $500 to you."

"Then send some of your Williamson money; send it by telegram right away."

"But this isn't my mother's responsibility. I can't use her Williamson money to send to her estranged husband."

"I am glad that you at least acknowledge that it is not her concern. She has no claim at all on that Warner-Heston property. Why must she make up your mind? What right has

she to act God and decree that your father shall starve, while we live in comfort here? What if there may be another woman? Mary would not grant him a divorce. Haven't you any feeling for your own father?"

Paschal blanched, could not or would not answer. He rose, drew on his overcoat, put on his derby, took his green lawyer bag and was leaving without a goodby kiss for Carrie. But barring the door, Carrie threw herself sobbing against him. "Oh Paschal, just this once, do heed my words. He is your father, he has loved you always. Haven't you a responsibility toward him as well as to your mother?" But Paschal quietly pushed her aside and said: "It has to be this way. The sooner you realize it the better and easier it will be for all of us." And he was gone.

On the long ride to the office in downtown Philadelphia, Paschal's reflections were far from serene, as he recollected that Carrie was oftener and oftener partially hysterical. He was conscious of an uneasiness regarding the future of his little family. Yet for a while there had been quite a degree of harmony between his mother and wife. Why must his father create this disturbance? Wasn't it enough that he had left his wife, Mary, in Philadelphia grieving over their separation?

Carrie at home knew herself to be "stricken." She knew now beyond a doubt that no waiver, no money, not even a few kind words would go from Paschal's home to his father in his hour of dire need. "Somehow, alone," she sobbed, "he will have to meet his Gethsemane."

As the November winds and lowering, leaden clouds portended an early winter, Carrie's spirits sank with the thermometer. Where now the lightsome step, the low melodious laugh, the joyous gleam in her steadfast blue eyes? One night she found little Herbert sobbing, overcome with the

gloom in his home. A few mornings later, thoughtful Albert looked up at his mother with questioning eyes: "Are you quite sure that our Unitarian God is still watching over all of us?" Not trusting herself to give assurance in words, Carrie could only nod her head in answer.

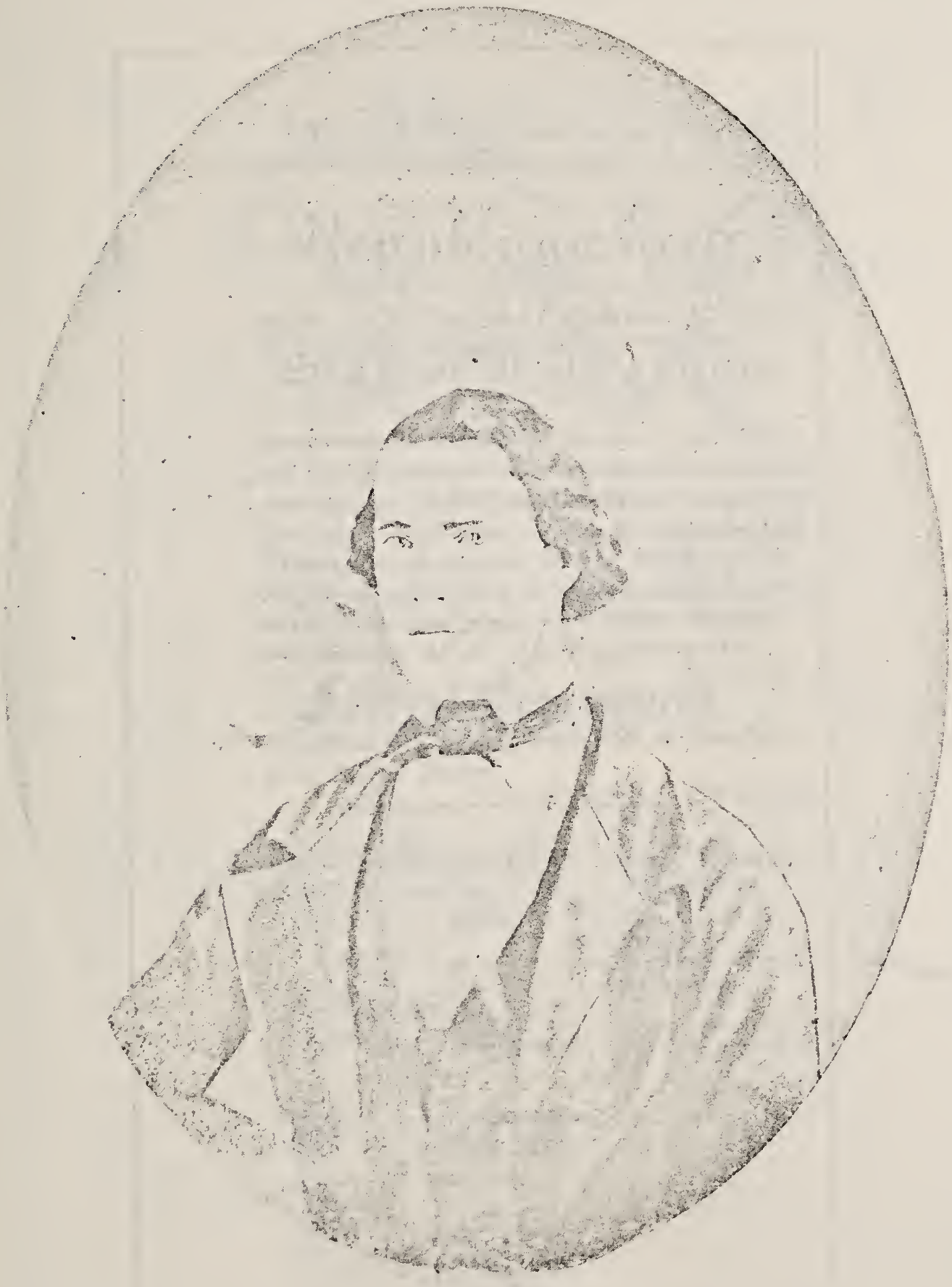
About five days after the receipt of the second telegram, a third arrived at the little West Philadelphia home. The gaslights had been on for about an hour; the evening dinner was just finished. Carrie noticed Paschal's hand trembling as he signed while the blue uniformed messenger waited on the top landing of the white marble steps. But before Paschal tore open the yellow envelope, he bade his little sons go upstairs to the family sitting room. The message was from a newspaper man in San Francisco and told that Paschal Coggins had died in his rented room in San Francisco on November 19. He said he would forward obituaries. Asked instructions for disposal of the body.

Carrie rose from bending over the telegram with a cry of anguish, not unlike that of a tortured animal, and left the room. Mary, who, perhaps for the first time in her life was acknowledging to herself that she might have made a mistake, was saying to herself, over and over: "Now he can never come back to me."

Paschal, all the way to the telegraph office and back, was stepping to the rhythm of a single word, "Patricide, Patricide, Patricide."

About the time the body arrived in Philadelphia, Paschal received newspaper clippings from some Sacramento and San Francisco papers. The Fourth Estate had written in a kindly tone of Paschal Coggins, one of themselves. We shall merely quote several paragraphs from two of them.

From the *San Francisco Bulletin:*



Paschal Coggins (born May 1, 1823) was active in the Anti-slavery cause while still a youth in Philadelphia. Cassius Marcellus Clay wrote him a letter thanking him for getting subscribers among Philadelphians to his Anti-slavery paper *The True American*, published in Lexington, Kentucky.

BELIEVING that the time has fully come for the organization of a

Republican Party

in the CITY of SACRAMENTO and

State of California, we

hereby mutually PLEDGE ourselves to each other, and to our Country, to unite in carrying out the great principles of REPUBLICANISM; hereby declare that while we have no intention of interfering with Slavery, in the present Slave States, yet we are firmly opposed to its further extension, and to the admission of any more Slave States; and will use all our efforts to redeem the

Federal Government

as well as that of California, from the dominion of the Slave Power.

Sacramento March 8th 1856.

C. S. Hecker
J. B. Tifon
Cornelius Cole.
E. L. Barber
John D. Miller
E. G. Caldwell
Wm. H. P. Harris
Jas. P. Thompson
W. C. Reilly
Joseph Grammer
Paschal Coggins
A. D. Imlay
[illegible] Ward
E. B. Mott
[illegible]
[illegible]
Thomas Hill
E. P. [illegible]
John R. Williams
[illegible] Walker
[illegible]
[illegible]

Birth Certificate of the Republican Party in California, March 8, 1856.

To Arms!

To all True and Patriotic AMERICANS!

Whereas, sundry persons in this community have commenced the agitation of subjects which are *treasonable*, and which have a tendency to excite and disturb good Citizens, and destroy that amity which exists among us as brethren, and to weaken our love for the glorious CONSTITUTION and the laws of the land;

And whereas, said agitators are TRAITORS,

Now, therefore, all good Citizens are called on to attend a

Public Mass Meeting

To be held at the Orleans Hotel, on SATURDAY, to devise means to protect the public welfare, by appointing a committee to HANG ALL THE LEADERS, and as many of the *Attaches* of said TRAITORS as may be deemed nesessary to restore the public quiet and put a stop to such treasonable practices.

All good Citizens are requested to attend.

A Poster Appearing in Sacramento Soon After the Birth of the Republican Party of California in that City.

Paschal Coggins was a pioneer journalist of this city and Sacramento.....He was on the staff of the Sacramento Union for a long time... ..He represented Sacramento in the Legislature for two terms, and prior to that published a directory of Sacramento which has always been regarded as a standard work. He was known by his associates as a good news gatherer, reliable in all particulars, a man of ideas, of thought, and of prompt action.....He was also a writer of ability and an excellent public speaker.....He was about sixty years of age and looked thin, pale, and care-worn.

And from the *Sacramento Union:*

In 1856, Paschal Coggins, associated with O. Terrill, James McClatchy, H. S. Dalliba, and ex-Senator Cornelius Cole, started for the Fremont campaign the Daily Times of Sacramento, the first Republican daily of the state. The capital for the venture was furnished by Ex-Governor Stanford, Charles Crocker, E. B. Crocker, C. P. Huntington, and Mark Hopkins. The Daily Times of Sacramento was published from August 1856 to January 24, 1857.

Among the many letters addressed to Mary Williamson Coggins was a small one which Paschal intuitively slipped into his own pocket. Reading this surreptitiously a few hours later he was somewhat touched by the following:

Mary Coggins:

You did not want Paschal and you would not allow anyone else to have him. Now you have taken his body, but his immortal soul belongs to me.

Fayette

After Paschal had seen this little message and its envelope curl and burn to blackened bits in the kitchen anthracite, he perceived a slight scent of mignonette in the air, and on his fingers. Glad that he had saved his mother from this added misery, he mused a while on the feelings of Fayette. The phrase "other woman" had lost some of its

ugly connotation. It even seemed as if there were a modicum of comfort in knowing that in San Francisco there had been Fayette who cared.

Threateningly heavy grey clouds made the burial day in late November dismal. In the only carriage following the hearse were Mary and her son, the attractive young attorney with the curly black hair. He so closely resembled his father as the latter had looked in those early days of love-making with Mary in Woodlands Gardens! Mother and son were on their way now to bury her lover at Woodlands, their former trysting place.

"The Schuylkill is still muddy and turbulent," said Mary as they were driven over the Girard Avenue Bridge.

"Yes Mother, I guess it always will be," answered the youngish lawyer. Even the creaking carriage wheels accused him: "Patricide! Patricide! Patricide!"

Now they were passing through Hestonville, passing that very portion of the old Warner-Heston estate about which they both had been so unyielding. "Perhaps," thought Paschal, but he dared not think further. Besides he couldn't really think with that terrible "Patricide" always ringing in his ears. When he managed to consider that it must be sold to meet interest due on mortgages, he found himself wishing that there could be some clear-cut division of what was really his own; and what was his mother's; so that he and Carrie could really own a little in their own rights. As their carriage came to an abrupt halt, so did his musings with the conclusion that with the entire Williamson estate being so mismanaged by Passmore Williamson, there simply was no chance for a complete separation of all financial matters from his mother. It was all so inextricable. It had enmeshed both him and his mother; and it almost seemed it threatened to ruin the lives of all of them.

When the coffin was placed beside the open grave, Mary and Paschal stood silent for a few minutes. That was the funeral service for Paschal Coggins, born and raised a Quaker. Then Mary placed a beautiful wreath of lilies of the valley and forgetmenots on the casket, made up by the same florists who had arranged one like it for Anna's casket. Had death healed her heart now that Paschal would forever be hers alone? Paschal so reflecting, believed that nothing could ever heal him and make him whole and well in spirit again. Would he, perhaps, go crazy hearing that inexorable rhythm "Patricide, Patricide, Patricide"? Now it was accompanying the steady plying of the shovels as the two attendants were filling up the grave.

At last Mary turned away and spoke nearly in a whisper to her son, spoke in a tone that seemed almost as if he had lived with her through the romance of her early years:

"It was all so long, long ago, and I was such a different Mary, young, tender, loving; I believed Paschal and I would be happy all our lives together. At that time I could not have imagined that I would mistrust him. Maybe I should have trusted him more? Maybe if my iron Williamson will had yielded and we had returned to California with him, perhaps we would all of us still be alive, Anna too."

Mary had put her arm through her son's as they slowly wandered along the narrow paths, among the headstones. Suddenly Mary stopped and exclaimed: "See, here is where his grandfather, Edward Warner Heston lies. That will please Paschal to have him so close." And sure enough, Paschal saw on a low headstone Edward Warner Heston 1745---1824. "But I thought greatgrandfather Heston was buried in that private burying ground he selected at Master near Fiftieth?"

"He was but his daughters moved him to Woodlands in 1870. They wanted him to lie on Warner-Heston property in their family possession since days of Captain Warner who

fought with Cromwell and had to escape to America."

Presently mother and son paused beneath an immense and ancient sycamore maple, close to the restless Schuylkill. Mary pointed to a certain little brier bush and taking a small trowel from her handbag, asked Paschal to dig it up for her to plant on the grave. Paschal, astonished, failed to utter his usual admonition to her about taking plants not belonging to her. He answered quietly: "I will buy thee the best rosebush we can find and come out here and plant it for thee."

"That would not be the same at all," replied Mary, "I want a rosebush from under this tree where Paschal and I plighted our troth."

When they returned to the now completely filled-in grave, Mary had Paschal plant the little bush. When the man who was to drive them back home heard Mary give her son explicit directions, he wisely seated himself on a nearby marble block and took out his pipe. With silent amusement he watched the young lawyer kneel near the middle of the plots in the freshly replaced earth. Of course Paschal was wearing his good suit. By the way he handled the trowel and by the way he held the uprooted bush, anyone could tell he was not a dirt farmer

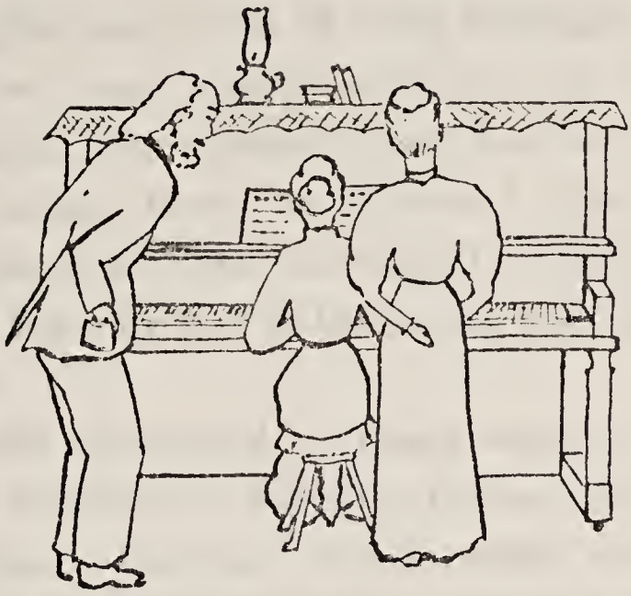
"It must be the exact center of both," Mary said several times. She measured off with her own foot and indicated the exact spot to her son. All at once as he knelt there in the soft earth, the little bush went hazy before his blurred sight. For he had suddenly seen with his outer and with his inner vision what he had failed to notice previously: There were two low white headstones, about eighteen inches apart, each marked with a single inscription, Mary Coggins, and Paschal Coggins. While he finished setting the bush in deep enough and patting the earth close around it, Paschal was asking himself if the omission of the all-important name

of Williamson wasn't an acknowledgement in his mother's mind that the Williamson name, the Williamson ways, and the Williamson money had played an all too important part in their lives? Did the simple Irish name of Coggins for both of them give Mary a feeling that they would have more unity in death than in life? He tried to read that face, so loved by him since infancy. Was she as conscious as he was that they had refused relief to the one poor sick man who had a right to feel they would help him?

The man smoking the vile tobacco pipe had to wait a few more minutes while Mary and Paschal again stood silently by the new-made grave as though by mutual consent not to go away without those silent minutes. The young man knew that as long as his mother should live, she would come out here and lovingly administer to the little rosebush, thinking the while of the one she had loved and lost. He seemed to sense that she was loath to leave this spot; that she wished life were over for her also so that they could begin their long rest together. As they walked back, arm in arm, to the carriage, a sudden burst of warm sunshine illumined Woodlands, some slanting rays falling directly athwart Paschal's grave. This sudden ephemeral other worldliness, coming and going so suddenly in all our lives, brought a sweet and resigned expression to Mary's face as she said:

"In the spring the birds will sing over us."

CHAPTER TEN



BALM IN GILEAD

In those days and nights of deepest remorse for what Paschal had allowed to happen, there were times when Carrie doubted even whether life could hold blessings for her two boys. Wouldn't one or both inevitably forsake their father in his hour of need? Since there had always been a baby in the Leonard family, Carrie had not felt the urgent necessity for children of her own. But she had accepted her boys as gifts. Now she wondered if their lives could be worthwhile?

Once again when Albert and Herbert were away in the mornings, Carrie tried to write out her thoughts. Her theme was forgiveness and repentance. But how could she forgive Paschal for his cruelty to another, now dead? And of what avail her forgiveness without his repentance? This paper was not being written for the Ladies' Alliance, nor for the Adult Bible Class. Carrie was trying to explore her own thoughts and feelings; to come to some kind of an understanding with herself so she could go on living as a family woman; so she could emerge from these "doldrums of despair."

Meanwhile the seemingly unrepentant Paschal was very busy. He had been helping form a new organization, this one with the lugubrious title of "The Medical-Jurisprudence Society." It met once a month with the aim of alleviating, as far as possible, the miserable and forlorn condition of certain human beings known as "cases." (In one way it was a modern successor to that old-time Philadelphia Quaker group called "The Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisoners.")

The cases discussed at these meetings concerned those unfortunate members of society living either in prisons or insane asylums. Paschal, being rather easily persuaded to take on extra non-paying duties, became the secretary of the new organization. The members, as its name indicated, were all doctors or lawyers, some more very worthwhile men with whom Paschal would be associated.

When Paschal told Carrie of this new evening out with such an excellent purpose, humanitarian in aim, both he and she realized that she was not too much perturbed by this one more night he would be away from home. Paschal perceived a danger sign in this slight apathy on Carrie's part. Don't imagine he did not know why Carrie was grieving. He too was suffering deeply. But it was not his nature to put on sackcloth and ashes for the world to gaze upon his grief. In spite of moments of inner anguish which he could not entirely suppress, he'd recall that fact which Carrie chose to ignore, that there had been another woman? Didn't he owe all his allegiance and devotion to his mother? Or did he?

Carrie began to notice, with some surprise, that very often both her husband and his mother mentioned the name of that other Paschal in their conversation. "Paschal was too sensitive to whip or even spank the children. I had to do all the disciplining. I remember one time Paschal gave Ann

a little spanking, no more than a couple of love-pats. But afterwards the tears stood in his eyes," she heard Mary tell a friend. And she heard Paschal telling Albert about one time he went duck hunting with his father and they slept out under one blanket deep in the woods, near a river. Carrie would have been even more greatly surprised could she have heard Paschal talking to various groups of men: "At the time of the Civil War, when my father was City Editor of the *Sacramento Union,* which was the largest Republican daily west of the Rockies,....."

It was as though, now that poor Paschal's remains were lying out there at Woodlands, Mary and her son had deemed it was suitable to take him back into their family again. No longer was the "other woman" a menace. Wasn't each of them releasing, little by little, all the pent-up sickness of their souls? Trying perhaps to rid their hearts, fragment by fragment, of that corroding incrustment known in Philadelphia as *estrangement.*

That winter of 1883-1884 was very dreary and cold in Philadelphia, especially for Carrie. Of course, for those with sleighs and horses, there were long drives along the various river fronts, or to some out-of-town taverns for jolly dinners, with everyone singing as their sleighs jingled back into the city. But the Coggins family, in spite of some pretty valuable properties listed in Mary's name, did not enjoy such gay frolickings. As Carrie could not but reflect, at times, winter had been very jolly for even as poor a family as the Leonards in Sacramento. Carrie had attended such good plays and so many first-class dances. And the Sacramento teachers regularly went "down below" weekends on the three thirty train out of Sacramento.

Enshrouded in her own misery, Carrie had ceased attending her Unitarian church and all its festivities. Hers had

become a life of isolation. "Fellowship is life," no longer applied to her. Rather "Lack of fellowship is death." Few, if any, Philadelphians had suspected the tragedy back of the death of Paschal's father. Certainly their church friends would have been the last ones to have judged or misjudged Paschal, or his mother. But what other people thought was merely superficial to Carrie, whose hurt was deep and lasting. (Isn't the hurt always deep and lasting when some of our faith in those we love ebbs away?)

At last one March day, when the winds were howling, it seemed to Carrie that she must unburden her soul, or perhaps lose her power of clear thinking. So she put on her old, heavy coat and went out into the elements. Her ears and nose were blue with cold, and she had to stamp her feet as she waited on the street corner for a horse-car to take her to the home of Charles and Fannie Ames, the only friends she felt might be able to help her.

In the unpretentious living room of the Ames homes, the distraught Carrie did pour out her heart and soul; cried as she had not yet been able to cry; told them several times the whole sad, tragic story of Paschal, Sr. and his death. She repeated again and again the words of the three telegrams, as though they were so deeply engraved on her consciousness that she never would forget them. To such sensitive and sympathetic souls as Charles and Fannie, her misery was all too evidently genuine. Their words were few and carefully weighed. Neither said a word in defense of Mary or Paschal, nor of Paschal's yielding to his mother's opinion in such a grave crisis. Their words were spoken to help Carrie to a more peaceful attitude of mind. At last she did feel that comforting sense of understanding fellowship sort of creeping into her veins, strengthening her courage, and warming her heart.

"Fannie," said Brother Charles after there had been a

moment of complete silence, "Why not play for us some of our good old evangelical stand-bys? Let's begin with 'Solid Rock' and 'Balm in Gilead.'"

As kind Fannie Ames seated herself at the old-fashioned upright, Carrie wondered where else except in this home so dedicated to restoring souls, would three seemingly intelligent, busy adults spend an hour of a work-day morning singing. And that is just what they did, spend at least an hour repeating the old hymns. As Carrie heard her own voice so feelingly pouring forth the words that symbolized faith of our fathers, she tried but could not remember when she had last raised her voice in song. Although they had sung it several times before, somehow Fannie played for the last tune "There is a Balm in Gilead." Then she softly closed the piano lid, and sliding off the bench said to Carrie: "I shall have to get lunch now for my children. They will soon be home from school."

Carrie asked Charles to bring her coat and while he was helping her into it, he murmured almost inaudibly as though thinking out loud: "Poor Paschal! How he must be suffering! You are only experiencing this misery vicariously, but Paschal will suffer deeply and for a long time, perhaps all his life. He needs you more now than he ever has before in his whole life. And Albert and little Herbert looked so peaked and sort of neglected last Sunday at Sunday School. You have a great responsibility, Carrie, to bring your little family back into wholesome unity again." After a slight pause, Charles looked very intently into her eyes, and said, this time speaking as a father to a daughter: "You have the strength for all your family. They are all depending on you and you dare not fail them."

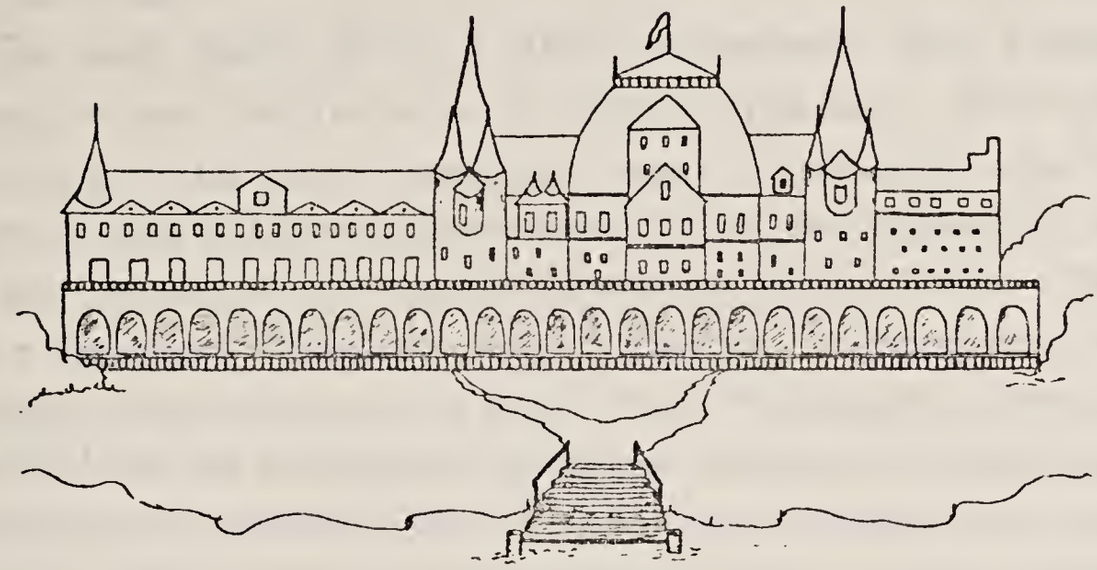
"You mean that I should treat Paschal the same way I used to before my faith, before I lost," but she could not say the cruel words.

"Certainly. If he were sick in any other way would you forsake him? How can he ever become well and healed of this sickness without your ministrations?"

On the way home, Carrie was no longer sensible of the cold. How like dear Brother Charles, with his usual finesse in dealing with humans, not to belabor the point! How infinitely more helpful toward Carrie's changing her own attitude for her to recall to herself:

There is a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole,
There is a balm in Gilead
To heal the sinsick soul.

CHAPTER ELEVEN



CONVENTION DELEGATES

Early in September of that same year in which Carrie's soul had been revived by the understanding love of her dear friends, Charles and Fannie Ames, Paschal indulged in some harmless wire-pulling. Carrie had not been attending the Alliance, church suppers, and all those cheerful social doings connected with church affairs. Paschal, by no means thinking entirely of his own welfare but particularly of his wife's real need of fellowship such as they had enjoyed for several years together until the tragic death of his father, decided that some action had to be taken to bring Carrie into the Unitarian fold again.

Paschal's maneuvering consisted of asking the Ladies' Alliance to send Carrie as a delegate to the National Unitarian Conference soon to be held in Saratoga. He further informed them that he would pay all her expenses and asked them not to divulge to Carrie that he had a finger in the pie. The ladies kept their part of the bargain. Lone Miss Perkins, perhaps overly impressed with Paschal's thoughtful

planning for his wife's happiness, leaned over and whispered to Miss Myers: "Do tell, where can one get another man like that?"

The next Sunday being a glorious September day, Paschal managed to get Carrie to go to church with him. After the services and the usual greetings among the friends, the officers of the Alliance surrounded Carrie and presented her with her credential to the Conference as their choice. When Carrie imparted this good news to Paschal as they were returning on the horse-car to their West Philadelphia home, he surprised her by telling her that the trustees had appointed a delegate to accompany her to Saratoga, help get her tickets, her hotel rooms, and carry her baggage as was needed.

"O dear, I don't like that at all," said Carrie, "and I do so hope it isn't old Cousin Barker, for though he does look like a Unitarian poet with long white silky beard, if he should kiss me in the lobby of that fine hotel, amidst that horse-racing crowd, it might be misunderstood. When he kissed me that day in the church parlors, nobody commented.

"No," continued Paschal, eyes twinkling and in no hurry to clear up the mystery for Carrie, "they chose a youngish man, more the business-professional type, somewhat lively and clever to help make your trip entertaining."

"If he has a wife, she won't like that at all, and the last worry I need added to my complex life is to become inadvertently part of a triangle."

"No fear of any sort of whispered scandal. His wife is very broad-minded and thinks she would enjoy his being your traveling companion." Seeing Carrie growing more and more mystified, Paschal added another clue or two:

"The man to whom I am referring has literary aspirations, although he maintains a professional office downtown. He is not a doctor or a minister."

"O Paschal, you must have your little joke! I suppose

you enjoyed trying to fool me! You probably got wind of the fact the ladies had chosen me delegate, so, deciding you might as well go along, you managed to wheedle the trustees into sending you as their delegate! Well, it was rather clever of you and it will be lots more fun traveling together." Impulsively she leaned against him ever so slightly, as though remembering how often she rested on his shoulder during the several very long train rides they had taken.

All through the appetizing Sunday dinner which Mary had prepared against their return from church, Paschal joked, smiled easily as Albert attempted to be witty, and answered the questions of either boy with the utmost pleasantness. (Paschal, of late, had been particularly gloomy, and quite needlessly irritated at the gayeties of the boys.) Mary at once surmised that some sort of new understanding had been evolved between her son and his wife.

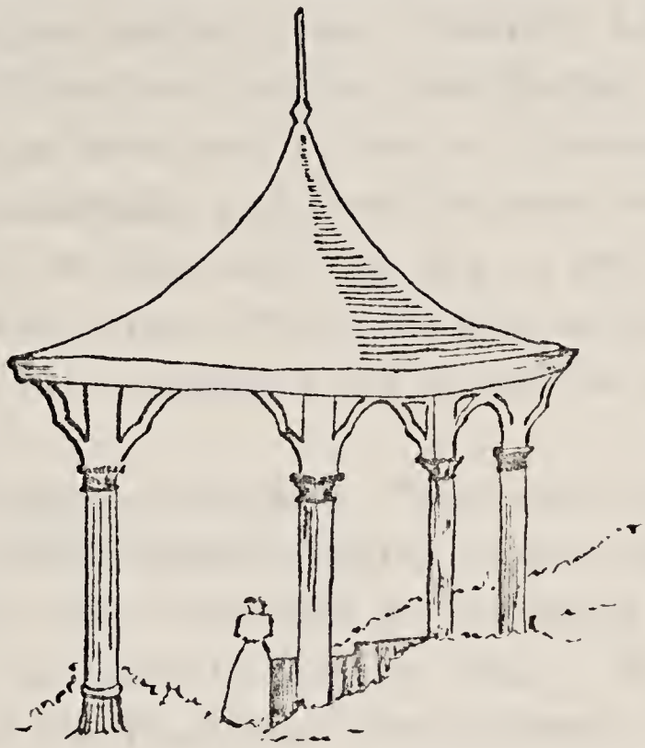
A spirit of the utmost tolerance and friendship existed among the members of the three Unitarian churches in Philadelphia. Hence meetings to prepare for the Conference in Saratoga were held several evenings in succession, now in one church, now in another. Someone would read out loud to the delegates (others came for sociability and the excellent cake and coffee served), and then encourage conversation about Lake Champlain and Lake George, and about Saratoga, the resort of the rich people. Some Unitarians had been to the "spa" to bathe in its curative mineral waters. Those reading had selected wisely, George William Curtis's book, "Lotus-Eating, A Summer Book," and one by William Cullen Bryant on the lake region, found in his "Picturesque America." One paragraph from the latter about William Henry Hotel at the head of Lake George will suffice:

From any window, from anywhere on the wide piazzas, from each coming and going on the terraced approaches of this hotel, one sees the wide-spread beauty of nature, in

forest, waving meadows of grain, wide beautiful blue-green waters of Lake George. This little gem of the Adirondacks is really in a setting of wilderness, with quite wild rugged shores, pleasant little bays, and infinite variety in its ever changing aspects.

In all this reading about Saratoga, Lake George, and Lake Champlain, there was, of course, an almost endless recounting of the battles, in which thousands lost their lives from attacks by the Indians, From all this bloody warfare talk, Carrie recoiled. Indeed one extra enterprising member of the group prepared his own outline of all the historical events associated with this portion of America, and presented each delegate with a hectographed copy. But Carrie was not receptive to his idea of boning up on history. When she packed her small, individual grip, she placed in it for reference, not this brochure on Indian atrocities, but a very special book she had secured for herself by writing to a Boston bookshop. The book was named "Conscious Motherhood," and had been written by Emma Marwedel, the early kindergartner from Germany who taught Kate Douglas Smith in Los Angeles. Carrie had already partially perused her secret treasure and found that it tied some of the facts of life together with decidedly new implications. Carrie had no intention of letting Paschal get his materialistic hands on her precious volume. No indeedy! For this was a book written by a woman for women.

CHAPTER TWELVE



TO SARATOGA, NEW YORK

And so it came to pass in September 1884 that Paschal and Carrie journeyed happily together to Saratoga, New York, then tops as a watering place. Carrie had bought a special notebook, the first page of which she had already captioned "The National Unitarian Conference Held in Saratoga, September, 1884." In fact she began jotting down interesting observations she had already made there in Saratoga that very first night in their cozy room in the enormous United States Hotel which housed all the delegates. Of course Carrie felt under great obligation to her Ladies' Alliance, so she would write as interesting a paper as possible. Thus she began:

Society and the world in general have done ample justice to Saratoga. Its great hotels are marvels both in size and number. In the height of the season it is said to be not merely brilliant but also wicked. It is said to rival some of the most fashionable spas across the "Big Pond," with its gambling and its horse-racing. Yet it has attractions for us more humble people with its beautiful gardens

and lovely residences. It is unusual at this time of year to have all seventeen hundred rooms occupied, but with fifteen carloads of Unitarian delegates from Boston, it is easy to see how the rooms have been filled up. The wide porches form a tempting promenade, and from the music stand in the center, proceeds, at intervals, by day as well as in the evening, lovely renditions of the musical masters, Great pillars alternate with lampposts all around the entire verandas.

As for the Conference itself! There was only just room enough for us to stand Monday evening to hear Dr. Stebbins of San Francisco. (He succeeded to the pulpit of Thomas Starr King after the latter's death in 1864.) His title was some such words as the Theological Renaissance.

Dorman B. Eaton was presiding officer and is to preside over the entire Conference. He has had the experience of coming up, like Lincoln, the rough-hewn way, only he shaped granite posts in Vermont instead of splitting logs for rails as Lincoln did. Way back in 1843, he walked barefoot for twenty eight miles, carrying all his possessions in a gunnysack over his shoulder, to enter the University of Vermont. He wears his hair long over his shoulders and they call him "The Father of Civil Service."

Charles G. Ames, none other than our own dear Brother Charles of our Spring Garden Unitarian Church, is here, and there, and everywhere, greeting old-time friends from hither and yon. We are not trying to be with him much. His other friends need him more.

The pastor of the Church of Unity in Boston, Minot J. Savage, author of Christianity, the Science of Manhood, and Light on the Cloud, and The Religion of Evolution, and of Morals of Evolution, and Belief in God, is here. He was educated for Congregational ministry but like the kittens got his eyes open and joined the Unitarians.

This is the very first Unitarian Conference in which many of the delegates are merely lay members. Among the laiety from Philadelphia are the Misses McIntosh, Mrs. Keehmle and Mr. and Mrs. Barker. (He is descended from the very same Timothy Barker married to Hannah Baker in 1744 as I am, and likes to call me Cousin Carrie.)

The days of the great Conference sped by and the delegates not only derived great benefit therefrom but took much interest in side trips around this famous lake region. They visited Glens Falls on the Hudson, scene of Cooper's fictional battle in his "Last of the Mohicans." The delegates were taken to Glens Falls on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad.

Another trip was to Lake George by the same railroad, which had only started making this run to Caldwell at the head of Lake George in 1882. Before that, stage coaches had rattled over the plank road from Glens Falls to Caldwell. In this connection, Carrie wrote:

It seems that this final link in railroad travel to the lake region has flooded the hostelries for the summer, and now people come in droves in winter for what is known as the winter sports. The wealthy come to the frozen lakes and the snowy hills for skating and skiing around Christmas time.

Our train from Glens Falls to Caldwell wound through hills, somber at times, but more often gayly-hued with the many tints of the autumn colored trees. It was possible to catch glimpses of the blue-green waters of Lake George, a surprise vista, which vanished as suddenly as it appeared. Then all at once we saw the whole big broad expanse of shimmering water and dark evergreens on the steep surrounding hillsides. Many people, after disembarking from the train, took stages to the various available hotels and inns around the lake. Not so we Unitarians, for we merely climbed the terraced hillside from the train terminus to the magnificent

Hotel Fort William Henry. Looming high in back of this gigantic hostelry is the great Mount Prospect. Tomorrow some will travel by foot and donkeyback up its trail to the very top from which a view is obtained of places a great distance away. It is said that among such views is Albany on the Hudson. (From my present weariness I know that I shall not go up the trail.)

The Unitarians boarded a steamboat, the Horicon (Cooper's name for Lake George), and viewed all the beautiful islands and surrounding mountains of this so-called "Gem of the Adirondacks." They were told that the natives lived on fish and strangers; that the frozen surface of Lake George in winter had become the playground of the rich of New England and New York. Again after this enjoyable boatride, Carrie continued her article for her Alliance ladies:

There is said to be an island in Lake George for every day in the year. However, since they are not numbered as are the streets of Philadelphia, this would be difficult to prove. Diamond Island is the most prominent in the landscape as viewed from the hotel. As the steamer leaves its little wharf at the train terminal, Diamond is the first one near at hand. Almost every island has its own story, some of which seem to stretch an honest person's credulity. But some may indeed be true. There are Sloop Island and Grand Island and Dome Island and Three Brothers and Three Sisters.

As twilight deepened on our way home, we caught cheerful glimpses of camping parties around camp fires in various little coves along the shore. Both phrases from George William Curtis came to my mind: "A simple mountain lake on the verge of the wilderness," and "singing in the moonlight to muffled oars."

Upon our return we climbed again the many terraces to our magnificent Hotel Fort William Henry. I recalled as we saw its hundreds of windows aglow with soft moonlight that

this beautifully built, castle-like hotel would not be out of place in France, according to the poet Bryant.

Paschal and Carrie played hooky from most of the rest of the Conference, taking an all-day trip on Lake George and Lake Champlain and back again rather late at night to their hotel. (Most of the Unitarians had returned to Saratoga.)

By early morning our couple had boarded the small craft Minnehaha to traverse Lake George. Then by Concord coaches, each drawn by four Perchorons, down a very steep grade and past the great Cascades, the outlet of Lake George. They then went on board the finest steamer either of them had ever seen, the Minnesota, which was indeed a veritable three-story floating palace, brass band and all. People lounged in deck chairs beneath awnings as the lovely scenery passed in review. There were several men on board who seemed to be always snooping into this or that covered life-boat; and opening up almost invisible little closets; or looking under the various sets of stairs. Upon inquiry, Paschal was told they were Federal plain clothes men, seeking for stowaway Chinese who are often smuggled into the United States from Canada.

An old bearded fellow who found that this couple would listen to him, told how Peter Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, had visited Crown Point (Fort Frederick) in 1749 and had found there a windmill and heavy cannon and a high watch-tower.

And always as the great floating hotel cruised further down Lake Champlain (though northward on the map) tall mountains guarded both sides, and between them and the white, sandy beaches, were dark forests, giving way, at times, to miles of golden wheatlands and occasional comfortable looking farm homes; and all available grazing hillsides seemed occupied by cattle.

This is Carrie's own description of their return trip:

Plattsburg on the New York side of Lake Champlain was our furthest destination to the north. Here the people for Canada disembarked, being immediately replaced by others who came on board. By the extreme stylishness of these latter folks, fancy silk dresses, bustles and stylish hair-does, we judged they must have belonged to the upper crust of New York's five hundred. Paschal pretended to be annoyed at their pretentiousness, but the swishing and rustling of silk skirts has always been music to my ears.

Now that our steamer was headed south, we had New York on our right, Vermont on our left. Several persons sitting near us, among the many of us lounging in the deck chairs, remarked that the Adirondacks were as high as the Scottish Highlands, and that on the other side the Green Mountains of Vermont were almost as tall as the peaks of Norway. Since the Green Mountains stretch for 260 miles along the whole length of Vermont, we saw them in all their many phases and shades of coloring; constant glimpses, ever beautiful but ever changing. (How some of those blasé New Yorkers could have become so absorbed in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle and that despicable Judge, is more than I can comprehend!) The highest peaks actually terminated in granite slabs of huge proportions. Mostly we observed the forested mountains tinged with the coloring of early October. And each island we glided by seemed lovelier than the last. On the New York side we could see ample barns, great silos, and cattle on all the steep hillsides. Yet the Green Mountain cattle were even more plentiful.

We again disembarked at Ticonderoga to be met by a long line of Concord coaches. Again we dashed over the precipitous winding plank road, hearing the music of the Cascades.

I believe the best part of our day's trip was our return across Lake George, back to our hotel, Fort William Henry. Our trim little side-wheeler, Minnehaha, glided on

and on through a fairyland bathed in moonlight. We noticed great white palatial mansions at times along the white sands of the shore; and so many little farm homes lighted on the various islands. The water, smooth as glass, reflected the mountains; the laughter of youth echoed from nearby shores. The whole was indeed, as one of our writers described it, "a Venetian intricacy of lagoons, bays, and tangled foliage." Later as we passed Paradise Cove with its wide expanse of white beaches, we could hear young people singing to the rhythm of their oars. Night birds called frequently, weird, eery cries. Finally as we stepped ashore at our little boat landing, we both realized that never again would we spend sixteen hours drifting along on the "linked lovely lakes."

With such an outing, it would have seemed Paschal and I would immediately have dropped off to sleep. But neither of us could find slumber with ease. At last Paschal sat up in bed and recollected that we had missed our supper entirely. Soon after he gave an order to the culinary department, a waiter arrived with fried chicken, green peas, Parker House rools, and coffee. So we ate supper at about 1 p. m. in our room.

It is remarkable how much more easily the human male can fall asleep than the female! I turned and tossed and repeated poems to myself; thought of a phrase in my Conscious Motherhood Book, something about the human spirit is a living unity and cannot be content with a fragmentary expression of the wholeness of life. Perhaps I am mistaken but I think I did not sleep at all until lulled to rest by the early morning chorus of a thousand song birds.

Of course much of these later pages I have been writing here at Hotel Fort William Henry will not be included in my Alliance paper. This morning we take the train to Saratoga.

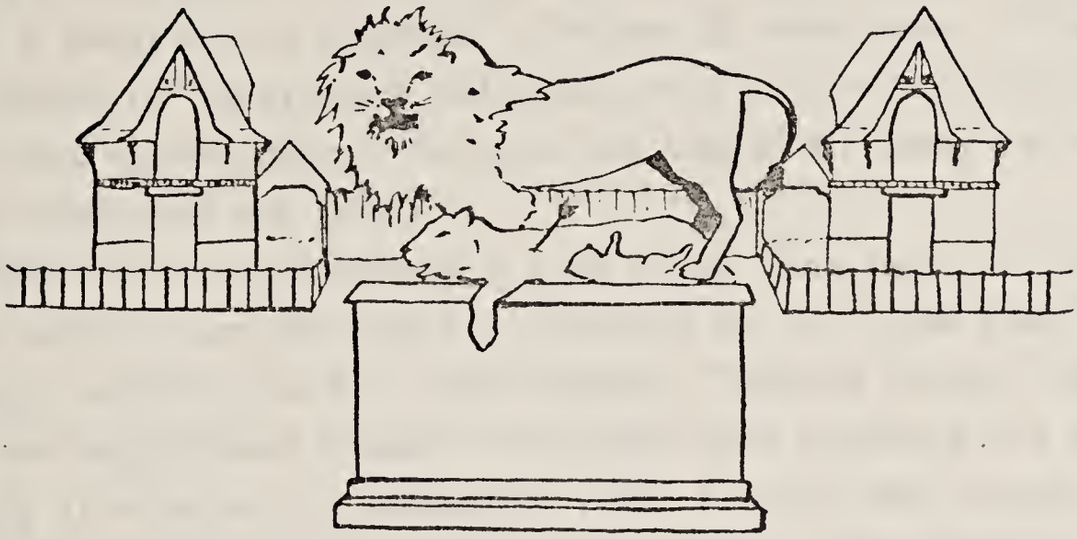
These last paragraphs about the Saratoga Conference and the train ride back to New York were written in the New York station while Carrie and Paschal were waiting to get their train back to Philadelphia:

We returned to Saratoga and went immediately to where the Conference was being held. I had been much worried over the problem of writing a good paper about the Conference as I had missed so many of its sessions. But Paschal promised he would help me in every way until it should become a reality. He said he would send to Boston headquarters and obtain the full Conference Report containing every speech and all resolutions and discussions. This did not seem quite honest to me, but I said nothing as I am determined to keep in complete harmony with my better half. None of the brethren nor sistern seemed to have noticed our absence, so interested were they in all that had been going on at our Unitarian Conference. Only, of course, dear, irrepressible Brother Ames, when he put an arm around each of us, said in his spirit of inimitable playfulness, with that merry twinkle in his eyes, that there was great rejoicing now that the lost sheep had returned. We both love him.

When we boarded the train at Saratoga, Paschal purchased those same worthless periodicals which I had seen New Yorkers reading on the boat, Judge and Brooklyn Eagle. He handed me the advertising literature about the Lake George and Lake Champlain region, and several of the women's magazines. The new Pintsch lights made reading on the train easy and pleasant. Quite a bit of the time I was dozing, my head on Paschal's shoulder. But before I became sleepy, I copied down this advertisement:

Anheiser Malt-Nutrine makes blood and tissue....It tends to produce restful sleep. It is invaluable for nursing mothers. It enriches the blood. It builds up the system. Nothing like it for pregnant mothers.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN



RELATIVES

Meanwhile in the West Philadelphia home, Mary Coggins and her husband's niece, Margaret Coggins, were in charge of Albert and Herbert and fully equal to the task.

Margaret's father, Edward Heston Coggins, had died from wounds received at the Battle of Antietam. It had been by his will that his brother Paschal and nephew Paschal had acquired that piece of land in Hestonville, with right of survivorship. The younger Paschal by his refusal to sign away his right of survivorship had added to the tragedy of his father's death.

Through her father, Margaret was of the Warner-Heston descent; while through her mother, she had come down the Mendenhall-Tyson lines. Margaret was the very antithesis of the kind of woman Anna had been; Mary's daughter Anna had never worked for a living. She had been dainty, pretty and very stylishly dressed. On the other hand, Margaret, with her dark, semi-masculine face and quiet, simple ways, had already worked many years for her living. This may have

accounted for her rather pessimistic view of life. Yearly, she had to accept any teaching position offered her by the Friends in any one of their schools. In summer, she usually sought a position as a mother's helper in some home. Finding a means of livelihood had grown more and more difficult as she had grown older. And she had longed to study painting at some good art school!

How different Margaret's life might have been had her father willed that Hestonville property to her! Now that it belonged entirely to her first cousin, Paschal Heston Coggins, one might have thought she would have resented his acquiring this piece of property. But Paschal was loved by Margaret with an almost sisterly feeling. She seemed to hold him and his mother as her very dearest friends and always accepted any invitation to stay in the Coggins' home. Probably Margaret had known at the time her father wrote his will that this last piece of the original Warner-Heston property belonging to any Coggins *had to be willed to male heirs;* an ancestor dead before she had been born had settled this matter for all time. Hence she was in want. And her cousin Paschal was suffering a heavy burden of remorse because he had not yielded to his father's cry of need shortly before his death. *Well-intended legacies so often spread seeds of dissension among and bring heart-break to members of a family.*

When Margaret's cousin Anna had been so ill and had finally died of diphtheria in Philadelphia, it had been Margaret who had stood by Mary's side; it had been she who at the funeral had led Mary away from the coffin so the lid could at last be closed. (Of course both Anna's father and her brother had been living in California them. It was from her that Carrie and Paschal had received the picture of Anna in her coffin:)

Anna was so beautiful as she lay in her white coffin,

dressed in creamy China silk, forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley near her soft white hands, that it seemed unbelievable she had to be buried.

Between Margaret and Mary existed no such irreconcilable views on child-raising as between Carrie and Mary. Neither had been brought up in a molly-coddle style. About kindergartens with three-fold development according to Froebel, they had not bothered their practical heads. Why upset known methods of securing good behavior by trying out newfangled notions? No, Mary and Margaret stuck to first principles. As Mary held one boy upturned, Margaret would ask politely: "Shall I get thee a slipper, Aunt Mary?"

Since good behavior was the rule and not the exception (the reverse being the case when the parents were at home), the boys were often rewarded with picnic outings at the zoo. Margaret could do surprisingly well with a bat and ball as athletics comprised a large part of permissible recreation at the various Friends' schools where she had taught. Mary provided such delectable sandwiches that the boys frequently did not stop eating until warned by stomach-aches. Going home at dusk, the boys were allowed a few minutes sitting atop those stone lions which guard the zoo. (Albert was too old, he felt, *to be seen* sitting on the lion's back, so only would indulge in this pastime when dusk sheltered him from the eyes of the curious public.)

After the boys had been safely tucked in bed, (no nonsense of leaving gas light on in the hall to avoid fear of darkness), Grandma and Margaret, in Friendly language of course, talked far into the night.

As with many fine people who really enjoy soul-communion, neither Mary nor Margaret pried into the other's inmost holy of holies. That Margaret's dreams of marriage had all come to naught, *Mary knew*. That Mary had come back to Philadelphia away from her dearly beloved husband, without a

word against him, *Margaret was aware.* Omitting these intimate topics, their minds and agile tongues ranged widely, and in their conversations, the word Hicksite was often mentioned; and Bucks, down Chester way, Old Hundred in Delaware state, and many places in all that vast spider-web of districts in the adjoining counties, just outside Philadelphia, were as frequently mentioned for the settings of their comments.

The highly esteemed, worthwhile families to which each was related would appear to furnish conversation even from "everlasting unto everlasting."

Then there were those endless tales which had been handed down by word of mouth. John Williamson had been betrothed to Priscilla. But Sarah Smedley had told him to his face that *she would die if he married Priscilla.* (Sarah had a surprise meeting with John when he was at a vendue buying household goods for his home with Priscilla Thomas.) Worried over what Sarah had threatened, John hastened to consult Priscilla about his terrible dilemma; on horseback, of course, since this was about 1715. Dignified Priscilla told him by all means to hasten back and marry Sarah Smedley as *she had no intention of dying for any man.* (Later a fine gentleman from Baltimore, hearing of Priscilla's gay, courageous stand, came a'courting and finally married Priscilla. He might even have been more loving than John. Who knows?) So John married Sarah and they had a large family of boys and girls. The grandson of their son John was the famous Doctor Walter Williamson, president of the American Institute of Homeopathy and one of the first doctors to be educated entirely in America. Mary favored Priscilla Thomas who would not die for love of John. But Margaret approved of Sarah Smedley who would not let John go and raised such a fine family. Yet they mutually agreed that however foolish the romance, descendants could be very worthy people.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

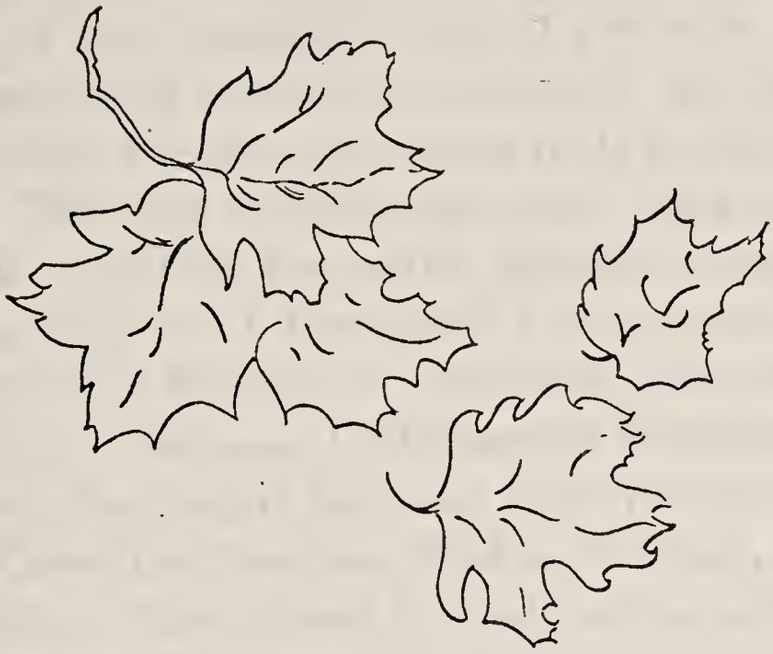
Before settling down to the all-important task of writing Carrie's paper for the Ladies' Unitarian Alliance, all three adults of the Coggins family attended the fiftieth anniversary meeting of the organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society held in a hall in Philadelphia, in the fall of 1884. There were addresses and messages from many celebrities, among them John G. Whittier, William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., Elizur Wright, Mary Grew, Susan B. Anthony, Wendell Phillips, and Dr. William Henry Furness. Characteristically it was Charles Gordon Ames who added the final human touch:

Those brave-hearted men and women had no private or selfish interest to serve by the costly outlay of their efforts. Their toil and sacrifices were not stimulated nor encouraged by any prospect or desire of advantage to themselves. They obeyed the sacred command: 'Open thy mouth for the dumb; and remember those in bonds as bound with them.' Indeed the Bible was their armory. Never men lived who felt more surely authorized to appeal to the Eternal,

and speak in His name. Never was there a man who knew better than Garrison how to take the words of the old Hebrew prophets and make them reverberate like peals of thunder through the land. The Abolitionists stood stoutly on the affirmation that slavery is wrong--a sin both against God and man; and they thoroughly identified themselves with its victims, the down-trodden and those who had no helpers. And they did this in the days when it was costly; for the side of the oppressor had power—the power of the Church and the State, of politics, and trade, and of public opinion and private interest.

Among those for whom the silent moment of bowed heads was offered was Lucretia Mott. A few years earlier she had been laid to rest beside her faithful James and several of their daughters. For Lucretia Coffin Mott from Nantucket had been dearly beloved by all Philadelphia liberals.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN



PIECE de RESISTANCE

Carrie now walked the streets of Philadelphia with joy in every step. She felt *glowing* with happiness, as elated as ever she had been in dear old Sacramento days. And her little, rented West Philadelphia home was bright and cheerful again with her gleaming presence, and her gay laugh. It seemed as though she was possessed once more of that inner radiance of youth; believed still, as she had when she gave her valedictory, in "the sunshine of encircling good," in "that land beyond the shadows," and in "shining cycles of love."

Those were wonderful October days, trees all ablaze in rich tinges of orange, red, and brown. Some leaves, already fallen, were blown in little cyclone whirls, forever forming and as soon spending themselves, while the mischievous wind took up still other piles to wilfully and carelessly sweep along. To many people, especially those living where the seasons show decisive changes, October is the favored month. So it seemed that fall of 1884 in the Coggins' home.

Both Mary and Margaret were gratified by Carrie's warm praise of their excellent care of the boys. Cousin Margaret had been urged to stay on a week or so, and Mary's method of training the boys was temporarily vindicated when Carrie said: "The boys are behaving better than ever before."

In less than two weeks, Paschal brought home from an evening meeting of the church trustees the printed account (direct from Boston) of the recent Unitarian Conference. Its title: "National Conference of Unitarian Churches,--the Eleventh Meeting of National Conferences of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, Held at Saratoga, N. Y., September 22, 1884." Also clever Paschal had secured the "Unitarian Directory and Missionary Hand-Book of 1884." And now he desisted from his own nightly literary efforts to assist his wife in the creation of her all-important article. As a matter of fact, Carrie's reading of this (her yet unborn) account of the Saratoga conference was to be the high point, the *piece de resistance*, so to speak, of an all-day gathering held at the Spring Garden Unitarian Church, participated in by the Ladies' Alliance groups from all three of the Unitarian churches of Philadelphia. Was Paschal determined it should be a good, meaty paper full of genuine information? Or did he wish to impress upon all these gifted ladies that *his* wife had her facts well in hand? Perhaps he was only standing guard over that which reached the public as an intellectual output of a Coggins? Or was he just faithfully fulfilling his promise given to Carrie while they were enjoying life at Hotel Fort William Henry? At any rate, Paschal, Mary, and Carrie each evening, in a complete spirit of harmony, gathered around the big walnut dining room table, and hewed and hacked on facts from the two enlightening sources of information (so opportunely furnished from Boston in the nick of time) until an informative article became an actuality. *Fait accompli* it was then called by Paschal.

Besides Carrie's own observations carefully recopied in her neat Spencerian from her notebook just up to the place where more personal matters appeared, her paper bristled with statistics, a few paragraphs being copied and quoted outright. Those who listened would learn in part:

"Listed for the year 1884 among Unitarian organizations are: Three hundred and forty four churches in the United States and Canada; two hundred and sixty seven ministers in charge of churches, and one hundred twelve ministers not listed as being in charge of churches. Organizations for religious and benevolent work consist of: American Unitarian Association, National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, the Western and the Southern Conferences, the Women's Auxiliary Conferences, Women's Western Conference, Unitarian and Western Unitarian Sunday School Societies, and twelve ministerial associations, unions, educational societies, three general organizations in behalf of state schools, (to be located near colleges if possible), and numerous local organizations. Theological schools are: Harvard Divinity School at Cambridge, and Meadville Theological School at Meadville, Pennsylvania.

"In this particular meeting at Saratoga, two hundred and twelve churches and thirty three conferences were represented by five hundred and twenty six delegates. (It was the first year that lay men and women elected from their respective churches were delegates with full voting power.)

"During the two years since the last meeting of this body, the churches united in its fold had contributed to various projects $428,000. In the twenty years since the Conference was formed, the Unitarian Church had endowed Antioch College with $110,000, the Meadville Theological Ministerial School with $75,000, and the Harvard Divinity College at Cambridge with $130,000. The Unitarian Association, besides its regular and enlarging work of missions, had

collected the means and made possible the plans for a central home for its missionary efforts. (The money given was $152,000 and the new Unitarian Association center is now being built in Boston.)

Carrie had insisted that at this very point in her article she would pause, allow time for questions, and then read to her assembled ladies a three-verse poem by Mrs. C. E. Doolittle, entitled "Sunset on Lake Champlain." The giving of a local color background to her talk would relieve any feeling of tedium which some of the ladies might happen to acquire while listening earnestly to so many cut-and-dried facts. One of the verses read as follows:

"Peaceful islands, water, gemming,
Rest in beauty on the waves,
And a tide of softened sunshine
Lake and islard freely laves.
And they sparkle and they quiver
In this gorgeous evening hour,
As the streaming rays fall o'er them,
Flooding with a golden shower
Soft embankments, fringed with verdure,
Sweeping from this eastern shore,
In and out and deeply curving
Many devious ways explore,
And the fringes and their shadows
In the water softly blend,
Till we see not where the substance
Or the shadow hath its end."

Then continuing with the real substance of Carrie's article, the ladies would learn:

"Furthermore, the Association officers had stated that $47,000 had been donated to the following: To relieve the church in New Orleans of its debt; to complete the additional endowment for Meadville Theological Seminary; and to

help establish a professorship in the Unitarian College in Hungary; to support Rev. A. D. May in his work for Southern education.

"Sums to the amount of $145,000 have been bequeathed to increase the permanent missionary fund, whose aims are: to keep alive twenty feeble struggling parishes; to help twenty four other churches in small, growing towns; to support religious services in eight educational centers; to help sustain nine State missionaries; to maintain the mission in India; to participate in the support of a church in Budapest, Hungary; to send out several thousand volumes and more than 200,000 tracts."

Of course there were many pages of good resolutions. Among the many pertaining to the question of temperance, it seemed advisable to do some selecting. Mary (member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union) was particularly helpful in arranging these paragraphs. We now conclude this memorable paper of Carrie's:

"Resolutions adopted were as follows, in part:

"Resolved to maintain State Conferences wherever practicable.

"Resolved to approve the formation of Unitarian Clubs for the purpose of uniting the lay members of the different churches in social cooperation in a common interest.

"Resolved that under the conditions of modern society, we believe that nothing short of total disuse of intoxicating beverages can serve as a sure means of abolishing and preventing the miseries of intemperance; and that since it is agreed on all sides that such beverages form no part of a necessary diet for men and women in health, that we affectionately call on all who may regard their moderate use as innocent to give up such use, out of compassion for their weaker brethren.

"And that in the interest of humanity and for the honor

of religion, we hold it incumbent upon our ministers and churches to bear a positive, unequivocal testimony against the use and sale of intoxicating drinks.

"And that since the complete triumph of temperance principles must rest on sound reason and improved education, we heartily rejoice in the passage by the Legislatures of New York, Michigan, and other states of laws requiring that the physical effects of alcohol shall be made a part of the common school instruction.

"It has been decided that a special meeting of the Conference shall be held in conjunction with the American Unitarian Association during the year 1885 on the occasion of the completion of the new Unitarian building which is now being erected in Boston.

"The Hon. Samuel F. Miller of Washington, D. C. was elected President for the ensuing year."

Paschal was by nature a teacher. He loved dearly to help lives grow and expand in vision. So pleased was he with this collectively composed *piece de resistance*, that he believed the time had come for his wife's reading and writing to embrace wider and greener pastures of learning. He therefore, a few days after the completion of Carrie's very important message to be delivered before all the ladies of the Alliances of the three Philadelphia Unitarian churches, selected some suitable topics for his wife's future papers. Presumably these were to be written also under his able tutelage. Among Paschal's proffered topics were:

The Radical Controversy in the History of Unitarianism.
History of Beginnings of Unitarianism in England.
What Unitarians of Today Owe Servitus and Gentile.
Is the Western Issue in Unitarianism Being Solved?

Probably Paschal visualized himself bringing home serious tomes from the library out of which the meat for future papers written for the Alliance would be carefully picked? (This selecting for Carrie's benefit would give Paschal an excuse for wasting a little more time in his favorite haunt, the Philadelphia Library.) "After all," Paschal soliloquized, "Carrie just can't go on talking about Froebel and his kindergartens forever."

When Paschal presented Carrie with his erudite list for helping her in writing her future papers, Carrie smiled her sweet and somehow *too knowing* smile, and made no promises. Later, when alone, she tucked Paschal's list way back in a remote corner of her top bureau drawer.

And some days later, coming home from his office earlier than usual, Paschal was to discover Carrie reading once more in Froebel's "Education of Man." Poor weak human nature is like that, doing what one wishes and not what someone else wishes one to do. Fortunately for Paschal's mental equilibrium, he had not yet discovered Carrie's "Conscious Motherhood" (well hidden amidst the dust bunnies under her daytime couch.) The German kindergartener, Emma Marwedel, who wrote this book, had come direct from the Froebel kindergartens in Germany. It was in her class in Los Angeles that Kate Douglas Smith (Wiggin) trained for kindergarten teaching. The views on motherhood expressed in "Conscious Motherhood" were not necessarily those of the publisher or the bookseller in Boston, to whom Carrie had sent for her copy. These views might easily have perturbed Paschal, modern-minded as he considered himself to be. These ideas were already playing a formative role in Carrie's life. And any profound change in her life would eventually somewhat disturb Paschal's own comfortable way of life.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE FRIDAY NIGHT CLUB

Meanwhile Carrie considered that Paschal was spending entirely too many evening hours reading and apparently very much enjoying one Alger book after another. Several times, at her urgent request, he had read out loud to the boys some of the most thrilling passages in one or another of these current Sunday School books. Sensing that this was one way in which their father could serve them and hence draw nearer to his sons, Carrie launched the idea of a Friday Night Club for their boys, when Paschal would read out loud to them and her. Carrie was most agreeably surprised at Paschal's quick acquiescence in her Friday Night Club idea. He even volunteered, "It is really necessary that every family should set aside one night a week for a family night " Further he said he would bring home a pound box of Whitman's chocolates to enhance the occasion each Friday night. Almost it sounded as if this evening would be more entertaining to him than being out with his men friends. This may well not have been the actual case, however. For what Carrie did not yet know

and perhaps never would completely comprehend was that her husband's associates *talked his own language;* understood and appreciated his humor; and could even forgive him an occasional practical joke, a seemingly necessary part of his humor, from time to time.

Carrie's plan worked out even better than she had dared to hope. Sometime before supper on each Friday night, Paschal would hide two very similar boxes in any secluded spot from the first to the third floor. Right after supper, the boys began searching for the Whitman's candy, but invariably found first a box containing three colored cakes of soap. "I must have brought home the wrong box," Paschal would remark dejectedly. Not too long afterward he would urge them to continue their search. If they were quite unable to find the hidden treasure, he would say sadly, "This time I really must have forgotten to buy the Whitman's." (But he never did as he was inordinately fond of chocolate candy.) Then a hint would be offered here and there until at last one of the boys would discover it with a shout of triumph. As with his stories, so in life, Paschal could build up suspense and resolve all to a happy ending. The box was then opened and little Herbert was allowed to sniff the contents, Albert being too old for such a babyish satisfaction. The alluring main attraction of the Friday Night Club was then placed to one side, and Paschal began his all important reading to his family. By what would now be called a synopsis, Paschal briefed his boys on a few earlier events in the life of the Alger hero. Albert would listen eagerly and seem greatly interested for a while. It could scarcely be expected that little Herbert could give his undivided attention, as Carrie and Albert attempted to do. So every now and then, noticing his mother's gaze upon his father, rather than upon his own little curly-headed self, Herbert would say to his mother: "Pay attention only to me, Mama."

When even Albert could no longer pretend to be very interested in the current Ragged Dick, Paschal would let the candy be consumed, slowly, so that each luscious chocolate was enjoyed to the last bit of flavor. Then he would tell the boys to get into their nightshirts for their Friday evening frolic. Paschal, crawling around on the floor on all fours, would cause shrieks of laughter from the boys as he would tumble first one and then the other off from his back as soon as either one climbed up to take a ride, a la Billy Goat. To heighten the fun, the human goat would occasionally butt one of the boys, perhaps knocking him over. This complete casting aside of his usual dignity to play with his boys as he had seldom done before brought them all into a closer companionship. "I've never seen anything like it before," laughed Mary, who also seemed cheered and limbered up from her usual seriousness by Paschal's antics, "and it's high time that Paschal did bring some of his playfulness home with him. I've heard from several sources that when he is with his men companions at his so-called clubs, classes, and associations that he is simply brimming over with wit and good nature."

Before the boys were given the final command to get to bed (that command in a tone of Paschal's which really meant it had to be obeyed), Carrie topped off the evening with an educational touch. She read out of a new notebook, bought just for Friday Night Club use, a list of good deeds done by Albert and by Herbert; of times when one or the other had obeyed her promptly; or special instances of kindness to an animal. *(Of the times when they had not obeyed at all nothing was mentioned in this little notebook, since Carrie was now following the idea of omitting all mention of negative re-actions.)* All in all, the Friday Night Club got off to a good, rousing bang-up start on those Friday nights of October and early November in this same year of 1884.

There could have been at least four good reasons why Paschal had agreed so promptly with Carrie's simple Friday Night Club idea. First, he may have felt it was very necessary to humor his wife so that she would continue to be at least permissive regarding his further reading of Alger and his going out nights. Second he may have already decided to become a writer of boys' books, following to some extent in Alger's footsteps, and may have realized he needed closer contact with the raw material of his fiction, boys. Third, since he and his mother were deeply engaged in litigation with Mary's brother, Passmore, and must spend long evening hours discussing legal aspects of their law suit, he feared Carrie might again feel "left out" and "hurt." Fourth, and probably the most cogent reason was his wife's pregnancy.

For no sooner had winter actually begun to set in than it had become quite obvious to all concerned (except the boys) that Carrie was subject to "morning sickness." (At first Mary could barely conceal her strong disapproval. For hadn't she stated emphatically many times that *two* children were sufficient for educated parents? *(She had had only two children.)* But even Mary was learning *to adjust when necessary to realities, pleasant or unpleasant.*

But to Carrie the knowledge that she would again bear a child was pure unalloyed joy! Wasn't this new life an actual and tangible token that she and Paschal had renewed their love for each other? At first she thought she would name her new son "Curtis Bryant" to honor those two fine Unitarians whose writings had so greatly enhanced her knowledge of the Lake Region. But then her thoughts returned to her greatest teacher, Emerson. His words had been of infinite help to her soul when drifting through clouds of doubts and fears. *He and Charles Gordon Ames were so much alike in their philosophy of life!* Carrie had copied down what Dr. Mead had said of this similarity:

Dr. Ames is the last figure of the group whose mind has in its very texture New England Transcendentalism. There is no other man quite so Emersonian. A hundred of his sermons are almost Emerson essays. He has Emerson's firm and quiet faith, his penetration and poetry of nature, his wit, and humor, his gift for homely illustration, his buoyant optimism and his democracy.

Now, after thinking quite seriously about the name for her new son, Carrie had made up her mind *irrevocably* that he should be named "Emerson." How infinitely sweet to hold a baby son in her arms again. How she hoped that she would be able to nurse him. Albert began to look quite large to her. And even Herbert had become much too heavy for her to lift. Although Carrie had never particularly enjoyed sewing, she now hummed little airs as she began on her baby's wardrobe.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON

But even the happy Friday Night Club could not keep Carrie from being assailed anew by grave doubts concerning the actions of her husband and his mother. For it was most evident by December and the approach of Christmas time, that Mary and Paschal had something very important pending; and that *she* was not to be informed about whatever so deeply engrossed these other two adults. Night after night, while the dinner grew cold (later to be rewarmed), her husband and his mother would be closeted upstairs in Mary's room. Something about finances, of course. *Where* the Coggins' money came from was apparently considered none of Carrie's business.

The distraught mother tried to busy herself with her dog-eared Emerson. But in vain. Finally Carrie discovered that she could temporarily fight off those dark, ominous doubts while playing with her boys. Again she felt extreme pity for her two small sons. Would it have been better if they had not been born into a world so full of heartache?

Carrie would recite a line of poetry followed by the next line with its last word omitted, which word one of the boys would have to supply. Later all three would sit on the Old Dog Tray rug on the front room floor and roll a big ball back and forth to each other. When all wearied of this, the box of letter blocks would be brought out and Albert would make words for Herbert to read. And don't imagine the kindergartner couldn't read, for he was always spelling out advertising signs and calling for help when he couldn't quite say his combination of words. Thus for a little time, while trying to help her sons remain "spiritually whole," Carrie could lighten the anguish of her own soul.

One evening about dusk when Mary was away visiting for the night with her sister Anna, an elderly man came to the front door of the Coggins' home. He greeted Carrie in kindly manner as she showed him into the front room before she called up-stairs to Paschal. Not until the door was closed between the two of them and herself, did Carrie receive her message from the ether: "Passmore Williamson." So this old man was Mary's once beloved brother, now seldom spoken of in Carrie's presence except for routine mentioning that he had not yet turned over the rent money. This was the man who in youth had been lodged six months in terrible Moyamensing jail because he had stepped on board a boat moored in the Delaware River and told a Negro woman slave from the South that she and her two little boys were free when they once stepped ashore on Pennsylvania soil. He had been one among all those fearless Abolitionists who had given up their comfort and risked their lives for the sake of the Negroes! Another wave from the ether informed Carrie that all the recent conversations between Paschal and his mother had centered on this tired looking old man. For the first time and perhaps the last time in her life, Carrie stooped to put her ear to the keyhole. It sounded as if the old man wept:

"Nephew, if thee persists in doing as thy mother wishes and charge me before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania of *malfeasance, I shall be a broken man.* Surely there is some other way that thee and I can come to a legal clarity about the estate left by thy good grandfather, Thomas Williamson?"

After a short silence, Paschal's answer:

"It has been fully thirteen years now that thee has pretended that thy accounts are honest and that justice has been done to thy three, old sisters. If thy first report as executor of the Williamson estate made in 1871 had been completely honest and above-board, there never would have been any of these long drawn out efforts on the part of my mother's counsel to force thee to acknowledge thy wrongdoing; to make restitution to those whom *thee* has so greatly injured. The word *malfeasance* is not the one *I* would have chosen for charging thee before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. But because my mother so greatly loved and honored thee in happier days, she requested that I use only this softer word. *For ugly deeds the law provides only ugly words. And has thee not confessed thyself to be in default for $114,000?"*

Carrie had heard enough, far too much. Straightening up from her eavesdropping, she knew herself to be *a stricken woman.* Somehow she plodded upstairs to their bedroom-sitting room, her feet seeming almost too heavy for movement. Would the blow she had just received also be the deathblow to all future love for Paschal? How could he let his "self-righteous" mother so dominate his actions that he was willing to *persecute* an aging relative and all for *money?* She heard again the tremor in the old man's voice as he said: "I shall be a broken man."

Once in their room Carrie sat down exhausted in her Boston rocker. Then she reached out and picked up a shabby old scrapbook which Paschal had been perusing the previous night before retiring. She opened the book to an article

from an old-time Philadelphia paper dated July 19, 1855:

THE LAST EXCITEMENT

The good people of this city have been more or less excited since our last issue, by a case involving the rights of Mr. Wheeler, Ambassador of the United States to Nicaragua, of certain colored attendants of his, the laws of Pennsylvania, and the anti-slavery cause.....

Mr. Williamson, chief agent in the affair, was served with a writ from Judge Kane of the U. S. District Court, requiring him to produce the colored woman and her two boys.....

Now as to this case before Judge Kane, it is doubtless exceedingly trying to Mr. Wheeler to lose his servants in so very summary a manner. But we would advise him to put as good a face as he can upon the matter, because, according to the laws of Pennsylvania and of the United States, there is no help for it.

As Carrie closed the old scrapbook she thought about the odd coincidence that she had just happened to open to the very page where this article was. As she lay down on the bed she said to herself: "It was meant to be."

If Carrie had known all that had been done by Mary, through her counsel, to try to urge Passmore to keep the estate "productive of income," would she have felt so certain in her heart that Mary and Paschal were being cruel?

Thomas Williamson died August 26, 1871, leaving an estate of $209,597.37, the income from which was to be divided five ways as long as his widow Deborah should live. After her death (which occurred in 1876) the income was to be divided into four parts and paid in half-yearly allotments to his four grown children, Passmore, Mary, Phoebe and Anna. Perhaps one of the earliest reasons for mistrust of the way

Passmore Williamson in Moyamensing Jail in Philadelphia. Here he received letters from people all over the United States and even in Europe. And here he was visited by many antislavery people, among them, Lucretia Mott.

From Lincoln's Inaugural
Address, March 4th, 1861

"This country with all its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it; or their revolutionary right to dismember and overthrow it."

An example of Carrie's neat Spencerian penmanship.

Passmore was handling his father's estate was his having his step-mother Deborah sign a "Release of Dower" which, he told her, would make it easier for him to follow out what his father and her husband had stipulated in the will. (This had been that Deborah should receive at least $2000 each year even if the income divided five ways did not yield as much as $2000.) It was not long until Deborah wished "relief" from this document she had signed, but the court would not allow her any negation of what she had foolishly signed.

Thomas Williamson reposed unfaltering trust in his only son Passmore. Upon Passmore's shoulders he placed a legal responsibility too heavy for any man. Thomas himself had been an astute business man. The story was told of him that he held a piece of property which Stephen Girard, in his old age, greatly desired, promising: "I'll cover it with any kind of money." The reply had been: "Then cover it with silver dollars pressed side by side standing up on their edges." Probably not as keenly interested in matters financial as his father, Passmore failed to sell off undesirable stocks and bonds and to clear up unsafe mortgages prior to his first accounting of the Williamson Estate about 1872. It therefore had suffered irretrievable depletion before the panic of 1873-1880 engulfed all American finances. As with thousands of others, Passmore was caught in the toils of the panic. Collections dwindled; costs soared. Beneath the burden of too great responsibilities, some men commit suicide, others abscond. Passmore stood his ground intending, in so far as possible, to follow out the instructions of his father's will. But under duress, "in some unfortunate stock ventures, Passmore not only lost his own fortune but the greater part of the estate in his charge." Still further embarrassed financially, he began meeting costs by juggling funds as many other men, intending to be completely honest, have allowed themselves to do, always expecting to make full

restitution as soon as possible. Passmore was unable to make good the damage done to the various accounts under his charge. In November, 1885, when notified that he would have to file another (third) account of his trusteeship, Passmore had admitted to Mary and her son Paschal that he could not file such an accounting without "being found in default of a very large sum." This sum proved to be $114,000 and on July 10, 1886, the Orphans' Court dismissed Passmore from both his offices, Trustee and Executor of the Thomas Williamson Estate.

There were eight paragraphs to this Thomas Williamson will, several of them a page and a half long. This seventy-five year old father had tried to provide against any and all contingencies which might ever arise in the lives of his grown children. One example occurs in the fifth paragraph wherein he writes: "And in all cases, payments of income to each of my said daughters shall be deemed to be for her sole and separate use, free from the control and without liability for the debts, contracts, or engagements of her present or any future husband," showing his earnest intention that each of his three daughters should be economically free and independent. Same paragraph: "And upon and after decease of my wife, to continue the management, as aforesaid, for the benefit of my said four children, and so distribute and pay the whole net income of my residuary estate as that each of them shall receive an equal Fourth part thereof in half-yearly payments from time to time during his and her respective natural life; and, upon the decease of either one of my said children, and successively of each of them, then as respects one equal Fourth part of the *corpus* or principal of my residuary estate to and for the only proper use of his or her child, or all of his or her children, if more than one, who shall have attained, or shall attain, the age of Twenty-five years, and the issue of any such who shall have died,

or shall die, under that age leaving issue, in equal shares; so, however, that the issue of any such deceased child, if more than one person, shall take equally among them such share only as their parent would have taken, if living."

In other words, Thomas Williamson had a heart even for *his yet unborn greatgrandchildren.* If any such great-grandchildren were left without the parent who would have inherited from the will of the grandparent but did not because he or she died before the age of twenty-five, the little orphans could look forward to inheriting their share, (the amount which would have been paid to their parent) and having this sum divided equally among them, each receiving an equal part upon attaining his or her twenty-fifth birthday.

From the Twelfth day of the Ninth month, 1869, to the Thirtieth day of the Ninth month, 1870, this will with all its provisions was presumed to satisfy all those who were to benefit from it. On the latter date a Codicil was added by Thomas Williamson which decidedly altered the prospects of the grandchildren and incidentally the greatgrandchildren. (Before a year had passed Thomas Williamson was buried in the Philadelphia Friends' South West Burying Grounds.) From Hinshaw, Sharpless and Smedley, we have composed the article,

> *Thomas Williamson was bookkeeper at Westtown Boarding School 1817-1827. After this he lived a few years in West Chester. He and his wife Elizabeth with three daughters and two sons moved to Philadelphia where he was a leading conveyancer for many years. He had a large practice, cared for numerous estates as executor, guardian, or trustee. He was the father of Passmore Williamson, who achieved notoriety through his efforts in anti-slavery causes. Thomas died 1871 aged 75.*

There had been another brother, the youngest one in the Williamson family. He had been named Isaac Pyle after his mother's grandfather, married to Elizabeth Darlington 1750 at the Birmingham Meeting. (Passmore received his name because both his parents' mothers had been named Passmore before marriage. Phoebe and Ann Passmore were first cousins, and Thomas Williamson and Elizabeth Pyle Williamson were second cousins.) Isaac and Elizabeth Darlington Pyle had settled in West Marlborough on Isaac's father's two hundred and twenty five acres. Their house was so small that one wonders where Elizabeth's slave Patience found room to sleep. This slave girl Patience was only loaned to Elizabeth for life. Afterward Patience had to be returned to Abraham Darlington, Elizabeth's brother.

In 1846, when Isaac Pyle Williamson was sixteen years old, he had gone skating on the frozen Schuylkill absolutely disobeying his father. When the ice broke, Isaac lost his life. This tragedy probably hastened his mother's death. Two years later Elizabeth was placed beside her younger son in the Friends' graveyard.

Legally speaking the difference made by the Codicil was that the *cestus que trust* was to be divided among grandchildren *per capita* instead of *per stirpes*. Thus instead of the division of the capital or *corpus* into four parts, one each for the child or the children of each direct descendant of Thomas, the *corpus* would be divided into as many parts as there were grandchildren who lived to be twenty-five, provided that if a grandchild dying before reaching twenty-five left issue, then that greatgrandchild or those greatgrandchildren would inherit the amount which their parent would have received. Mary need not have been a genius in mathematics to know that her son Paschal would receive a greatly

diminished inheritance if this Codicil was upheld by the courts. In contrast she was also fully able to comprehend that to *each* of Passmore's four children the upholding of this Codicil would bring the same amount allotted to her only child. Since Passmore and his father had always worked in the same office (in Thomas' home) it was hard for Mary to avoid a feeling of suspicion that *undue influence* might have been brought upon her father by Passmore during that last year of the former's life; some sort of pressure resulting in this Codicil.

There is a book, sixty seven pages of the history of appeals of Mary and her sister Anna from the adjudications made in the Orphans' Court by the Auditing Judge, dated January Term, 1880; and in large letters "SUPREME COURT FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA." As we do not have such a book for the year 1884, we shall quote the final appeals made in this earlier book. They must be very similar to those made at this later time, 1884-1885, which finally roused the Court to action against Passmore.

"If the Court is with us respecting the question of investments, it would seem to follow that the executor should be deprived of his commissions. We make this claim on several grounds:

I. He has mismanaged the estate, incurring great loss by failing to sell the stocks as already mentioned.

2. He has, by his needless failure to complete the administration of the estate within a proper time, required the settlement of three accounts instead of one only.

3. He has confused the assets and accounts of this estate with those of others which were in the hands of the testator, the accountant making needless complexity in his accounts and delay in their settlement, and imposing on this estate the payment of interest to those interested in the other estates, and also the expense of the settlement of

those estates.

4. He mingled his own funds with those of the estate. The court below say that 'nothing can be said in defense of this practice,' and 'the error of the accountant was a serious one.'

"The English rule does not allow any such commissions. While our law, from motives of sound policy, has departed from the English rule, commissions are allowed only as a reward for the prompt, intelligent and faithful discharge of the duties imposed; and the right to them is lost by sloth, ignorance, delay or confusion of accounts. The cases to this effect are numerous, but it is believed that the general rule is too well settled to require the citation of authorities. We submit that the reasons above given are ample to sustain our objection.

"Apart from the question of loss of all commissions, it is submitted that the result of the payment of full commission is to require us to pay the expenses of the administration of other estates which were settled by the executor, the assets of which were mixed with those of ours. There is certainly neither justice nor legality in this.

"As to the commissions on the principal of the estate, a large part of the *corpus* remains unconverted, greatly to our damage. No commissions allowed on unconverted assets.

"Moreover, the will expressly allows commissions at the rate of five per centum *on the income*. This would seem to exclude other compensation. *Expressio unius est exclusio alterius.*

"But even if such commissions are properly allowed, they should be calculated on the present depreciated value of the stock. It is unfair to take former value, for which the executor is held *not* accountable, and yet allow him commissions on that sum.

"The additional counsel fee allowed at the last audit,

while doubtless fully earned, should be paid by the executor personally. A fee was charged and allowed in the first account, and if the executor had complied with his duty, the whole matter would then have been settled. The subsequent services were rendered in defending the executor against the consequences of his own negligence and wrong.

"We ask the court:

1. To charge the executor with the loss by reason of his failure to convert the stock complained of.

2. To strike out his credit for commissions.

3. If that is refused, to reduce them.

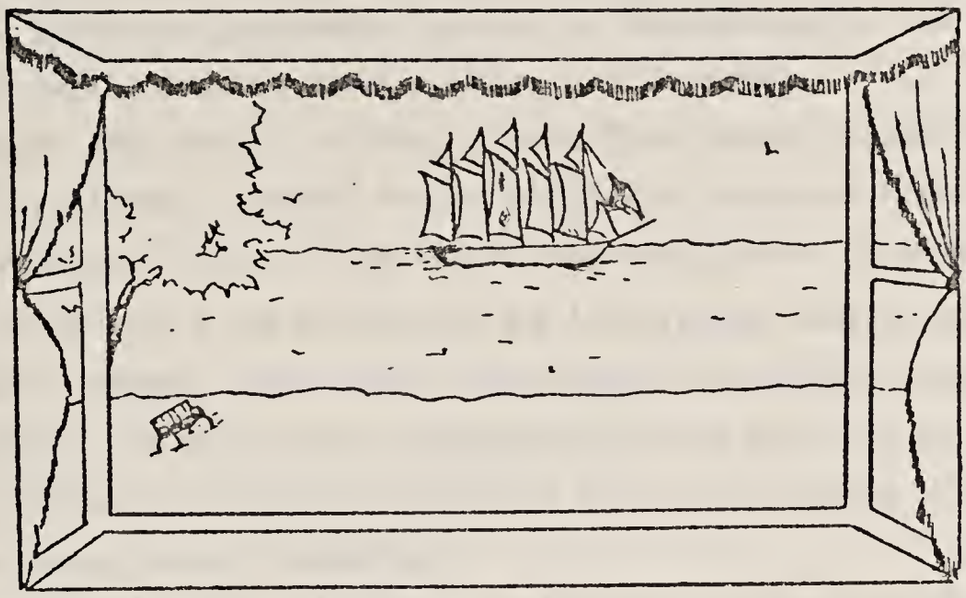
4. To strike out the credit for commissions on the principal.

5. Or reduce the amount on which they are calculated.

6. To disallow the credit for additional counsel fee.

J. Howard Gendell,
For Appellants"

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN



CRYING IN HER HEART

Day after day Carrie kept to her room, lying on her bed with a damp cloth on her aching forehead, there in the darkness with all shades drawn. Her hands throbbed with a temporary rheumatism which made them painful to move. What was there for her to do but escape as much as possible from the life around her? With all her heart she longed to return to Sacramento, to her mother and father, to her loving brothers and sisters, to a home in which the word "estrangement" had never been spoken. The poisonous thoughts of misery and heartache whirled through her soul in never-ending throngs. Could this be that dear home where she had written "Religious Instinct, the Compelling Power which makes for the Unity of all Life?" Where now the lovely symbolism in her "Shining Cycles of Love?" Those who should have been dear to her had broken up her spiritual wholeness. If anyone in California had ever sued a brother or sister for *money* and let love of family turn to ashes to procure *money*, she had never heard of such a tragedy. Where was it all leading?

This was the question which Mary and Paschal were also asking themselves. In desperation they called upon kindly Dr. Mabel Jones to persuade Carrie to accompany her to the seashore, (all expenses paid by Mary, of course).

Even on the train, riding across New Jersey toward Atlantic City, Carrie seemed to be slightly released from her great pressure of pain. She found some enjoyment in observing the panorama, from scrub oak to low pines, and later to dwarf cedar swamps, from which red-winged blackbirds rose in great flocks, as they were disturbed by the passing train. When the ladies arrived at Atlantic City, the ocean air in Carrie's lungs seemed soothing.

Later watching the luminous yellow moon rise out of the ocean, the two women found conversation came easier. Why do women, particularly suffering women, find comfort in so many words?

After a rather sumptuous breakfast the next morning, Dr. Jones and her patient took the boardwalk promenade. Dr. Jones told Carrie how shocked she had been when she first saw rich, lazy people being wheeled along the boardwalk in those wheel chairs. She herself had come up the hard way and admired more the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Back at the hotel (the very best of course) they discovered a lovely sun-parlor, honored by the name "solarium." As they were frequently alone here, Carrie would usually pour out her misery. How she had *really* never been able to forgive Paschal his treatment of his own father; now, how this legal persecution by him and Mary of old Uncle Passmore, even perhaps depriving him of all his own property and ruining his chance of making a living in the one city where he had spent his entire life, was stifling all feeling she might ever have had for Paschal; *how Paschal was not spiritually whole, not spiritually-minded at all, caring much more for property and money than for milk-of-kindness human ties; how*

Paschal was now, always had been, and probably always would be a mother-dominated man; how she, Carrie, was only allowed the status of an eldest child, never the standing of another adult; how all his finances were inextricably intertwined with those of his mother with the result that she, Carrie, never had any money in her own pocketbook; and how she could not and simply would not endure this imposition any longer.

Several weeks later came pleasant February days. True, cold winds in the afternoon often made the ladies hasten back to the hotel after a morning on the boardwalk and a tasty little lunch at an attractive "chocolate shoppe." But just to be out in the sea air so much brought color to the cheeks of both ladies. (Nobody but prostitutes *put* color on their cheeks in *ancien regime* days.) Upstairs in their comfortable room with its wide-windowed view of the ocean, they found much conversation. Dr. Jones was an interesting talker but was wise enough to be an even more interested listener. *(Alas that so few humans ever play this role!)*

One evening as they sat by their view-window, they had some restorative laughs about Mary's "helpers" whom she had brought home from the hospital to the Coggins' kitchen. The idea was that these unfortunate mothers of babes (born out of wedlock) would learn housekeeping and care of a little one by being in a home with Carrie and Mary. How little the young mother cared to learn anything at all was something else again! The latest contribution from Mary's hospital had been named "Candy" and her baby's name was "Lady". Lady had been left crying in her clothes-basket-crib in the third story back bedroom until Carrie had made Candy bring both the clothes-basket and the baby down into the kitchen. Then Lady, as well as her mother, was there in the kitchen all the rest of the day, for Carrie to walk around as she performed her necessary household tasks.

"But did you notice," interposed Dr. Jones at just the

right moment, "how quickly your mother-in-law got Candy and little Lady out of your house when Paschal and you were going to leave for Saratoga? That just shows definitely that, no matter how she hugs the illusion that a little mother is learning from her and you, her common sense tells her that really nothing is being accomplished. Also it shows us that *she* does not want to be the main teacher in this training course." Carrie laughed and her doctor noticed with satisfaction that her laugh sounded as though she were becoming restored, day by day, to her usual sunny, lovable self.

So far Carrie had been forced to share her home with no less than three of these unfortunate little mother-girls, while living in this West Philadelphia home. In each case, concern for her own offspring had been scarcely perceptible. Nor had there been any evidence that the beneficiary appreciated her opportunity to learn to be useful in the Coggins' home.

"How anyone can use the word 'helper' for such a child is beyond me," Carrie added, with another sweet laugh. "Her neglected baby makes my heart ache. The big clothes-basket stands always in my way. And the child-mother usually has to be urged two or even three times before she starts peeling potatoes or washing dishes."

And one twilight hour, as the two ladies enjoyed seeing a great five masted lumber schooner sail across their picture window frame, they mentioned Mary's peculiar tender-heartedness regarding these girls whose babies were called by cruel people "illegitimate." They both wondered why Mary felt so lenient toward them, almost as if, they only of all women were victims of circumstances beyond their control.

"If it is a legally married wife who becomes pregnant, then it is entirely her own fault," Carrie remarked. And her sympathetic woman friend finished out her thought: "But with these girls it's always some 'no good man' that got her

into trouble."

"And how often have I heard my mother-in-law repeat in general conversation, 'Change the law, a few years earlier, a few years later, and often you'll find it is the law itself which causes illegitimacy.' I have never been able to figure out what she means."

"Nor I," concluded Dr. Jones.

Had either of these ladies been as well versed in the laws of Pennsylvania as Mary, and had they known that Paschal was said to be an "eighth month baby," perhaps Mary's words would have taken on new meaning. For in 1857, five years after Paschal's birth, the State Legislature passed a law legitimating babies thereafter born whose parents had been legally married before the birth of such a baby. Now Carrie and Dr. Jones were far from being prudish women. Yet had either one had a scintilla of suspicion that Paschal was almost, if not quite, illegitimate, their peace of mind would have been considerably shattered.

Sometimes during the long darkness of the night, before either woman had dropped off to sleep, Dr. Jones would fill Carrie with human interest stories of her other patients, carefully winnowing out the tragic and holding up for closest scrutiny pictures of harmonious family life. Even confided in Carrie that once she had dreamed of marriage with a certain prominent Philadelphia doctor. But these dreams had been dispersed when he married "more advantageously." Went so far as to tell Carrie she could scarcely understand how a woman with such a fine looking man as Paschal and two bright boys and a good home could be *too* discontented. "Someday," she concluded, "your sons will rise up and call you blessed, and right now you have many friends who hold you in high esteem." And Carrie thought over and over in her mind how she would have *three* sons to rise up and call her blessed, for sometime around July her new son Emerson would be born.

One sunny morning Dr. Jones placed Carrie's return ticket to Philadelphia and twenty-five dollars in her hand, saying that she would have to go back to her long neglected practice. She told Carrie just to choose her own time for returning. No danger now of nervous prostration.

Later on this same day, while wandering around the hotel veranda, Carrie noticed a lady all shrouded in mourning garments, sitting huddled up in a porch chair. So heavy was her black veil that her age was indeterminable. An evening or so later, Carrie saw this same woman with her veil lifted back from her face, sitting in the hotel dining room. Carrie thought she had never seen so young a woman with so sad an expression. When Carrie saw this young woman seated in the solarium the next morning, she sat down near her and asked her if she might tell her about her own early life in California. Carrie spoke of her own beloved Sacramento, its little homes with high steps in front, all about the marvelous flowers and fruits which grew just for the planting. As Carrie paused, strains from Brahm's Lullaby wafted in upon them from someone playing the piano in the lobby. Immediately the lady rose, wrapping her mourning close around her, and left Carrie without a word of farewell. To most women, this action would have seemed to indicate the lady desired to terminate this slight effort toward friendship. But Carrie sensed the all-enveloping sorrow from which this genteel young woman was suffering. So Carrie attempted other little occasions of visiting. And by and by she was greeted by a lifted veil and a delicate wan smile, utterly devoid of happiness. The lady's light brown hair was loosely and carelessly tied in a knot; her looks were of no consequence.

Once Carrie surprised this young, sorrowing woman in whom she had become interested, sitting on the beach about

eleven o'clock one very sunny morning. Seating herself beside this one whose friendship she desired, Carrie asked:

"May I watch the waves with you for a few minutes?"

"Yes. I shall be glad of your company. You are the one person here at Atlantic City who has befriended me."

The ladies were silent for a while. Then the sad-faced lady, speaking very low, turned her face toward Carrie:

"My father is in wool in Philadelphia, and no money was spared in my musical education. For several years I played in concert performances, usually for charitable causes, in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and even in New York. My life of piano playing seemed complete and yet I loved my father's young partner. We were married and went to live in a lovely home my father gave us out Bryn Mawr way, near the fine new Quaker college for young women. We enjoyed driving along the Wissahickon, attended Opera in season and found real companionship among the members of our Presbyterian church. We were blessed with a little son, named for his father. Then came three other children, rather close together, two little girls, each one named for a grandmother, and one more son."

Then followed a pause. Carrie knew the lady was trying to control inward sobbing; she *felt* just what it was like because during her recent breakdown there had been many times when she had struggled to keep back her tears and sobbing. At length the heart-broken young woman continued with anguish in every tone:

"Our darlings were intelligent and lovely looking, sympathetic, sweet and understanding. Our lives brimmed over with happiness."

The narrator bent over, her head held low. Carrie saw her frame shaken with dry, inward sobs.

"Crying in her heart," thought Carrie. "It would be much better *for her* if she could cry out loud."

Finally the stricken young woman raised her head and looked directly at Carrie. Just one glance from tear-dimmed eyes; a look so full of tragedy!

"Within two weeks our three youngest children were taken from us by diphtheria. With trained nurses, the best of doctors, all that money or love could do for them, we were helpless. They withered and died before our eyes, like beautiful little flowers. For those two weeks Mr. Lewis-Smith and I scarcely ate, rarely lay down to rest. When the terrible disease had taken its awful toll, their father and I seemed like two people living in total darkness, smothered with a grief so all-encompassing that we could not comfort each other Life is an endless wake. My husband is a broken man, and we both long to die; to be released. My father *demanded* my husband's presence back in their counting house. (Doctor's orders.) My mother and father brought me here and she stayed with me several weeks. Every day I receive a letter from either my father or mother. They are trying to help me sustain faith in God. But they know my heart has lost faith in God."

"Your first-born?" Carrie whispered questioningly, a lump in her throat and tears running down her cheeks.

"No, we have our darling William; he is well and staying with his grandparents, the Lewis-Smiths. *I have lost my faith in God.* My parents agree with me that it is *unthinkable* that God would punish the innocent because they had not yet acknowledged or been received into the *Westminster Confession.* I have broken with my church completely, as I cannot hold to their medieval theory of *Infant Damnation.* Now, night and day, hour after hour, I question where in all space, in this whole wide universe of worlds, can our darlings exist without us? Now, when I need faith as I never did before in all my life, I have none in my heart, and have no assurance that I'll ever have my little ones again."

Which Indian philosopher spoke of that silence which, between certain souls, is more communicative than words? For a long, long while the ladies sat there on the beach in silence, until the afternoon breeze became so chilly that they rose and walked back toward their hotel. But before parting, Mrs. Lewis-Smith told Carrie:

"Piano music is unbearable to me; the finer the rendition, the greater my suffering. With the very first chords something inside of me breaks down and I have to start weeping again. Other times I am always crying in my heart."

The next Wednesday, Brother Ames and his gracious wife Fannie "happened" to arrive at Carrie's hotel about two in the afternoon. They said they had come down for a day's outing and wanted to spend as much time as possible with Carrie. Everything in general was discussed until at last the question arose of another teacher for the class Albert was in. It seems Miss MacIntosh was going to try her wings in New York for a year or so, now that she had finished her studies at the Philadelphia School of Design. As though it were of the utmost importance, Brother Ames asked Carrie if she could find it in her heart to help him out by teaching that class until some other teacher could be found. She needn't miss either the Bible Class or church services since Sunday School took up the intervening hour. When Carrie answered in the affirmative, her good pastor looked relieved as though a burden had been removed from his capable shoulders.

Almost as though by previous arrangement, the waiter in the dining room led the party of three to a little glassed-in corner, where their table was somewhat removed from the rest of the rather noisy dining room. As dusk deepened into night, the waiter brought tall, lighted candles which he set in a candelabrum in the center of their table. (Now that

oil lamps were historical items, and gas was being superseded by electricity in the homes of the wealthy, people found it quite romantical to eat by candle-light.) Stars came out in the eastern heavens there over the ocean. Carrie found herself telling some of Mrs. Lewis-Smith's story, not mentioning her name, of course. After Brother Ames had heard how tortured the bereaved mother was with the theory of *Infant Damnation*, he said:

"Sometime, and I hope not too far in the future, the Presbyterian Assembly or Synod will meet in a national convention and vote *Infant Damnation* right out of their *Westminster Confession*. Meanwhile thousands of mothers and fathers suffer untold agony over the fate of their little ones who died before being admitted to the fellowship of their church." He went on to tell how he and his first wife, who had been strict Baptists, came to a greater understanding of God's love because of their own love for their poor little baby who had died. "But outgrowing your orthodox creed is in itself almost an agony of soul," he concluded.

Now the soft clouds over the ocean darkened and the man and two women seemed to be drawn even more intimately into close, loving association around their candlelighted table. Fannie chose this auspicious time to tell Carrie what must be told:

"We are so relieved and gratified, Carrie, to find you well and glowing with your usual good health and spiritual soundness. You are strong enough to resume your duties now as home-maker. And you are badly needed at home because Paschal has been ill for several weeks and keeps calling for "Mama." We thought perhaps that was what he called his mother, reverting to his childhood feeling of dependence on her. But Mary told us: 'I never let my children call me anything but mother. I doubt if Paschal will recover until his wife comes home. Paschal needs the presence of his wife

in this illness, not his mother.' Paschal may have become sick from too much nervous strain and all the extra work of moving into your nice new home on North Broad Street. Mary and he have made the new place even more home-like than your cozy little West Philadelphia house. The owner there asked that his property be vacated within two weeks and he and Mary complied though it was very hard on both of them. Your boys love their new home because there is a nearby lot where some boys are always playing baseball."

Carrie had stopped eating her ice cream and was now using her spoon in mashing it up and otherwise making it look unpalatable as children do when they have lost appetite. A sentence echoed and re-echoed in her mind: *"Paschal needs the presence of his wife in this illness, not his mother."* It would be strange indeed to return home to another house, all furnished and set in order with no help from her. But hadn't that been the case when she and Paschal came to their West Philadelphia home, ready furnished for them by Mary? Then Carrie laughed sweetly, as only she could laugh; Fannie and Charles exchanged satisfied glances. Their day had not been wasted.

"What a fool I've been," exclaimed Carrie, "to think that you two *missionaries* would take the day off for the fun of it! You came to see if I was well enough now to resume my duties; decided that I was; and I doubt not you are planning to have me ride back on the train tonight with you, about as soon as I can get my belongings together?"

"A woman's intuition again," said Charles with a merry, twinkling expression in his eyes. After a pause he took out his heavy old gold chronometer. "It's seven thirty now, and our train goes at nine thirty. We have an hour or so for conversation and pleasant reminiscences."

After some talk about the Ames children and the Coggins children, and "our" children in the Sunday School, they came

quite naturally, it seemed, to some little discussion on how much anyone can be her or his brother's keeper. Brother Charles said that he had come to the conclusion we cannot control other people's motives or actions; that we are only our brother's keeper in the way of giving him light, and comfort, and love; any inspiration we can offer may help in a sore beset hour of misery. But passing judgment on his motives and actions do not help a bad situation. "One's actions, according to our Unitarian idea, carry their own punishment, have ability to chastise and purify the soul of him who has done wrong. Remember that quotation, 'God's responsibility is irrevocable and his resources limitless?'"

So it was all as simple as that! What were Paschal and Mary but poor sick souls? Somehow, punishment to chastise and purify their souls would come in time.

Then Brother Ames continued: "Some Power much more understanding than any of us can be helps to smooth the way to further life, and understanding, and faith, faith in ourselves and in others. We only see the little, fragmentary bits of life, like parts of a puzzle; yet no one of us lives to himself alone."

Upstairs in Carrie's hotel room, the two ladies talked in less serious vein as they gathered up her belongings:

"I am surely glad I brought my *Conscious Motherhood* with me," said Carrie, "or it might have been mislaid in the moving; you know Paschal and Mary do not always appreciate the kind of books I like best."

"If any person, even Charles, tried to determine what I could and could not read, we'd have a one-woman revolution in our house," replied Fannie, the suffragist who had bothered the judge of elections in Santa Cruz by trying to cast her ballot in the seventies.

New Century Club, Philadelphia

CHAPTER NINETEEN

NEW CENTURY CLUB

MARY LENDS A HAND

Life goes on in a brick house very much the same as it does in a house made of any other building material. After all it is the interpersonal relations of the people in the house that give or do not give an atmosphere which we call "home". Paschal was recovering from typhoid fever and Carrie kept busy trying to help him recover. It touched her deeply how constantly he called her "Mama". The name seemed dearer to her than "Pet" ever could. When he had first seen her standing over his bedside, he had reached out his arms to her. After he was re-assured that she was well and able to care for him, he said: "I'll get well now that you are with me, Mama." Then added with tenderness in a low tone: "And how is our new little one coming on?"

The boys also had to recuperate. Herbert no longer cried himself to sleep. Albert, always deeply appreciative of his mother's presence, the blueness of her shining eyes, her gentle voice which soothed away his fears, did not need to *ask* this time for *he knew now that their Unitarian God*

was looking out for the Coggins family.

One memorable day in March (Mama had just observed in her long mirror that she had at last begun to *show*) Mary surprised her with a delightful luncheon to which four women friends came. Not only was the linen spotless, and Mary's silver gleaming, but there were a dozen lovely pale tea roses in a new cut-glass vase in the center of the table. Very greatly pleased as Carrie was, still she could not decide just *why* Mary was honoring her? After the biscuit, tea, and delectable fried chicken, with a new type of salad, and the charlotte russe in sponge cake, Mama thought perhaps she had discovered the purpose. For each of the four ladies presented her with gifts for the new Coggins baby-to-be. (Two tiny shirts brought tears to her eyes.) Still and all it was very unlike Mary, who so strongly disapproved of any addition to their family, to have planned this "baby shower." In reality, though Mary showed no displeasure that the ladies had brought gifts, this proceeding was no part of her carefully planned program.

All in all, the four visiting ladies were distinguished women, each in her own right, and three of them partially so because of husbands. There was Fannie Ames, wife of the well beloved pastor, Charles Gordon Ames. Another good Unitarian was Mrs. Susan Inches Lesley, who, with her husband, Peter, was one of the charter members or first signers to found the Spring Garden Unitarian Church. Of these two ladies and Brother Ames, a writer declared: "Charles Gordon Ames and his wife and Mrs. Susan I. Lesley founded the Associated Charities of Philadelphia, the first organization of its kind in this country."

Then there was impressive Lucretia Longshore Blankenburg, fast becoming one of the foremost club women in Pennsylvania. Her father had been a prominent educator and her own inclinations and efforts were all directed toward the

improvement of humanity. She had married an emigrant, Rudolph Blankenburg (naturalized after their marriage). His *idee fixe* was to rid Philadelphia of bossism. This prosperous merchant was Chairman of the famous Committee of One Hundred formed in 1880. "They openly fought bribery, graft, election frauds, and every form of political dishonesty." Blankenburg was the associate of all well known reformers and "side by side with them he met constant defeat." People called him "The Old War Horse of Reform". No Philadelphian of his time served its citizens with greater zeal and disinterestedness than Rudolph Blankenburg. Eventually he was to be elected "The Reform Mayor of Philadelphia". Moreover, he was a staunch Unitarian, not only a charter member of the Spring Garden Unitarian Church but one of the five persons who guaranteed that there would be money to pay Rev. Ames' salary for the first five years of his incumbency. Another man who had signed the petition for the charter for this church was Samuel Sartain, son of the great mezzotint engraver, John Sartain of Philadelphia. As the fourth guest at the luncheon for Carrie Coggins was Emily Sartain, sister of Samuel and, of course, daughter of John Sartain, one who wished to belittle this small social affair might infer, at least by association, that the aforesaid group was *tinged with Unitarianism.*

Emily at this time was middle-aged and married to her art. After studying with her father to become an expert mezzotint engraver (the best woman mezzotint engraver in our country), she had studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine arts. Later she had studied in Italy and then in 1871 to 1875 she had been instructed by Luminais in Paris. At the Centennial Exhibition of Art in Philadelphia in 1876, Emily had received a medal for her oil painting entitled "The Reproof".

While Mary was clearing off the table and readying up

the kitchen, the other ladies adjourned to the parlor at the front of the house. (During Paschal's illness a man had been hired to tend the cellar furnace each morning and evening, so that now this room was pleasantly warm for a March afternoon.) The same old black mahogany furniture upholstered in red plush provided seating capacity here as it had formerly in the West Philadelphia home. Three front windows with snowy curtains, two good paintings on the wall, and an old-fashioned white marble mantelpiece completed stage-setting, so to speak, for an afternoon of considerable tongue clacking.

At first the conversation centered on kindergartens, and Carrie told what she knew from experience of kindergartens in Sacramento. Someone mentioned that if it had not been for Miss Emma Marwedel, author of *Conscious Motherhood*, Kate might not ever have become a kindergarten teacher. For Kate's family had come from New England to southern California in the vain hope of saving her stepfather's life. The family had to be supported so Kate's mother mortgaged her dobe home for twenty-five dollars to send Kate to Los Angeles to the home of that celebrated New England club woman, Caroline Severance. There Kate was one of about four pupils taught by Emma Marwedel who had come directly from Germany imbued with Froebel's ideas. When the Ethical Culturist, Felix Adler, had aroused San Franciscans to sponsoring their first kindergarten, Silver Street Kindergarten, Kate Douglas Smith had been appointed teacher. In 1880 she had married a San Francisco lawyer, Mr. S. B. Wiggin, but had continued for a while in helping with her "Normal School for Training Kindergartners". Mrs. Lesley took out of her pocketbook a photograph of Kate Douglas Smith as she had looked when at Silver Street Kindergarten. To Carrie's great surprise, her hair hung down her back, tied at the nape of her neck with a ribbon. By inquiry she learned that Kate Douglas Wiggin had

been born in 1859, making her six years younger than Carrie.

Susan Lesley was just beginning to tell more of the kindergarten movement in America, "Mrs. Carl Schurz, who had conducted..," when Mary entered the room. She was bringing two light dining room chairs toward the center of the parlor and Fannie Ames rose quickly and brought two more.

Mary, requesting her guests to occupy these few chairs, asked Fannie to preside over the Admission Committee. Fannie promptly called for a report from Emily, vice-president of the New Century Club. Emily, rising, stated simply that their Charter member, Mary Coggins, who was also one of the Directors of their New Century Club, had proposed at a regular meeting the name of Mrs. Paschal Heston Coggins as a nominee for admission into the club. A second had been made by Mrs. Charles Ames, and there had been no dissenting voice to this nomination. Therefore the name of Mrs. Paschal Coggins was now before the Admission Committee for a vote. All those in favor would please signify by saying "Aye." So a cheerful chorus of "ayes" made Carrie a member of the New Century Club. *Now Carrie understood the reason for this affair in her honor.*

Carrie then rose and thanked Paschal's mother and "all the kind ladies of the New Century Club, particularly these present here with us today, for the honor of making me a member."

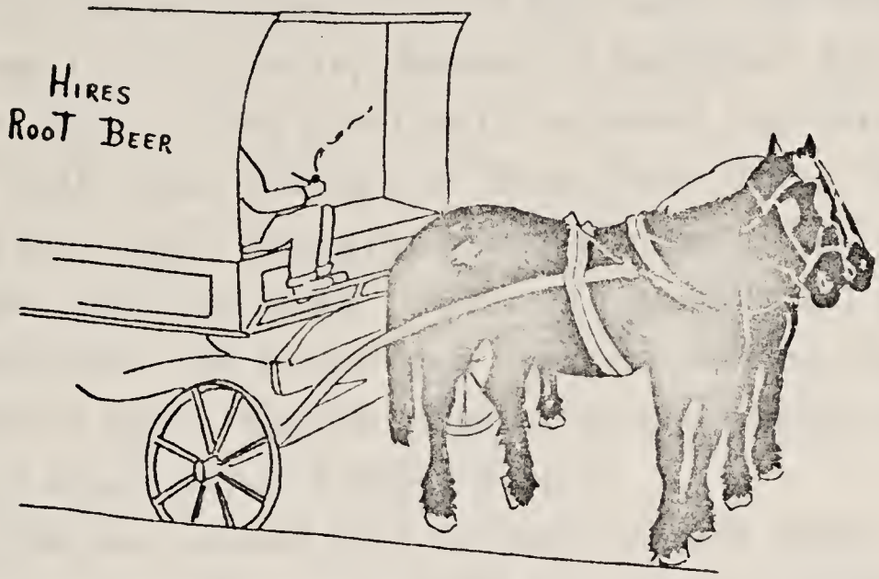
Somehow the dining room chairs went back where they belonged. Then all these well-bred ladies seemed to be chattering at once, the drift of the conversation concerning the many fields of usefulness now open to Carrie. Would she join one of the many clubs conducting activities for working girls? How about attending the Board of Education meetings to help pressure them into including kindergartens in the public school system? Might Carrie like to join the popular Sallie Rorer cooking classes? How about helping with the

Guild luncheons every Tuesday? Would she like to be one of the delegates to the W. C. T. U. soon to convene in a nearby city? The new Browning Society was really flourishing and wanted more people genuinely interested in serious reading. What about helping out the committee working to have police women become a regular part of the city's police force?

While a sense of humor and ability to enjoy fun was a part of Carrie's mental equipment, it was not often that she was the center of such an almost hilarious scene as her lady friends were now putting on. But suiting herself to the occasion Carrie picked up a small hammer one of her boys had left in just the right position to trip an older person, and hammered lightly on the marble mantelpiece:

"Order! Order!" she shouted in her school-teacher voice, now seldom heard except by her little sons. "Ladies, your recommendations have not fallen on unappreciative ears. Perhaps later I shall function, at one time or another, in each and every capacity suggested in your kindly entreaties. Since I am still somewhat the country mouse, not yet able to go about nights unattended as so many busy Philadelphia women do, and since my little ones keep me pretty well tied at home in the daytime, I would prefer the Browning Club which Paschal and I could attend together." Then with a slight laugh as though wondering about the propriety of what she was about to say, Carrie added, "You know the means by which I secured Paschal for my husband was by reading Browning's poetry to him evenings." The ladies all laughed graciously at Carrie's little confession of courtship. Then Lucretia, as though to thoroughly assure Carrie she had not gone too far, went still further: "Hark ye! Hark ye! I want it known to this august body here assembled that I caught my Rudolph by feeding him Shoo Fly pie and I can tell you that it took many a Shoo Fly pie before my emigrant became the least bit interested."

CHAPTER TWENTY



POSSESSED OF INWARD LIGHT

Paschal showed no signs of being eager to get back to his office so that he might be trying to build up his law practice. No one, of course, accused him of deliberately dallying. But both his wife and mother began to wonder *just when* he would decide that he was well enough to start again trying to earn a living for his family, so soon to be enlarged. Meanwhile they both waited on him hand and foot. *What fools we women are!*

One day a large, brightly colored wagon, drawn by two huge black percherons, halted before the Broad Street home of the Coggins family. Paschal was observing this by means of the busybody hung from one of the windows of the second story front room in which he was recuperating. Moreover, he saw a well dressed business man step down from the front seat, wait while the driver, beside whom he had been sitting, reached him a wire container in which were some few bottles, and then climb the four white marble steps. Just as Paschal heard the bell ring, he exclaimed, "Why it's my

friend Charles E. Hires."

Carrie ushered Charles upstairs into the room where Paschal sat in a big chair, dressed in bathrobe, his feet in bedroom slippers. She graciously accepted the wire holder with its half dozen bottles of Hires Root Beer. Soon she came upstairs again bringing three glasses of this sparkling, sweet smelling drink. After she and Paschal had told Charles how fine the flavor was, so good that he should not ever alter it again, Carrie gathered up the glasses and went downstairs again to her kitchen duties.

The two men seemed to find much to talk about. Meanwhile the two percherons and the big, bright wagon had to wait. By the cloud of tobacco smoke emanating from the vicinity of the driver's seat, one could presume that he was enjoying his little respite. The two Coggins boys had seated themselves on the front steps to better view this unusual combination of smoking man, large bright delivery wagon and two great black horses with unusually big feet.

That evening Paschal came down to supper for the first time since his sickness had come upon him. He was more attentive to the conversation of his sons as though, at long last, he found they were beginning to make sense. To Mary's solicitous inquiry about his health, he answered that he now considered himself about well again. When his wife asked in kindly tone if Charles could actually make a living from his Hires Root Beer, Paschal *showed* he was almost his old self again by answering her with a slightly pert question: "What do you imagine those great brutes haul around in that big wagon? Doesn't it look as if Charles is in the chips?"

"Did a relative die and leave Charlie a fortune?" asked Mary.

"No, he's just got the bank back of him and has incorporated in a big way."

Just then Albert was seized with a great thirst for

still another glass of root beer. So Paschal emptied the remaining bottles and the whole family quaffed to the success of Charles and his Hires Root Beer.

"But isn't Charles a birthright Friend?" queried Mary.

"When did the Inner Light ever hinder a Friend from turning an honest penny?" countered Paschal.

After Paschal and Carrie retired to their bedroom, she noticed that his blue eyes were brighter and keener looking than they had been at any time since his illness had come upon him. In her foolish naïvete, she asked him if he believed there might be alcohol in the root beer.

"Don't be silly. Charles is as good a teetotaler as my Aunt Anna, my mother, or any of your W. C. T. U. ladies."

"Since it isn't the root beer, perhaps it's just the good food we had at supper," thought Carrie. Still she reflected there had been many nights when more delectable food had been carried up to him in the bedroom than served upon this evening's supper table. No, something *spiritual* was affecting Paschal, shining out of his eyes with an entirely new gleam. Paschal could tell that Carrie was bent on finding out more about his visit with Charles Hires. And being well again he was not going to satisfy her curiosity. It was interesting to hear how she carried on her ineffectual investigation:

"Paschal, I never realized just how fond you are of Charles Hires. I always thought it was Charles Shoemaker you cared the most for? Still, tonight you seem actually buoyed up from having a call from this Charles."

"Charles was almost the most welcome visitor I have had since I was sick."

Although Mama's insatiable curiosity was by no means satisfied, she soon fell into a deep sleep, happy that Paschal was himself again. And Paschal slept as peacefully as one of his boys, his incentive revived by Charles E. Hires.

The next morning Paschal dressed in his business suit, ate a substantial breakfast, took up his long neglected green felt lawyer bag, and with his hat on his head, Quaker-like, kissed his wife goodby.

When the bread-winner had been gone about five minutes, probably waiting for the horse-car at the stop diagonally across Broad Street from his home, Mary poured Carrie and herself another cup of coffee, sat down with a relaxed expression on her often stern countenance, and said:

"Well, isn't that just something! It's just as if his friend Charles came and said, 'Get to work, Paschal, you've loafed long enough.' I must remember Charles at Christmas. He's done thee and me an inestimable favor. It was getting on my nerves that Paschal seemed almost to have forgotten he had to work for a living. I can't imagine what Charles said to him. But it certainly was the right word at the right time."

"You don't believe that Charles has hired him to drive one of those great wagons with the enormous horses pulling it?" Mary laughed outright but not rudely. The idea that Paschal, the lawyer, would now start out being Paschal, the teamster, struck her as quite ludicrous. But she answered Carrie pleasantly enough:

"No, Paschal at least has sufficient sense to know that he could never handle percherons."

Feb. 26, 1891.

Dear Pochon,

It is not the practice in No. 7. to allow special bail. You can enter the $300.00 without an arrangement,

Yours Sincerely

D. N. Fell

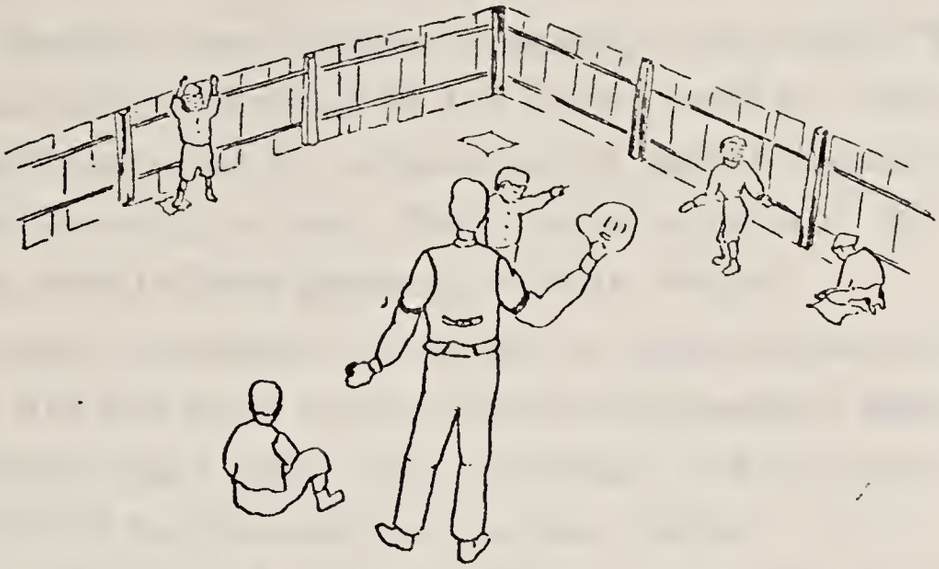
This envelope containing three blanks or circulars came to me by mail on P. M. of Sept. 19/84. It has no post-mark showing date of mailing and the endorsements are without date. On morning of Sept. 20 I wrote and mailed the enclosed reply addressed to this Am. Pub. again, the corporation apparently conducting the business. My envelope was marked for return if not delivered in 5 days.

P. H. Coggins

Handwriting of Judge David Newman Fell.

Handwriting of Paschal Heston Coggins, Esq.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE



BACK TO THE SAND LOTS

For the remainder of that spring, Paschal was busy during many evenings on a story called "Frank Selwin." It was a boys' story to be published serially. Since it was to be essentially a baseball story, Paschal felt impelled to renew his acquaintanceship with life on the sand lots. He had played the sport enthusiastically in his boyhood days when, at first, it was known as "Three Old Cat." (Always one saw a finger on his right hand bent crooked permanently as a memento of his earlier days devoted to the game of baseball.)

Just as Paschal was happily acquiring the jargon and the lingo of this more modern age of baseball, his wife discovered he had been leaving his law office early these sunny afternoons and attending games at the Nicetown Diamond. By the words she used in reproving him for wasting hours on the sand lots, one would have thought that Carrie really believed that Paschal was again running the bases. Why was a serious Philadelphia lawyer, one able even to practice in the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, foolishly frittering away

precious time which he should be using to build up his legal practice?

But Paschal kept his own counsel. Not until "Frank Selwin" was completed would he let Carrie read it. She very likely would not find it interesting as sports did not seem to have any meaning to her. But the arrangements! No, she would just have to keep guessing a while longer!

Just once, to please, or rather to appease Carrie, Paschal took his two boys to the Nicetown Diamond. When the three returned (all completely frazzled), this report was given to Carrie by the none too patient father:

"Neither of them had the slightest interest in watching the game. They constantly teased for more peanuts and popcorn. Or if one or other noticed that I was particularly interested in watching some player, he would always insist that I take him to the toilet."

With a sigh of resignation, Carrie accepted the inevitable fact that her husband, the father of her two brilliant little sons, was not going to turn out to be that kind of a husband who can be counted on to relieve the mother of some hours of responsibility. Not but what Carrie simply *adored* her little men! But she did so need more free hours of uninterrupted time to devote to her *papers*. She had so many good ideas and such suitable titles! How about "Divided Parental Responsibility" for her next message to her Ladies' Alliance?

Freed, at least temporarily from this same responsibility, Paschal went to a paid admission game out at Jefferson Field to watch the Athletics play the Brooklyns. While enjoying the game to the full, he espied his old-time preceptor, Judge Fell. When convenient he moved over beside the judge. *Papa loved judges.* He had a scrapbook entitled "The Bench and Bar." In this he kept letters from judges, articles about judges, and carbon copies of letters he himself

had written to judges. Since his law-training days had been in the early '70's, he belonged among those lawyers who believed that judges represented the majesty of the law. Paschal invariably tipped his hat to a judge while walking toward one, whether or not either of them was accompanied by a lady. He attempted to instill this habit in his little sons with very indifferent success.

Was it possible that there was an egotistical aspect to Paschal's pleasure in being with a judge, or receiving a letter from one of these celebrities? Did he, remembering that he had been a magistrate in Sacramento, sometimes consider the possibility that he himself might eventually have become a judge? Was his easy *comradery* with judges (often only in letters) to assure himself *he was their equal?*

At any rate, Paschal must have written a rather jesting letter of advice to Judge Fell, perhaps shortly after their meeting at the Jefferson Ball Park. Here is Judge Fell's answer dated May 23, 1885:

> *Dear Paschal:*
>
> *I have received and enjoyed yours of the 21st. My next chance in the Quarter Sessions is in June, in the old court, and I think not in the new until Dec.*
>
> *If I then find a guilty party who can't otherwise be corrected, I will remember your letter.*
>
> *Yours sincerely,*
> *D. N. Fell*

Paschal's own handwriting, never distinct, deteriorated as time went on. Judge Fell's was not easy to read. But neither of them was able to inscribe the hieroglyphics produced by the stylus of the highly successful criminal lawyer of Philadelphia, J. G. Johnson. Can you decipher this letter of his?

Paschal's spelling, punctuation, and penmanship being as illustrated herein, it was inevitable that he should submit his finished "Frank Selwin" to Carrie for correction so that he could type his work and send it on its mission. Instead of being highly pleased when Paschal told how Charles Hires had given him an order to write this serial for the Hires Corporation house organ, Carrie at first demurred, as though she did not wish Paschal's literary brain child to be published in an advertising medium. But when Paschal further explained to her the very generous terms Charles had promised, she decided it would do no harm to have just this one literary piece appear in an advertising magazine. After many evenings of assiduous correcting of Paschal's "Frank Selwin," Carrie asked her husband,

"What if Charles doesn't take to this story of yours?"

"There won't be any trouble about his liking it," answered Paschal, "because Charles himself does not desire to write and so, not considering himself either literary or critical, he just assumes that if I say I can write a good baseball story, well, then *I can.*"

When at last the neat and correctly typed manuscript was mailed to its destination, Carrie had a renewed confidence in Paschal's future as a "man of letters." She sensed that she was very grateful to his friend Charles E. Hires for lifting him out of a sickbed by giving him an order for a boys' baseball story. Unlike Mary who had determined to send Charles a more than suitable Christmas present in acknowledgment of his kindness, Carrie soliloquized philosophically:

"This kindness done by Charles will all come back to him, not from us, perhaps not from other human beings, but from *Encircling Good.*" (And how right she was! By 1895, the Capital Stock of the Charles E. Hires Company was over half a million dollars.)

Dear Sir;

I am in N.O. on a trial.

Want you to come down here. Mr. Gorman is sick and I am in trouble. He will feel one of your greatest kind if you bring it up. Marty

Very Yours

J. G. J.

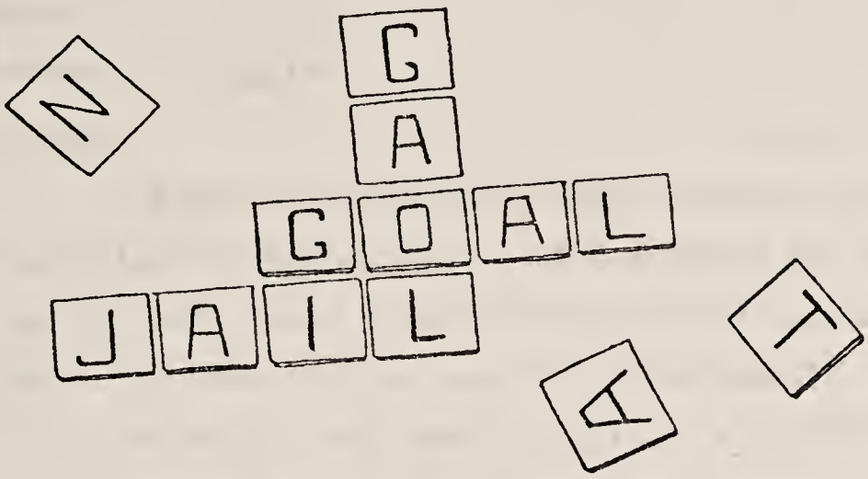
Handwriting of the Criminal Lawyer, J. G. Johnson.

Paschal introduced himself to the neighbors next door under very odd circumstances. One evening, when the shades of night had fallen, Paschal, just returned from downtown Philadelphia, had opened the front door seemingly as he had done many times before, had run quickly up the front stairway as he supposed to his and Mama's sitting room bedroom, had flung open the door, and had found, to his utter amazement, the next door neighbors sitting around their dining room table enjoying a good dinner. Paschal apologized profusely, everyone had laughed heartily, and he had retreated down the steps even faster than he had run up them, so anxious was he to escape from such great embarrassment. For all these neighbors may have thought, Mr. Coggins, the lawyer, might have been having "a wee nip". But such was never the case with Paschal. He must just have been so involved with another story he was planning, that he mistook one door for another. The door must have been unlocked for his key could not have unlocked it. And there were only about several thousand more marble steps to red brick houses with all doors identical stretching for miles along North Broad St. Mr. Magregor, the father of this family next door, drove one of the city horsecars. Mrs. Magregor was one of those women who talked her husband down to such an extent that it was difficult to listen without wondering *why* he stood for her meanness; *why* he still brought home the bacon. Their son Malcolm became a good friend to the Coggins boys, being of an age just between the ages of Albert and Herbert. Mrs. Magregor's constant remark about her husband was usually as follows: "Mr. Magregor is just a poor man. He never earned more than one dollar and eighty-five cents a day in all his life!" The sad, hunted look on her husband's face was pitiful. But one night Mr. Magregor just forgot to come home. After that Mrs. Magregor was hard put to earn a living. She tried everything from cooking to laundry to real estate.

Diagonally opposite from the Coggins' home on North Broad Street was a vacant corner lot. Here all the boys and many of their fathers gathered in the late spring afternoons to play ball. In self-protection, Albert, Malcolm, and Herbert used a corner somewhat out of range of the hard-flung balls of those fellows modestly calling themselves "The Champs." Paschal frequently joined the three of them and seemed to enter into fellowship with them. He took a hand at the bat quite successfully, could catch a fly and ran faster than any of them had known he could. Meanwhile he gave these beginners some valuable tips on how to hold the bat, on counting score, and tried hard to train Albert to be the pitcher. He even suggested that they name their club "The Cubs." Carrie was delighted with Paschal's attention to the boys. "A oneness of spirit can be fostered on the sand lot as well as in the home," mused Carrie as she looked out one of her front windows. Then she repeated her recent statement, realized it would do well in one of her "papers," and jotted it down in one of her nearby notebooks.

The Friday Night Club was never passed by. True, some nights were just too hot for sitting upstairs and reading. Then, by mutual consent, the Friday Night Club met on the front steps. For refreshments, Malcolm was given some money to buy ice-cream from his mother (who was currently running an ice-cream parlor) and everyone including Malcolm had big, heaping dishes of peach or strawberry ice-cream with a huge piece of cake (stirred up and baked by Carrie that very morning). Paschal would improvise stories for them, one in particular called "Willie on the Island and Willie on the Land," which nobody ever tired of hearing. Somehow, when Paschal was outside there in the semi-darkness, talking on and on so imaginatively, he seemed closer to his boys than when he was at the supper table or when he sat and read just to himself. For then he appeared rather formidable.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO



PASCHAL'S UNFRIENDLY SUBCONSCIOUS

Besides his scrapbook called "Bench and Bar," Paschal now started two other scrapbooks, one into which he pasted any of his stories or articles in their printed form. The other was for what we would now call "fan mail." Paschal's sense of humor was sufficiently mature, so that he included letters of criticism also. And some of these latter were quite harsh. This little trickle of letters from persons in various parts of the United States pleased Paschal excessively. As Paschal's literary productions increased, he had more and more of these letters. It was surprising how many kindly people wrote to assure him of their interest and appreciation of this or that story or article. While we cannot honestly claim that this incoming stream became an avalanche, his scrapbook eventually did contain many interesting letters from newly made friends living in many different states. From these old scrapbooks we have obtained much of our factual data regarding Paschal and the political career of his father, that other Paschal.

Below is a letter which Paschal received from Fayette, Missouri, shortly after the publication of the article mentioned therein:

Mr. Paschal H. Coggins,

My dear Sir:

I have read with very much interest your article entitled "A Reminiscence of the Flood of '61." At the time of that flood I was six years old and was living about thirteen miles south of Sacramento. So of course the water did not reach so great a depth as with you; but it seems to me I can remember hearing my mother tell of boats coming out even as far as we lived. After the flood subsided somewhat, my mother took me upstairs and I saw the plain in front of our house covered with dead cattle.

Your letter called up many memories of California, my native heath..... Well do I remember the Sacramento Union and the Golden Eagle Hotel..... Please excuse this rambling epistle. Your article called up memories which would not subside until I had written you something.

If convenient I would be glad to hear from you. Anything about California exorcises the demon of unrest that sometimes possesses me. My hankerings for the West Coast hardly ever leave me.

Fraternally yours,
C. A. Buchanan

It was well indeed that Paschal busied himself with such a pleasant diversion as his scrapbooks; for he was becoming worried over a rather recent development in his life, the apparent loss of his memory.

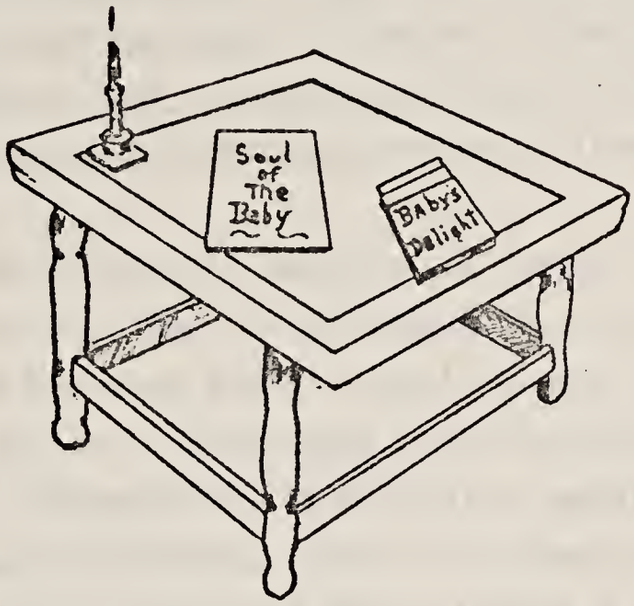
Continuing with poor Papa and his failing memory. To remedy this lamentable condition which so greatly worried and vexed our Author, Paschal joined "The Memory Training Class," being conducted by a professor from Austria. This "Herr Professor" was by no means merely a commonplace teacher, but he was one of those new-fashioned "psychologists" who understood every jot and tittle of your thinking processes. A number of solid, reputable citizens were attending this Monday evening class held in a hall in downtown Philadelphia. The method used was based on the *association of ideas theory*. Words, so the professor told his youngish and middle aged hopefuls, were connected in thought with certain other words which in turn might be connected with the first word either by sound, spelling, or meaning. By considering words in logical pairs, if one word eluded the conscious mind, one had only to dip down, deep, deep down into his subconscious for its companion or associate word. Had Paschal been an ordinary *homo sapiens* this system might have helped his failing memory. But of course his inability to be sure of the spelling of the word whose meaning was being given made it impossible for him to find a companion for it spelled the same as to sequence of vowels but meaning the exact opposite. For example: When the word "friend" was dictated to be written down, followed by a word with same vowel sequence and with meaning directly opposite, Paschal could not get started since he was not sure of the vowel sequence in the first word. The professor, like most well-intentioned teachers, talked too much, giving forth such spontaneous humor as: "While the American 'jail' is pronounced as is the English 'gaol', yet we must bear in mind that none of us would wish to have 'gaol' for our 'goal' so great is the difference in meaning between these two words resulting from the sequence of similar vowels reversed."

The association that finally broke the camel's back (referring to Paschal, of course), was that of the pair stationary and stationery. The professor had some pet associations which probably served his own mind perfectly, but were not always so serviceable to the minds of his pupils, least of all to the mind of Paschal.

"One could remember," so the professor said, "to use the word 'stationary' in regard to stationary engines, the point of association being that since *engines* began with an 'e' and this kind of stationary contained 'a' before the ending, *the law of opposites* prevailed. On the other hand, taking that stationery which meant writing paper and contained an 'e' before the ending, one should remember that in using stationery the *arm* is required to help in writing and since 'e' and not 'a' is used before the ending, here again we follow *the law of opposites.*"

By this time Paschal had actually become apprehensive for his sanity. Would he ever be able to practice before the Bench again? Nor was his extremely befuddled state of mind conducive to thinking out plots for his fiction. So after a three weeks sincere trial in attending "The Memory Training Class," our Author requested the professor to return *pro rata* the unused tuition paid in advance ($100) for twelve weeks of training. But sure as "Herr Pofessor" was about his *theory of association of ideas,* he was much more adamant in positively refusing to return the remainder of Paschal's tuition money. Compared to an old music "Meister" in Sacramento, whom Mary had prepaid to teach Paschal how to play the flute, this professor was quite an old *meany.* Mary had paid the "Meister" for twenty-five lessons in advance (so comfortable to have Paschal engaged for Saturday mornings) but that teacher was so honest that after the course was half finished, he returned the whole tuition to Mary, saying that Paschal the flute to teach impossible was.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE



COMPENSATION

About the time in June that the first instalment of Paschal's "Frank Selwin" appeared in print, Mama, unfortunately but unavoidably, diverted attention from the successful author by presenting the Coggins family with a little girl. It was "the cutest little baby I ever seen in all my life," reported a visiting neighbor. They named her Alice after Carrie's older sister, who had been named after an Alice who waited in a brown front house in New York for the young Argonaut who had already married and settled down in Sacramento. Grandma Coggins, who had so often let it be known to all and sundry that the Coggins family was large enough, now graciously admitted: "It will be fun to have a little girl in our home."

As was the case with her two "big brothers" Alice had brown hair and blue eyes. She was alert and radiated happiness. So lightly was Carrie able to take the care of this new little one, that she went right on teaching Albert's class in Sunday School, attending Church Services and her

much loved Adult Bible Class. Of course Mary was at home Sunday mornings, so that Alice was not only well bathed but well bottled (Mama having again failed as a cow). Moreover, Mary, the good cook, had a sumptious Sunday dinner on the table about the time the Unitarians returned from their pilgrimage.

The Ladies' Alliance, it would seem, could scarcely operate without Carrie. She led discussions so easily; gave warm appreciation for some other woman's paper; lent an appropriate quotation or a paragraph just fitting the matter under discussion. Honest Carrie now often admitted to herself and sometimes to Paschal, that if it were not for the constant generous cooperation of Mary, (being a second albeit somewhat sterner mother to the children), she would not enjoy so much freedom for this pleasant and enlightening association with her many women friends. Then she would nearly always repeat to herself: *Fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death.*

And Mary's plan by which Carrie had become a member of the New Century Club showed that Mary too knew women gained much by association with each other. The New Century Club of Philadelphia was probably the most enlightened women's club in America in the '80's. Read "Annals of the New Century Club 1877-1935" to ascertain how far-flung were its objectives and actual achievements. Now Carrie felt the equal of Mary, her fellow-member. (Of course they had the good sense never to work in the same committees.) From time to time noted educators occupied the platform under the star-studded ceiling of the Club's main auditorium. Such speakers aroused great interest in Carrie's heart. She seemed never to tire of hearing about *how to raise children.*

Carrie found it much pleasanter to listen to lectures on, to speak about, or to read papers concerning this same raising of children, than she did the actual management of

the two boys the Lord had entrusted to her guardianship. In management of other people's lives she never became proficient. Perhaps that was why she was so well liked by her associates. Nor was she particularly good as a disciplinarian of her own children. Perhaps that is why they loved her so much, somewhat as a companion.

Yes, Carrie did possess a genuine buoyancy and charm in her attitude toward life, whether with people of her generation or with her own youngsters. She would draw Albert into her activity of cake making. And she would confide in him that he would probably be *the literary Coggins* when he grew up. This idea would puff him up to a state of extreme self-confidence for a few days. Albert was old enough to praise his mother for this literary effort of her own:

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

One day, in fluent mood, I made some verse,
(The doughnuts I was cooking none the worse,)
I thought it rhythmic, droll, withal quite terse,
And likely sure to fill my empty purse.
I wrote it out forthwith, then sent by mail,
(The cakes now done, piled tempting in a pail,)
"It's prime," I thought, my spirits in a gale,
"Sure to delight, they'll print it without fail."
But months passed by; I never heard a word,
(The cakes dispatched and praise conferred.)
My wits despised, all other scribes preferred,
I do not write but cook since this occurred.

Mama's grief about living in "old, grave, staid, drab Philadelphia" had by this time largely disappeared. For her life was becoming increasingly satisfying. Moreover, at times, she found herself actually in sympathy with Paschal's mother. And, since Paschal's illness, he had more and more

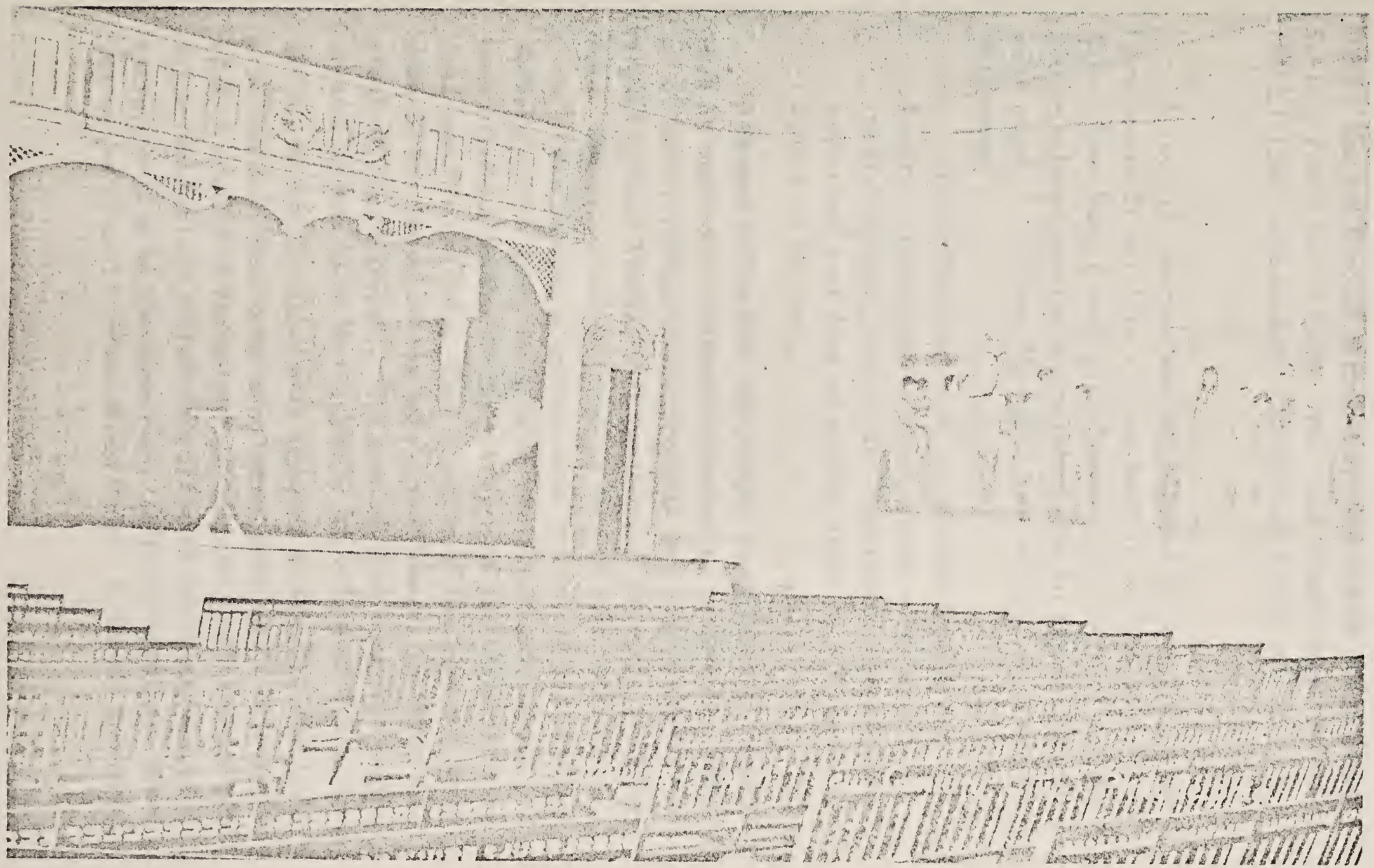
spoken to and of her as "Mama." And why shouldn't an adult woman be known to her mother-in-law and her women associates as "Carrie?" (She was not "Pet" even in her own mind any more except when, occasionally, she wandered in imagination through the streets of that beautiful town of her girlhood dreams--Sacramento.) Naturally, sadness crept into her inmost soul at times, as she forced herself to acknowledge that the days of her youth with her dependence on her parents and friends of those times now comprised an almost closed era in her life. She no longer found herself writing to her mother: "When we come back to Sacramento to live."

Here in this eastern city how immeasurably enlarged her vision! How enriched her understanding of life! Again she found that Emerson had understood all this long ago:

Compensation

> *And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time.....The sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts.....That which seemed but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed. The man or woman would have remained a sunny garden flower. But by the falling of the walls...now yields shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.*

Somehow the brick house on Broad Street, similar in looks to several thousand other brick houses, had become a *home*. And here to its very door once a month the postman brought another instalment of Papa's "Frank Selwin." Here little Alice had come to brighten all their lives. In this home Carrie had become a member of the New Century Club.



Didn't she and Paschal attend many meetings of the Browning Society from time to time? And could anyone deny that all their friends were saying: "Paschal is a born writer."

Alice, of course, was not allowed to spend even the first weeks of her life without benefit of Froebel's First Gift. Over Mama's baby girl dangled many hours of the day little colored worsted balls calculated to awaken "the divine spark." As Emma Marwedel had written in *Conscious Motherhood:*

> *The divine sparks of childhood's purity are poetry, righteousness, and reason. Childhood rights include justice and happiness. Sacred motherhood must have an abiding faith in the evolution of the race.*

A German philosopher and pedagog named Herbart (considered by some poorly informed educators to be more the founder of modern pedagogy than Froebel) had flatly denied and argued against Froebel's recognition of *divinity in childhood. Carrie, of course, paid no heed to such beliefs.*

It was thought necessary also (according to *Conscious Motherhood)* to carry on many of the experiments which had been tried out by Prof. Wilhelm Preyer of the University of Jena upon his own baby. Each reaction of his baby was noted down in his record of the baby's unfoldment, intellectual, physical, and spiritual. The ensuing book about his baby's re-actions was quite appropriately titled: *The Soul of the Child.* So Mama, following as reported by Miss Marwedel, had tried some of these same experiments upon little Alice as a kind of measure of her unfolding abilities. (Of course, the father should have helped with all this experimentation but here, touching on the spiritual, slightly mystical, there was no use to call on Paschal for help. So Carrie conducted

her experiments secretly.) Alice was tested on her twenty-third day by having the "full flame of a candle" passed before her eyes. Great intelligence was indicated to Carrie when at last Alice's eyes followed the flame. Then she put up, one at a time, those seven little illustrated cards designated as "Baby's Delight." A few weeks later came the essence of the rose test. Carrie was able to jot down in her own particular "Soul of the Child" notebook: "Alice inhaled the odor of the rose with genuine exaltation." For most of the medicinal tests, Alice screwed up her little button nose in the cutest possible way. Indeed so emphatic was the evidence that Alice did not enjoy (inhale with exaltation) medicinal odors that Carrie was emboldened to follow the good professor in a still more daring test. And sure enough, her baby again followed the procedure of that other baby, and her mother wrote down: "When I held a cup of coal oil just beneath Alice's nose, she wrinkled up her whole face at the smell and showed great astonishment by holding her mouth wide open, completely motionless for at least a minute." So Mama's scientific experiments proved to be a great success, proving again Froebel's saying: "An idea to every form, giving form to every idea."

Entirely without any leadership in thought from Froebel or any of his disciples, Carrie had already developed her own theory that she must do everything possible to "make it up" to Alice for those two terrible ordeals through which Carrie herself had barely been able to grope her way back to sanity. She must always seek to alleviate the pre-natal influences of her own terrible condition while carrying Alice.

(That Alice had not yet been conceived during the time of Carrie's first mental illness, was not noted in this reasoning. This was a good example of how Carrie was often not too logical in her reasoning.) *For sometimes Mama believed what she wanted to believe, facts notwithstanding.*

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Another trustee of the Spring Garden Unitarian Church on Girard Avenue was even more important than Paschal and very nearly as clever. Each Christmas he was the much loved Santa Claus at the Sunday School Christmas party held in the church parlors. Nature and his own temperament had devised this trustee for his role. For he was all year long a Santa Claus looking and a Santa Claus acting man. Short, with a long beard and eyes brimming over with laughter, rosy cheeks and always very jolly, he *gave gifts* to his friends on each and every occasion. As the grown-ups stood around in groups talking in the church parlors after the morning church service, Mr. Longstreth (our Santa) probably reached every child standing idly by, trying to be patient while elders talked endlessly. The little hand would suddenly feel that something had been slipped into it, but looking up for Mr. Longstreth, would perceive that gentleman already yards away standing behind some other youngster. Examining the present the recipient would find a pair of blunt scissors for safe

cutting out of paper dolls or squares and circles in kindergarten; or maybe a shining quarter; or a blunt silver knife that at most could only cut soft clay or fruit; a girl who was beginning to wear her dresses longer might receive fine sharp cutting scissors; an older boy a knife with several sharp blades and probably a cute little cork screw; and any of the boys or girls of secondary school age would, likely as not, get one of those lovely gold or silver pencils with movable lead. (With these Mr. Longstreth's pockets seemed always filled to give to his grown-up friends also at the slightest provocation. Paschal invariably had acquired a new one each time he came home from a trustees' meeting.) Albert much preferred a bright quarter to the other gifts as he often felt the need of some spending money.

Mr. Longstreth had still another advantage over Paschal besides being a much loved Santa Claus. For he had money, much money, apparently unlimited money. He was said to be some sort of a silent partner in the great Baldwin Locomotive Works which stretched for quite a distance along Broad Street in downtown Philadelphia. He had helped Mr. Ames to get a working men's class started an evening a week, many members coming from this nearby firm.

Now it so happened that during this Christmas season of 1885-1886, Kate Douglas Wiggin came over from New York (she was living there with her husband, lawyer Samuel Bradley Wiggin) and visited among the people of the three Unitarian churches in Philadelphia, as well as looking up some of her kindergarten associates.

Ever since Kate had lived in the home of the Unitarian Severance family in Los Angeles (in "My Garden of Memories" she says that the Severance family *was the Unitarian Church of Los Angeles)*, she had been interested in Unitarians. She had been born in Philadelphia, though raised in Maine. She

was stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Longstreth in their beautiful home in West Philadelphia.

As Kate stood facing the Alliance ladies gathered in the church parlors, she was a *radiant woman.* She no longer wore curls tied with ribbon at the back of her neck. Her hair was piled high in the fashion of the day. She was now a full-blown, charming woman with a face full of spiritual light, and a voice vibrant with sympathy. (Mama now met her adored one face-to-face and saw no feet of clay.) Still she was only about twenty-six years old, half a dozen years younger than Carrie. Already the successful author of *Patsy* she told the ladies she had another book called *The Birds' Christmas Carol* for which she hoped to find a publisher in New York. She talked freely and frankly about little children and their great need for love. Told how just for fun she had visited a gypsy fortune teller in San Francisco a few months earlier and had been told by the old woman that in her crystal ball she saw lovely little children, dancing and playing around in circles, laughing and always happy, and that these would be *her own children.* But Kate had felt in her heart that these lovely children were only hers as her kindergarten children, and in no more personal way. She told the ladies that sometimes she was too ill to visit and had to be hidden away by friends so that she could rest up enough to go on with her work. As her formal talk ended (not that it had been really formal) the ladies asked her questions for nearly an hour after the coffee, cake, and ice-cream period. In her simple, truthful, and unpretentious way of answering and laughing so easily with the others, she showed she was just "folks", easy as an old shoe. Mama's adoration changed into the more gratifying feeling of friendship. *The way to have a friend is to be one.*

As darkness came on, the Alliance members dispersed to their various homes, each hoping to arrive home in time to

prepare a satisfactory evening meal.

Snow had been falling for several days, and in front of the church Mr. Longstreth waited with a sleigh and two beautiful bays. Mrs. Longstreth and Kate stepped up into the sleigh and off drove Santa. Probably her friends, the Longstreths, hid Kate away from all her other friends for a few days. At least the following bread and butter letter written by Kate shortly after her return to New York would seem to so indicate:

Bronxville, Jan. 15.

Dear Mrs. Longstreth:

I am at home and very much the worse for wear. I shall not soon forget my two nights and one day in your hospitable bed and I am glad for the kind fortune that brought us together. I have christened the knife, the pencil, and the scissors (which my mother promptly borrowed); my clock ticks peacefully on my desk, my bolster is on the bed and so am I. I seem to be all Longstreth as I look about me. I am so tired and languid that if the public didn't insist that I have a talent, insist on my using it, I should like to sit quietly in the lap of luxury in your third floor front and be your companion or private secretary. No, the latter would mean as much work as authorship! Commend me please to Mr. Longstreth. He gave me a host of new and helpful ideas, which I believe he dispenses unconsciously with his scissors and knives.

Yours sincerely,
Kate Douglas Wiggin

Bonneville Jan. 15.

Dear Mr. Longstreth.

I am at home & very much the worse for wear. I shall not soon forget my two nights & one day in your hospitable bed & am glad at the kind fortune

that brought us together. I have christened the knife, the pencil & the scissors (which my mother promptly borrowed), my clock ticks peacefully on my desk, my bolster is on the bed & so am I. I seem to be all Longstreth

First and Second pages of Letter from Kate Douglas Wiggin.

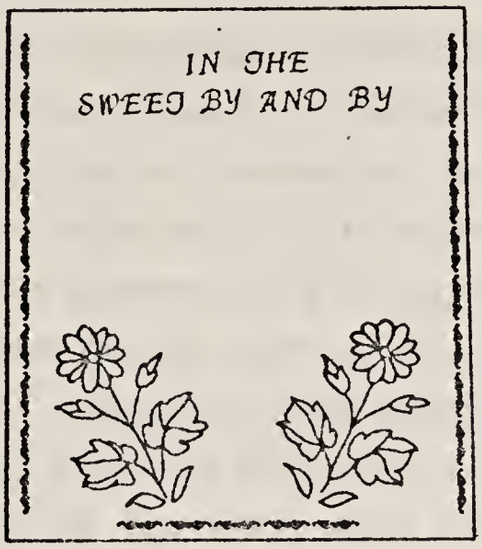
me I look about me. I am so
tired & so languid that if the
fairies did anything I have
talent & merit on my doing it
I should like to sit quietly in
the lap of luxury in four third
floor front & be four companion-
or private secretary — to the latter

would mean as much
work as authorship!
Commend me please
to Mr. Longstreet. He
gave me a boat of
new & helpful ideals
which I believe he
dispenses unconsciously with his
scissors & his knives.

Yours sincerely
Kate Douglas Wiggin

Third and Fourth pages of Letter from Kate Douglas Wiggin.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE



PASCHAL'S LETTER

FROM A FRIEND OF HIS YOUTH

Did we tell you how much Paschal loved judges? And how he kept letters from judges in his scrapbook labeled "Bench and Bar?" Here is another in that book:

Chambers Superior Court
Sacramento County, Dept. 1
W. C. Van Fleet, Judge
March 23, 1886

Dear Coggins:

I have not intentionally neglected an answer to your letter of late date acknowledging receipt of copy of my opinion and order in Jan. case. I have been very busy in contemplation of a short trip east to see my parents. I think now I shall get away next week. Only a little time since my aged father met with quite a serious accident, sustaining a fracture of his limbs from which he does not seem to recover satisfactorily, and as both he and my mother are well advanced in years and are anxious to see me again, I wish to gratify the desire on their part as well as a like

one on my own. My time will necessarily be limited. If I get as far as Philadelphia, which I doubt, I shall look you up.

I was very glad to hear from you and very much pleased to have your view coincide with mine in the January matter. The conclusion reached by me was not the pleasant one, but was the only one I felt authorized under the facts and conditions to express. It is essential, I find in such matters, to adhere to the form of the law in order to properly protect its substance from abuse. I find that I like the duties of my position very much and have been told that I take them with at least apparent aptness. That remains, however, to be more fully developed as I become better accustomed to the bench. I find that anxiety wears on me much more than I anticipated but am in hopes that partly will be ameliorated by experience. I often hear you kindly remembered by some mutual friend and your absence regretted. I have not forgotten C. R. Rostu. I am sorry if what you suggest be true. Hoping I may be able to see you and if not that I shall hear from you again,

I am,

Yours truly,

Wm. C. Van Fleet

This was not only a letter from a judge but from a very dear friend of earlier days back in Sacramento. Paschal had been a pall-bearer at the funeral of William's first wife. Paschal often referred to that funeral, saying: "I shall never forget the singing by the church choir of 'We Shall Meet in the Sweet By-and-By,' as we all stood in the rain by her open grave." Why is it that some memories are destined to remain with us always while others slip forever out of our consciousness?

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Henry George when learning to set type in Philadelphia.

PASCHAL'S SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS

Whatever little fun we may have seemed to be poking at our newly established author, Paschal Heston Coggins (Sidney Marlow for his stories for boys), we wish at this time to bear faithful testimony to his *innate sense of justice.* And he was a careful, studious lawyer, weighing the evidence and considering all phases of a matter. He was always a scholarly lawyer but lacked the inclination to seek eagerly for clients. In other words, *Paschal's temperament was not such as to place money making as his chief aim in life.* As usual there was a *cause* for his easy-goingness about money matters and again we go back to his grandfather, Thomas Williamson. Living in the Williamson home at Seventh and Arch Streets while he attended the University of Pennsylvania Law School, *Paschal had grown up with the expectation of having money by inheritance.* (His kind grandfather had all his suits, shoes and hats made especially for this favorite grandson.) In all the years that followed, Paschal never could look upon the mad scramble for money as life's chief objective.

Paschal's non-competitive attitude drew him into an ever widening circle of friends. *Other men had nothing to fear from his efforts.* And being a natural born teacher (critically constructive), Paschal often gave worthwhile assistance to struggling young lawyers, and budding authors. We cannot say: "He always had the courage of his convictions." But many, many times, Paschal stood his ground and spoke and wrote his convictions.

From Paschal's first years as a young lawyer in California, when he had written so many letters to the papers on political and moral issues, right down to this year of 1886, he never hesitated to write letters to the press or to persons in high position on matters pending. That such letters are not usually written for pleasure but from a stern sense of public responsibility all men of good-will know.

Paschal had become interested in the efforts of Jacob Riis to rouse the conscience of mankind against slum conditions. He felt very angry with a woman who said she hoped Jacob Riis, that reporter of the New York Tribune, would not get his way and have the slums cleared. "I would miss the picturesqueness of those criss-crossing clotheslines with all that colored underwear waving in the breeze," she had said.

It is most likely that Paschal wrote to Judge Altgeld, not once but several times, in regard to prisoners still being held for alleged bombing in the Haymarket Riots. Paschal was not the only man living in comparatively comfortable middle class conditions who was thrilled and inspired by the solidarity of the working class response to the murder of their labor organizers.

> *First there came a man with a flag, the only flag in the whole procession, a worn and faded Stars and Stripes that had marched proudly at the head of a regiment in the Civil War; and the man*

who carried it was a Civil War veteran, a middle-aged man with a face like gray stone.

Then came close friends, comrades of those who had died. There was no music, no sound, other than the slow tread of feet and the soft sobbing of women. The workers walked four abreast following the hearses. Their faces too were gray, like the face of the Civil War veteran.

It is likely also that Paschal wrote at least once to his friendly acquaintance of California days, Henry George, running on an independent ticket for the mayor of New York in this year of 1886. Henry George was defeated and so was Theodore Roosevelt who ran for the same position. A man named Abram Hewitt (philanthropist) won the mayoralitv race.

Henry George had been born in downtown Philadelphia, in a neighborhood not too far from Franklin Square where Paschal's other grandfather, David Coggins, had lived. Henry George coming to Sacramento at the age of nineteen was soon working as a typesetter on the *Sacramento Union* when Paschal Coggins Sr. was City Editor and regular contributor. When a friend tried to help Henry George secure a position in the newly formed University of California, that young gentleman ruined his own chances by informing a graduating class of the gross injustices in our society. Almost always desperately poor, Henry George had only been enabled to write his masterpiece, *Progress and Poverty*, because his friend, Governor Irwin had him appointed to read gas meters. When he had completed his book, he threw himself on his knees and wept because he considered his life work done.

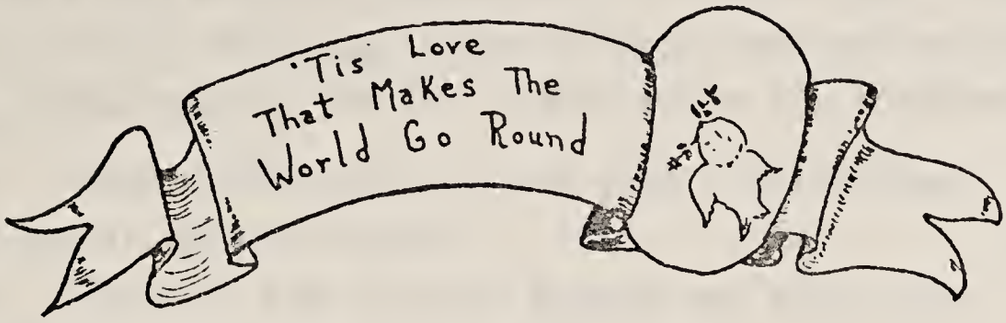
Paschal, although not a disciple of the Single Tax School of Economics, had many friends (and often ate lunch with some of them) from the nearby single tax colony in Arden, just outside of Philadelphia. Paschal's fondness for Henry George was probably due largely to the fact that Henry

George had written in his San Francisco Post of May 18, 1874 a letter praising Paschal Sr. Coming from another member of his own Fourth Estate at a difficult time in his life, it was a courageous act of friendship:

Mr. Coggins, who is said to have been the passenger on the "Arizona" who shot Gonzales, is well known throughout the state, and has been for a long time connected with the press of Sacramento and San Francisco. He is esteemed wherever he is known, and, as we have frequently declared before is a good man in every sense of the word, honest, high-minded, just and humane, and with strong sympathies always on the side of the abused and oppressed. Two years ago, Mr. Coggins was the candidate of the Liberal Republicans and Democrats for Representative in Congress from the Second District, and represented Sacramento in the last Legislature as well as in the Legislature of 1867-68. How highly he is esteemed by his constituents may be inferred from the fact that they would have sent him to the Legislature for the intermediate terms, had it not been for the fact that he had changed his residence to San Francisco. Mr. Coggins comes of Pennsylvania Quaker stock—from a family noted for their abolition sentiments, and their services in the cause. His wife is a sister of the celebrated Passmore Williamson, a prominent Philadelphia Quaker, who was punished by imprisonment for aiding fugitive slaves in their escape.

How could our Paschal be anything but a composite of all his ancestors? One cannot cast off the cloak of Quakerism in one generation. Nor cease loving the memory of one's father. For "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN



DIVINE INTERVENTION AND TELEPATHY

And now to return to the threefold development of Carrie, mental, physical, spiritual. After the birth of the little daughter Alice, Carrie radiated love and happiness. She had become like that woman of whom some poet-soul has said: "She trails the beatitudes."

Never sure that her every opinion was important and the only right opinion, Carrie's sympathetic and open-minded attitude made friends for her on every hand.

There was and always would be deep in Mama's inmost nature a touch of mysticism. One of her particularly favorite beliefs was in *Divine Intervention.* She believed that she had experienced such *Divine Intervention* many times in her life. One rather convincing example will suffice:

When Carrie was a junior in the Sacramento High School, her science teacher was also the Unitarian minister, Rev. Brown. Though most of the high school subjects were easy for her, the Physics which this gentleman taught was hard for her to master. Feverishly for several nights the young

lady student tried to absorb the laws of Physics with suitable examples. Rather worried, she went to sleep the night before the final Physics examination. On that night, Carrie dreamt in detail of being in the science room and watching the Rev. Brown writing the four questions on the blackboard.

1. *What is Boyle's Law, and give illustrations of how it affects fluids.*
2. *Tell of the life of Newton and give four examples of the operation of his law.*
3. *What English physicist demonstrated that magnetism can produce electricity? What is meant by the term "electromagnetism?"*
4. *Give the Law of Falling Bodies, the name of the scientist who formulated it, and the date.*

Carrie then immediately awoke from her deep dream of information. Clad only in her China silk nightdress, she lit her small coal oil lamp and seizing her Physics text began to get her four answers thoroughly in mind. Later she enjoyed some hours of peaceful sleep.

Sure enough, next morning in the classroom, Prof. Brown wrote these identical questions on the blackboard, and Carrie was the only pupil who passed with a perfect grade.

Although Carrie Leonard Coggins did not seem to be making much progress towards becoming a literary light in her own name, along with Margaret Deland, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, yet she could continue to still write down the cunning sayings of her gifted children in that same stiff-backed notebook she had purchased directly over the counter in Charlie Crocker's dry goods store in Sacramento. Hadn't Charlie himself handed the ten cent book to her and received her money? (That was before she knew or even Charlie himself knew that he would soon become one of the "Big Four" known around the world.)

When Alice was about two years old, she had dropped her doll from her highchair and I had been able to mend it. After that, when she would lean too far out of her highchair and was told she might fall, she would answer sweetly, "Mama mend Alice."

People kept using the words "good" and "sweet" before her name. Each time she heard "good Alice", or "sweet Alice" she would quickly add: "But not to eat," as though fearing the consequences.

When a dog in the neighborhood would persist in barking Alice would look at him through the iron rail fence and ask sympathetically as though she thought he could understand her, "What's the matter, Doddy?" She would address flowers "Pitty, pitty fowers," and stand perfectly silent as if expecting them to enter into conversation with her.

When Alice was nearly three she tried making a pun: "Two spoons is too many spoons." She also began to tell tall tales. When she had finished one, she would look right at the listener and ask: "What do you think of that?"

During the hot summer days of 1888 (and you haven't experienced prostrating heat if you haven't been in the City of Brotherly Love during July and August), Carrie would take her little daughter out for a walk along Broad Street. Alice had very blue eyes and so was usually dressed in some gown made of dainty blue material. Many carriages pulled by prancing, spirited horses would carry well-to-do people back and forth to town. Ladies would be holding variously tinted parasols between their faces and the hot rays of the sun. Then there would be a lot of men "scorching" along on their bicycles (new fangled ones with two wheels of about the same size), and other cyclists still lumbering along on those tall ordinaries with the rider seeming to sit atop the very big wheel, the tiny wheel being in the back. Occasion-

ally, with such a tremendous thundering noise that little Alice would clap her hands over her ears (which she knew was very cute to do), some old-timer would come along on his old "boneshaker" with its thick iron tires. He would be riding close to the curb so as to be safe from the "scorchers" and the prancing horses.

At times Mama and Alice would meet up with a nurse girl wheeling a baby in a buggy. Alice would show such interest that the young woman would graciously display her charge to mother and daughter. Alice would then invariably make just one remark: "She's coot, indeed she is!" As the baby was as often as not a boy, Mama thought of correcting her. Yet she had an *occult* feeling that "it was meant to be" for her little daughter to speak those words. Had this, *she* thought so often, perhaps a *directive* meaning for her, Carrie? For she was carrying her fourth child now close to her heart and she wanted so much this time to welcome little Emerson into the Coggins family. So she tried resolutely to put aside Alice's inadvertent hints about girl babies.

Mary had so far been entirely non-committal. Paschal, while he had not openly chided Carrie for getting herself in a "family way," still showed some very definite signs of how pregnancy was affecting him:

A small door of one of the kitchen cupboards stuck to such a degree that it was really tiring for Carrie to force it either open or closed. For several successive evenings she had asked Paschal if he would please plane it off a little, or oil the locking apparatus, or do whatever was necessary to make it function properly. Paschal did not like to work with tools. Finally he seized a hammer, opened the offending little door, and pounded down the part of the lock that protruded. "Now," he said in not too kindly a tone, "I have fixed your door so it will open and close but don't be

annoyed if it opens every time the wind blows."

And again, when Paschal noticed the little greeting card to a wife-to-be (soon to have a wedding in the Spring Garden Church), he was irritated by the little lovey-dovey message Mama had inscribed to accompany their pretty gift:

"'Tis love, and love alone that makes the world go round."

Snipping the ribbon that held this tender and seemingly harmless greeting, Paschal handed Carrie one of his business cards and said: "Just write your name beneath mine and tie this card on instead of such a silly sentiment. Those people have never been very good friends of ours."

But if Paschal could not avoid displaying in these various ways his distaste for his wife's "interesting condition," Carrie's women friends backed her to the limit. *Why do women so adore their own procreativeness?* Carrie now perceived that many women, perhaps most of them, do not take their husbands' opinions and wishes as seriously as those gentlemen would like. For the first time she heard the phrase "unwilling father" bantered about as if it were well known that men do not share women's eagerness for parenthood. And how gleefully even the kindest of women laugh at the short-comings of their mates! Immersed in such loving approval, strengthened by this jury of her peers, Carrie felt happily assured that she was marching triumphant in the vanguard of progress. Whoever named his book "In Tune With The Infinite" must have had Mama in mind.

MRS. SUSAN I. LESLEY

PHILLIPS. PHILADELPHIA

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Paschal H. Coggins
from
Chas. G. Ames
with grateful remembrance of
the summer of 1886.

STAND IN THY PLACE AND TESTIFY

As we read in Chapter Five in his letter from Paris, Rev. Charles Gordon Ames spoke gratefully to Paschal of his and other church members' efforts to keep alive the spirit of the Spring Garden Church while he, their pastor, was far away. In these recent years of 1886, 1887, and 1888, there are further evidences that Paschal, together with others, continued such summer activities. All were inspired by the genuine desire to serve each other in a spirit of harmony.

Sometime in the autumn of 1886, Rev. Ames presented Paschal with a copy of "Recollections of My Mother" by their mutual friend, Mrs. Susan Inches Lesley. Brother Ames had written on the fly-leaf the inscription appearing above.

Another seeming proof that Paschal endeavored to be a useful church member is found in the following letter written to Paschal from East Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 7, 1887:

My dear Paschal:

During all these weeks of absence and silence I have not been quite forgetful. And the thought of your part in

the little Sunday morning meetings easily associates you in my mind with your office work and your home life. Next, every thought changes to feeling—or wakens a feeling—of warm respect and tender good will toward you and yours. We have heard very little Spring Garden news, still less of personal or private affairs; but take it for granted that all goes fairly well, since bad tidings are apt to make themselves wings. Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Longstreth, Prof. Lesley are the only ones who have made some mention of being at the meetings. H. L. Child and Julia Myers have written pleasant reports of what they have heard; and I have been comforted and gratified by the tone of these direct and indirect echoes. It would not surprise me if some of you became so much attached to the quiet pleasant parlors as almost to dread a resumption of upstairs services. All the same is my mind set on returning. I shall look earnestly into your eyes to see whether a green film has been forming. It will not hurt my feelings to learn that the parlor meeting of next Sunday, Sept. 11, was the largest and best of all, as I hope it may prove prelusive to a still larger rally on the following Sunday when I trust to look once more on the faces that have grown familiar and dear. It would be no breach of faith for me to stay away till the first Sunday after the 20th; but it goes against my feeling to prolong the vacation needlessly. I am likely to be home early in the week, probably next Tuesday evening, as the wedding of our dear Dr. Lora Jackson is to take place on Wednesday and I am under orders to be present. Meanwhile and always, let me remain with cordial greetings to your wife and mother,

Yours with grateful regard,

Charles G. Ames

And finally we offer as rather conclusive evidence that Paschal did make serious efforts to help hold the congregation together a letter written in the summer of 1888 by Mrs.

Susan Inches Lesley, a prime mover in the founding of the New Century Club; one of three who started the first organized charities in America; a charter member of the Spring Garden Unitarian Church; and a direct descendant in the seventh generation from Anne Hutchinson:

Dear Mr. Coggins:

I have just posted to you a book I have found so good and helpful, I thought you might like to make some selections from it for your Sunday readings. They are all good but I am especially pleased with Automatic Morality, and Rudder, Chart and Compass. I did not put your name in the book for possibly you own it, or you may not care to own it. But if you do, accept it with my kindest regards. I enclose a few stamps which are the balance of the money your mother gave me for the Robert Elsmere pamphlets, which I have not been able to procure.

Your sincere friend,
Susan I. Lesley

As was her custom, Mrs. Lesley was revisiting her relatives and friends in Massachusetts, in the vicinity of Milton. (Who does not long for the wild roses and the meadowlarks of Massachusetts, if one has known them from earliest days?) Milton and Rush Hill had been the locale of her own mother's childhood. And all through her years of girlhood in the Springfield area of Massachusetts, Susan had visited very often in Milton. In 1847 came a young minister to preach in that vicinity. After Peter Lesley and Susan I. Lyman were married they lived a few years in this region as he continued to preach. But about 1850 the couple returned to his home town, Philadelphia. Peter was not only a graduate of the Princeton Theological Seminary but a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Once back in Philadelphia, he returned to his main interest, the science of Geology. While a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, Peter

Lesley was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Moreover, he had charge of the First Geological Survey of the State of Pennsylvania, 1874. As was the case with his wife, Susan, he also was a staunch and loyal charter member of the Spring Garden Unitarian Church. The Lesley and Ames families, bound by the closest ties of friendship, were still further united by a marriage between their young people.

Susan, it would seem, had lost none of that grandeur of soul possessed by her heroic ancestress, Anne Hutchinson, of whom Bancroft wrote:

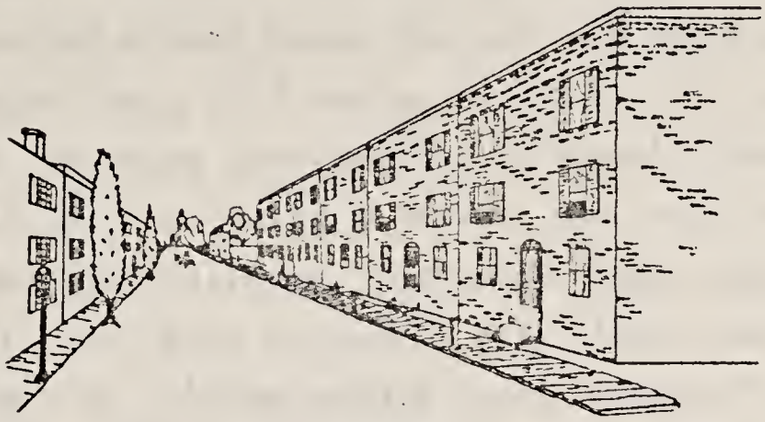
> *The founder of the sect of Antinomians was Anne Hutchinson, a woman of such admirable understanding and profitable and sober carriage, that she won a powerful party in the colonies and even her enemies could not speak of her without acknowledging her eloquence and ability. She received encouragement from Mr. Wheelwright and Governor Vane, and a majority of the Boston people sustained her against the clergy. Her opinions were adopted by the scholars and men of learning.*

Alice!

She now goes to school & "speaks pieces". It is a great trouble to set them just the right length. We found a piece of only 2 stanzas eight short lines in all. She liked it but thought it must be short: Her Father "made up" an intermediate stanza which fitted as though it had been put there originally. But she blushingly declined this addition. She would be ashamed to speak "home-made" poetry at school, she explained.

Mama's handwriting in which she tells of Alice's refusal to recite " home-made" poetry.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE



A BUSY-BODY

An example of Paschal's love of a practical joke is well illustrated by the fact that he did not tell his wife that her mother was coming by train to Philadelphia to be with her at the time of her next baby's birth. One late afternoon in November, Paschal came home a little early from his office, changed into his Sunday suit, and in departing, said: "By the way, Mama, you had better put an extra plate on for supper. I'm meeting your mother down at the train station. She'll probably spend about a month here with us."

In telling people about this experience, Carrie always said: "And there was I running around the neighborhood like a chicken with its head cut off, so excited that I could not seem to get dinner even started."

While Paschal was bringing Mother Leonard and her baggage home from the railroad depot, she looked out and saw all along Broad Street (the longest street in the world now) odd little black boxes attached to almost every second story front window.

"What are those little three-cornered black, tin boxes attached to all the second story front windows, Paschal?"

"Busy-body," answered Paschal good humoredly. Now his mother-in-law had always known Paschal had wit but this was her first experience of finding him actually *saucy* to an older person for whom, presumably, he should have some respect. Still in all, being a woman, she was curious, and so, after a moment's silence, she asked again quite clearly:

"Paschal, just what do people call those three-cornered black tin boxes at all the second story windows?"

"Busy-body," answered Paschal in what seemed to her a too emphatic tone to be used to a visitor, who had not seen her own daughter, Pet, for over seven years.

Once arriving at home (the horse-car ride had seemed endlessly long and tedious), Mother Leonard, looking up, saw the same contraption at the second story front window of the Coggins home. Not until after her baggage was disposed of and she had embraced Pet with all the warmth of her mother nature, and had admired the two big boys, and had taken little Alice on her lap, fondling her soft brown curls carefully rolled for her benefit, and had answered some of the many questions about Sacramento folks, did Mother Leonard again ask her foolish little question, this time addressed to her daughter:

"Pet, just what do you Philadelphia people call those funny little contraptions I see at all the second story windows?"

"Why we call them busy-bodies because you can sit at your window and see just who is passing on the boardwalk, or who stands on your steps ringing your bell. If you don't want to talk to him, or receive that particular guest, you just pretend you're out and after a long while he or she will go away, thinking that you are out."

"I am so very glad such a little contraption is called

a busy-body," answered her mother, without explaining why she was relieved that its name was busy-body. No need to mar the beginning of her nice long visit with her daughter by telling her she had thought Paschal *saucy*.

Mother Leonard was known to her large family as Ma. Caroline Leonard had borne fifteen children, and, though not all were living, and the five oldest were married and away from home, her interests naturally centered mostly in her own children and their offspring. To people of her own generation she was known as Carl.

The next Coggins baby came into the world in the presence of two very capable grandmothers. (Women were not then rushed off to the hospital for a little matter of childbirth but only for accidents occurring less naturally.) Again the kindly neighbor arrived and reported: "The cutest little baby I ever seen in all my life, and every toe nail just perfect."

It seemed that Baby Emerson's arrival had again been postponed indefinitely; still this tiny girl had a good hearty cry and a tight finger-grip. Then too, didn't Mama know she had been conceived and nourished spiritually according to "Conscious Motherhood?" No wonder her new baby face had quite an intelligent, hatched-out expression! Poor Mama. It was soon evident she had no milk. Mary, once, in an unguarded moment, had mentioned that a woman she knew who had mothered nine children was a good cow. Well, Mama just never had been a good cow.

Generously Carrie had allowed her newest daughter to be named (no talk of christening in their Unitarian church) for Mary's deceased daughter, Anna Paschal Coggins. And it so happened that when Alice first caught sight of her little sister, she remarked: "She's coot, indeed she is." And so Mama felt a prophesy had inevitably come to pass.

Meanwhile, Paschal, or Papa as he surely will be called when his family is all complete, kept very busy with his own literary efforts toward fulfilling his aspirations. Would you not work as hard as possible to bring in more money if you found yourself to be the father of four children? This will be known in history (if the Coggins family should ever go down in history) as the period of re-adjustment to being a four-children family.

The title to Papa's new story was already set atop his first page. Now all he had to do was make his characters act, thicken the plot, reach an exciting climax and bring on the denouement! Upon one seemingly trifling matter, he had made up his mind to remain adamant. His women folks would not be told just how much he earned when this story was published. It was not just that the three of them had too avidly discussed the twenty-five dollars he had received each month for his serial Frank Selwin; nor entirely because he had heard so much about twenty-five dollars being a large sum for so slight a performance; but the many and various nuances and innuendoes received from all of them that *nothing that his brain might produce could possibly be worth as much as twenty-five dollars.* Even Paschal's mother-in-law, or shall we say, particularly his mother-in-law, just could not believe that someone would pay her son-in-law so huge a sum for the mere fancies of his brain. Nevertheless, Carl was impressed with Paschal's incessant industry in his literary den. That he had mastered the typewriter to the extent of sending out pages and pages of more or less neatly typed work, the material for which was all spun from his inmost self, did add to her respect for her son-in-law lawyer. "There are a few of those contraptions in Sacramento, but people have to go to special business colleges to learn how to make them print." Mama, ostensibly dusting in Papa's den, discovered the new title, "The Marquis Forlorn."

Whatever relatives, neighbors, and friends of Paschal may have thought about the rather free and easy discipline in the Coggins' home, the truth was both parents had a profound respect for education. One means towards this end was thought by these parents to be the providing of good literature in the home. Besides spending rather more than he could afford on books to his own taste, such as that Browning with Morocco leather binding, faced with yellow satin, Paschal had subscribed to *Saint Nicholas* and *The Youth's Companion* now for several years for his children. (Mama, rather than Albert and Herbert, had been charmed with "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in the 1886 copies of *Saint Nicholas*, and never ceased to admire the costume for boys so named.) Nowadays, Papa's reading at the Friday Night Club was mostly from these two periodicals. Albert, nearing his teens, and Herbert, aged seven, would coax their father to read on and on. Papa would finish part of the serial "Wrongly Accused" and say, "Next week I'll finish it for you." In *The Youth's Companion* right always prevailed. Once, reading about a long-time hunt for a famous old buck, the writer as hunter at last had his supreme chance to shoot and kill the great buck whose proud form was silhouetted against the sunset, standing there defiantly on the topmost crag. But the final sentence, which Papa read with tears streaming down his cheeks, was something like this:

"Shoot that noble animal, not for all the prizes in the world." "That sentence," the reader volunteered, "was doubtless added by the editor." The story called "The Lottery Ticket" showed youth how futile dishonesty proved to be. At this particular period in the lives of the Coggins family, two grandmothers also enjoyed the Friday Night Club reading period. Each woman sewed if she chose to, showing how much Paschal's androcentric domination had waned since the first days of his reading out loud to his family. Herbert showed

great interest in birds and animals. He began watching for the mailman who brought him these periodicals with such delightful pictures of his favorites.

And the elders obtained pleasant and informative material also from both *Saint Nicholas* and *The Youth's Companion.* The article on Korea whose ancient civilization pre-dated that of Europe gave a beautiful picture of a people dressed in white; of crystal clear torrents, gorgeous canons below. These articles in *The Youth's Companion* by Hon. George N. Curzon, M. P., were printed under the following titles: "A Visit to Korean Cloisters, Travel in the Interior, A Nation Dressed in White, The Monks and Their Monasteries."

In one of the periodicals, Carrie found that article by G. Stanley Hall (recently elected President and Professor of Psychology at Clark University in Massachusetts) called "Why a Book About the Baby Should Be Kept." He emphasized the necessity of starting a *Life Book* for each particular child, to be kept from the very first hours of its life.

CHAPTER THIRTY

GROWING UP WITH SACRAMENTO

Several weeks flew by on golden wings. Mary, Carl and Carrie enjoyed harmonious living with all that chit-chat so wholesome for women from time immemorial. Carrie was glad to realize that her mother and mother-in-law had many mutual acquaintances. And their memories of old Sacramento from its earliest days! It was Mary who asked the questions:

"How was the Folger Orphanage? Did the Howard Benevolent Society still function? Did she remember how G. H. used to be standing out on the pavement in front of his store actually drawing men in by their coat sleeves? Had his store really developed into a first class department store?"

And Carl informed them that the paper which had supplanted the *Sacramento Union* when the Southern Pacific had stifled the latter, would now change its name from *Sacramento Daily Record* to that of the former popular daily and now would call itself the *Sacramento Union.*

That wealthy business man, Albert Gallatin, had married a girl just out of high school, about half his age.

He had built the most beautiful home for her in Sacramento. Its furnishings made it almost a marble and gold palace and just one block from the Leonard home at 17th and H. No one in Sacramento had ever seen such beautiful chandeliers, and stairways, and such ornate trimmings! (At present this is the Governor's Mansion.) The girls, shocked because she was considerably younger, asked her mother if she thought it could be a happy marriage. The mother's answer had been: "Any girl would be happy to marry Mr. Albert Gallatin."

Carl had brought with her a newspaper picture captioned "Sturdy Pioneers Who Came to the Golden State in 1849." Each face was numbered and Pa Leonard was 73. It was fun to pick out the faces of well known Sacramentans.

Did Mary remember the lovely trips on the Sacramento River, up and down between San Francisco and Sacramento? At first the charges had been excessive, $30 for a cabin on the steamer McKim in 1849, or $20 for a deck ticket, and $5 just a berth, with meals at $1.50. No, Mary hadn't been in San Francisco until January, 1854. Then there had been a rate war on between two rival river-boat companies and one could travel very cheaply.

And wasn't it simply terrible about crime being on the increase? Public Administrator, Troy Dye, had hired accomplices to *murder* wealthy residents in Sacramento environs to obtain ill-gotten gains for himself in administering their estates. Good honest Sacramentans just wouldn't believe the terrible truth at first, and *threatened* Sheriff M. M. Drew for keeping Dye under arrest. Dye had brought many laughs during his campaign to become Public Administrator by saying he couldn't make money unless he hired an accomplice to kill off wealthy citizens of Sacramento County.

"It had all started August 2, 1878, on which morning the body of 55-year-old Aaron M. Tullis, wealthy bachelor, was found in the orchard of his fruit ranch on Grand Island.

He had been shot four times. But lacking tangible clues to the killer's identity, it was decided that Tullis was the victim of tramps. But Sheriff M. M. Drew and Sacramento detective Max Fisher had learned that a boat was seen leaving Sacramento early on the morning of August 1, with two men who seemed to be trying to shield their faces. Drew learned that the occupants of a boat seen by persons in the vicinity of the Tullis ranch had also been acting suspiciously. Drew and his deputies located parts of a broken up boat in a cove a mile away. The craft had been crudely made and the lumber used in it seemed new. On one of the planks Drew found a series of penciled numerals indicating examples in multiplication, subtraction and division. Fisher was given this and visited various lumber yards until L. B. Lusk, salesman at the Walton yard, 12th and J Streets, recognized the figuring as his own made in connection with a purchase of lumber made July 30 and delivered to Dye's back yard. Drew made equal progress by learning that Dye drove his buggy out of town and around midnight returned with two passengers, Anderson and a man known as Tom Lawton. The following morning Dye, accompanied by Lawton, made another trip out of the city. He was on his return trip when Sheriff Drew, on his way to the Tullis ranch, saw him driving back, alone. Together, Fisher, the detective, and Drew built up their case until Drew arrested Dye on August 12, at his saloon at K and 10th Streets.....In a talk with Drew, Dye said that Anderson and Lawton were the slayers of Tullis. His conversation was all taken down in shorthand by William J. Davis, a staff reporter and photographer.....The next night Anderson was taken into custody. Unaware that Dye had named him accomplice, he told how Dye had master-minded the plot. His confession was taken down by the same shorthand staff photographer."

Those Sacramentans who had tried to bribe and then to threaten Sheriff Drew, now considered hanging too good

for Troy Dye. This newspaper story ended with a dramatic account of the then biggest event in all the West. "The Double Hanging of Troy Dye, elected the year before by an overwhelming vote to the office of Public Administrator, and of Anderson, equally well known because of his close association with Dye. This double execution took place on May 29, 1879."

Mary had been reading this story to the other two women and it had covered the entire first page and a large section of a back page. Just before Mary had laid aside the yellowing paper, dated 1879, Carrie had noticed that Mrs. Magregor was standing on the Coggins' front steps, ringing for admission. Furthermore, Carrie's busybody revealed that her neighbor was dressed in her very best. She had doubtless heard through the thin walls their voices and desired to be among these women, apparently enjoying themselves. Carrie went downstairs and returned with her neighbor. But as she seated herself comfortably among them, the conversation had died out. Now Mrs. Magregor abhorred silence as Nature does a vacuum, so she said vociferously: "Go right on talking ladies. God wants women to talk. He made them for talking. Wouldn't we women go crazy if we couldn't talk?"

But even if God did want women to talk, Mrs. Magregor, so eager for companionship amongst these chattering women, somehow brought with her an atmosphere alien to their all absorbing topic of Sacramento. Mama went downstairs to get some tea and cookies. Not long afterward, Mary excused herself to attend to something important. So after the light refreshments, sensing the talking spree was over, Mrs. Magregor left, saying she had to hire a horse and buggy to take a prospective buyer to Germantown. (She was currently dabling in sales and rentals.)

Mother Leonard, alone for a few minutes, picked up the old copy of the *Sacramento Daily Record* saying to herself:

"Too bad we were interrupted before Mary came to this item:" "A prune seedling on the very spot where Aaron M. Tullis fell, later developed into what was considered the finest prune ever grown in the west. Slips from it were planted throughout California and buyers paid premium prices for *The Tragedy Prune.*"

The time came when Carl would have to leave by train for her home in Sacramento. Carrie knew that she probably had been called "Pet" for the last time by her dear mother. Carl, being "children rich", was needed in her home. She would reach Sacramento in about six days. From Chicago on her route would be about that which she had once traveled in a prairie schooner in about six months.

Sylvia Lake Merrill, (Carl's mother), had had two nephews already in Sacramento when the Merrill family had begun its trip in a prairie schooner. Henry Zaphna Lake was keeping a store in Sacramento. De Los Lake in San Francisco was destined to become a prominent San Francisco judge.

From *Growing Up With Sacramento* by Caroline L. Coggins:

> *The Rock River farm in Illinois was sold and preparations made for a long overland trip. Neighbors came from miles around to dissuade Sylvia from taking such a perilous journey. They warned her of dangers—especially from the Indians. Her reply was: "I lived in Chicago when it was called Fort Dearborn and I was not too afraid of anything after that." The family consisted of Sylvia, Isaac, the father, Caroline Sylvia 16, Belle 15, George Henry 12, Mark 9, and Frank one year. The two girls were broken-hearted to leave their doll house in the apple orchard.*

But the resiliency of broken hearts was soon attested when they married in a double wedding, October 23, 1851.

Caroline's husband, Albert Leonard, came around the Horn in 1849. Bookkeeper and errand boy for O. S. and Lorenzo Fowler, (publishers of the Phrenological Journal of New York), one of his daily duties had been to dust off a huge wall chart of the human head, divided and labeled according to phrenological faculties. Below, *Growing Up With Sacramento:*

> *It was December, 1848, that my father and four other young men living in New York decided to meet and discuss the question of going to the far western coast in search of gold. They agreed in the home of David Oliver to form "The New York Mining Company," limited to one hundred young men. Among those organizing this company were Albert Leonard, Orrin D. Squire, Mr. Whitcomb, John M. Freeman and David Oliver. They drafted a constitution, purchased Barque Strafford and laid in provisions for a three years' voyage around the Horn. Mining implements and one hundred Mississippi rifles were among the articles stored in the Strafford. All these preparations made by these young enthusiasts made Albert's mother very sad, there in her New York City home. When Albert brought home a daguerreotype taken of him dressed ready for the trip, his mother burst into tears, and said: "See, he's just a boy!"*

For Jane Barker Leonard feared she would never see her only son again. *She never did.* And a young lady named Alice, who lived in a brown front stone house, referred to by Albert as "333", never saw him again either, although she had believed she was engaged to him. Later, word drifted back to her that in far away California, Albert had married one Caroline Merrill; had named their first child Alice for her. So it was in Sacramento and New York City in the 1850's.

Albert Leonard before sailing from New York on the Barque Strafford around the Horn.

Alice Now nearly 4 yrs old. The other evening she asked quite abruptly - "Where does God get all his bones to make the people with"?

Alice When she was three years old and Anna a tiny baby something running the letter did caused her to say affectionately, "She's coot, (cute) indeed she is".

Mama's Handwriting about Alice's cute sayings.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

"Nobody's case is desperate when the will is not at fault. And a woman's will, when she wills thoroughly, as I hope you do, is strong enough to overcome. When I hear people say that circumstances are against them, I always retort, 'You mean that your will is not with you!' I believe in the will. I have faith in it."

Browning

BEYOND THE LIMITS OF ENDURANCE

Now that her own mother had left for California, Carrie had much time for her own *thoughts* as she busied herself with her numerous household tasks. And hadn't Brother Ames said one Sunday, "Thoughts are real things."

Again and again she recalled spoken words from both Mary and Paschal regarding Paschal Sr., which seemed intended to welcome him back into the family. It was almost as if, now that no other woman *could any longer be involved, Mary had him entirely for her own once more.* Lying quietly out there at Woodlands Cemetery, she seemed to feel as though *he* were again waiting for her to lie down beside him as of old. And during their many hours of mutual conversation, when the three women sat, hands busy with little chores of sewing or preparing vegetables, Mary had volunteered such homey little bits of information concerning Paschal, Sr.:

"Paschal never could bear to punish a child. Once he tried to spank Anna, but he had only given her a love pat or two when he stepped out on the porch, tears in his eyes."

"When we were living on Telegraph Hill in a lean-to shanty, Paschal and I had to get up at two in the morning, build a little bonfire right there on the hill and heat the baby's bottle. (Had Mary also failed as a cow?) It was so wonderful, just the two of us looking around and viewing the ocean as it poured through the Golden Gate. Then we'd look far down below at the great city of San Francisco with its many lights gleaming even at that time of night."

And Paschal too, of course, was now free to speak of his father with infinite tenderness and pride. (No other woman was any longer in the picture.) Especially if the visitor was a man:

"My father, who was for many years the City Editor of the *Sacramento Union*, knew Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Henry George. He and that great Republican daily to which he gave the best years of his life.....etc."

Now that Mary, as well as her son (still following out his mother's attitude of mind) held no feeling of estrangement against her deceased husband, Carrie felt quite close at times and even sympathetic with her obviously competent and kindly mother-in-law. With all her heart she vowed to try to maintain the very friendly atmosphere which had so completely pervaded the Coggins' home during the visit of her own dear mother. If only Mary would not put such a concrete obstacle in the way of complete friendship!

The new girl (with babe) from the Women's Homeopathic Hospital had not yet voluntarily lifted a hand toward the accomplishment of any of the necessary household tasks. Mama not only had to give very explicit directions for each simple operation involved in getting a meal together, but she had to follow directly after the girl and insist that she do the designated work. Again the big clothes-basket became a crib to be carried upstairs and down by Paschal. When the baby cried (which it did most of the time) Mama's

heart ached. *She knew and she believed little baby knew he was unloved and unwanted.* Bringing a baby into the world under such circumstances was surely the direct antithesis of those pre-natal conditions advocated in her precious *Conscious Motherhood.* But what if this poor, scrawny little baby boy was another Charles Gordon Ames?

Carrie had been surprised how readily Mary would listen if either she or her mother read poetry out loud. Mary had been most gracious in avoiding giving criticism of poetry which Carl read appreciatively. Although Carrie had heard Mary refer quite slightingly to the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mary had listened in thoughtful silence while Carl read this poem by her:

Gethsemane

All those who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within the garden's gate,
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say:
"Not mine but thine;" who only pray:
"Let this cup pass;" and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

It actually began to seem as though being the mother of four as fine children as were ever gathered under one roof, albeit only a roof over a brick house, gave Mama *courage and determination.* For now in those long reaches of the night, just lying awake waiting for Paschal to get home from a Medical Jurisprudence, or a trustees' meeting, or from his little publishing company, or any of his other evening outings, Carrie was just about to make up her mind. The subject under discussion in her mind being just what she could not endure any longer. And after considerable tossing and turning in her sleepless questioning, *Carrie decided that it was the*

little mother and her sickly baby always underfoot that passed beyond her limits of endurance. Why she often felt weak and quivery from being on her feet too long; absolutely worn out from too much hard work and the still harder task of trying to supervise the training of the not too-bright child-mother.

The fact that Mary had very largely taken over the care of Carrie's tiny Ann Paschal by no means compensated for the burden placed upon Carrie by the constant presence of the unwed mother and babe.

At last Carrie did make up her mind and sought advice. At noontime, she surprised Mr. and Mrs. Ames by dropping in upon them in their modest little home and laid her problem before them while Fannie served cake and tea. The solution which Brother Charles offered was, he believed, a good solution both for Carrie and the little unwed mother and babe.

"As is so often the case in our troubled human affairs here on this earthly sphere," Charles began, "one person's problem is really many people's problem also. This effort to redeem and rehabilitate young women who have been so ignorantor irresponsible as to become mothers with no wish for motherhood and no husband to at least help in providing a living for mother and baby has been with poor humanity, lo these many years. Now has come forward a philanthropist named Charles Nelson Crittenton who wishes to help in the solution of this very problem. Mr. Crittenton lost his daughter, Florence, in 1882. Since then he has been founding Florence Crittenton homes in many cities throughout the United States, all for the housing, protection, care and training of such little unwed mothers. Oddly enough, and yet I have known other circumstances to fit together as neatly as parts of a puzzle, I have been asked to assist in setting up a Board of Control for the new Florence Crittenton home about to be opened in Germantown. A capable matron

will be in charge. She will insist that the girls do all the work necessary to maintain their own home. Each girl will be taught faith in God and that she must strive to improve her own condition."

Tears stood in Carrie's eyes, as she asked: "And so you mean that Mary can apply in the name of her hospital to have her girls cared for and trained in this new Germantown Florence Crittenton home?"

"Precisely, and nothing better could happen all around. But perhaps you had better leave to me the introducing of our plan to Mary. Mother," continued Brother Ames, turning toward Fannie, "will you make a note on your calendar of dinner dates to invite Mrs. Mary Coggins some evening about a month from now, preferably an evening when we have no other guests?" Then, turning again directly toward Carrie, he said, "I shall recommend that Mary Williamson Coggins be placed on the Board of Directors for this new Germantown home. They couldn't find anyone more interested or capable although later they will find she is not as evangelical as most of them. But tell no one now but Paschal. It will be more effective, I believe, if I ask personally for her assistance; urge her to accept still another broad field of responsibility. I never knew a woman who worked so unceasingly to fulfill all her obligations."

When Mama, at home again, revealed this plan to Papa, in the privacy of their bedroom, he was greatly pleased. For poor Papa, too, had suffered (not so acutely as Mama) from this intermittent cluttering up of his home with a succession of passive young women who "toiled not neither did they spin." The prospect of a *termination* (even at a future date) *of this unwelcome apprenticeship training course* which Mary had thrust upon all of them, made Papa "rejoice and be exceeding glad."

But for over a month, and indeed always after that, no

one ever informed Mary that these two *were in on a plot* to direct her delivery of unwed mothers toward a different and much better home for them than the Coggins' home, already plentifully supplied with other problems.

For Paschal did not have the ability of Charles Brockden Brown who had boasted of writing five novels at once. Throughout the period of fever plague in New York in 1798, by his own account, Brockden, "mused and wrote cheerfully, in spite of the groans of the dying and the rumbling of the hearses." On the contrary, poor Papa always lumbered along on just one literary production at a time, and was sometimes disturbed by the cry of even a baby.

As a matter of fact, Paschal seldom heard his own newest little baby cry. His mother took most excellent care of her little substitute daughter Anna. This tiny creature partially stilled her heartache. To this little one *she could give love*. To the other children, to Mama, and also to Papa himself, at times, it did seem strange to have to go to Grandma's room to see tiny sister Anna. When Grandma did not have the time to sterilize the bottles (Mama having, of course, again failed as a cow), her faithful nurse Mandy did everything necessary with quiet efficiency. Mandy was a religious woman (not a Unitarian). She constantly surprised Carrie by her reference to Paschal as "that blessed Paschal lamb." (About a year after Mandy had taken up residence in the Coggins' home, Paschal, who had in real life as in fiction, *the instinct for mystery*, never believing in clearing everything up too soon, told Carrie that Mandy had been his own nurse-girl during those twenty odd months of babyhood in Philadelphia before his mother brought him to California. Mary and Mandy had become friends at the Pennsylvania Hospital where he had been born. Mary had taken Mandy home with her to the home of her own parents, at Seventh and Arch.) He further elucidated that Mary and her parents had strongly

suspected Mandy, in order to be sure of Paschal's eventual salvation, had had him christened in her Catholic Church on the first Easter of his life, thus probably accounting for her oft-repeated "The blessed Paschal lamb." At least on that Easter day, Paschal had been missing from his home for several hours along with Mandy and had been returned home in a most un-Quaker-like christening robe. Mama's reflections about this odd story brought her to the inevitable conclusion that Unitarian Papa was actually a Catholic *so far as his soul was concerned.*

No, Mary Williamson Coggins had not become "the old leaf, twisted, curled and withering away." By a very special written invitation to dinner, she had been bidden to the Ames' home. There had been no other guest that night. People, Unitarians and others frequently ate with the Ames family. Their daughter Alice Ames Winter wrote years later:

"One year when a record was kept, it was found that there were only two meals, outside of breakfasts, during the entire twelve months, when there had not been someone besides the family at the table."

Many topics had come up for friendly discussion, but most of the talk had been concerning the needy of Philadelphia. Brother Ames had discussed at some length the work of Charles Nelson Crittenton in founding homes for unwed mothers and their babes in most of the large American cities; later focused his talk on the Crittenton home being set up in Germantown, for which he had been asked to act in an advisorial capacity. After a pause, he made known that it was difficult to find suitable women to act on its Board of Directors. Then following a very long pause, he had asked Mary directly if she could possibly find it in her heart to enlarge her already over-crowded schedule of philanthropic activities to take up this work also. And Mary had accepted

saying she would only serve in a minor capacity. Since Mary never failed to fulfill any responsibility once assumed, the matter was closed. The conversation turned to California. Mary told how much she and Paschal, Sr. had enjoyed traveling by steamer on Sundays from Sacramento to San Francisco to attend that series of lectures Charles had given. Spoke reverently of Thomas Starr King and his heroism in touring California to save it for the Union. How, worn out at forty from his unceasing toil, he had pleaded from his death-bed: "Keep my memory green."

Finally, Mary said she must go, so Charles walked to the corner and waited with her to see her safely on the horse-car. Jogging along, Mary reflected pleasantly upon her evening in the dear Ames' home. It seemed as if a little of the leaden ache in her heart had eased. Whoever said: "Charles Ames is a natural physician of souls and his religion is on the basis of Faith, Hope and Love," had surely been soothed and partially healed by him as had Mary on this pleasant evening.

In Mary's second story bedroom a gaslight burned low. Mandy had been asleep on her lounge provided for her comfort during such hours of waiting. Mary took up little Ann, just in case, and while the tiny form leaned against her, turned the pillow, damp from sweat. As Mary held her door ajar to light Mandy up the stairs to her third story bedroom, both heard the steady pounding of Paschal's typewriter.

"The blessed Paschal lamb," murmured Mandy as she slowly ascended the stairs.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

"Only an American bred man is so assured, so naïve and so humorous."
Pearl Buck

NAÏVE PAPA

Paschal, as usual, had something decidedly more concrete to worry about than whether his soul was Unitarian or Catholic. For he had happened to locate, quite by chance, a book entitled *Conscious Motherhood.* Since a recent letter from a friend was used as a marker, Paschal could only conclude that his wife had been perusing this oddly named book. He replaced the dust bunnies around it, there under Carrie's daytime couch, where he had been searching for a misplaced bat. Perplexed, Paschal figuratively knit his dark, bushy eyebrows, cogitating by what means he could divert Carrie's mind from such idle reading.

At five p. m. the very next afternoon, Paschal was being guided around by a middle-aged lady clerk at the Milton-Bradley store for kindergarten supplies and books on education. Later, when the clerk accepted his three dollars for Herbert Spencer's *Education, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical,* she assured him that this was just what his wife needed because all highly educated ladies were reading it. Since

the great English educator had been on a speaking tour of the ladies' clubs in America, one might say: "Spencer was all the rage."

A few evenings later, Paschal, quite coyly he thought, began reading out loud to Carrie from *her new book.* Alas, they both found it very heavy reading. Finally, Carrie said with a laugh, "Let's just write our favorite Browning quotation on the flyleaf and keep it for reference when either of us has to write an article for the edification of others." Since the reading had, somehow, already come to an unsatisfactory stand-still, Papa agreed. Then Mama wrote in her clear handwriting, "A man's reach must exceed his grasp or what's a Heaven for?" In the long run of the years ahead however, the three dollars invested were not wasted because both Carrie and Paschal used little telling excerpts from time to time. (Indeed, it was not too long before it was acknowledged by all the other church members, that only the Coggins couple were thoroughly conversant with Herbert Spencer's *Education, Intellectual, Moral and Physical.)*

Papa, (being nobody's fool), could easily see that his new addition to their bookshelf would have little or no power to draw Mama away from her beloved *Conscious Motherhood.* One noon a few days later, Paschal retraced his footsteps to Milton and Bradley's, hoping that the lady clerk would be out to lunch. Quite a pretty young lady showed him their stock of new educational books. Finally, gathering from his remarks that his wife had an unusual interest in kindergartens, she sold him for five dollars *Symbolic Education* by the successful St. Louis kindergartener, Susan Blow. When this book was presented to Carrie, she thanked her husband with genuine appreciation, saying, "It is the very best book to make one well grounded in symbolism of Froebel. And it will assist me in bringing kindergarten usages and customs right into our own home."

Could anyone blame Paschal for feeling like the cat who had swallowed the canary? Evenings, his wife sat reading and smiling to herself over *Symbolic Education.* By a little adroit planning, Paschal had taken her mind completely away from that dreadful, dog-eared *Conscious Motherhood,* he believed. By and by, not too soon of course, he would just see to it that it disappeared from the house. Well worth the whole five dollars!

Alas for poor Papa and all foolish men who vainly imagine that they are guiding women's thinking processes! He should have seen the comfort Mama derived from her secret guide book on living, *Conscious Motherhood.* Reclining on her lounge, or comfortably ensconced in the big cozy chair in the living room, there would be Mama once more reviving her soul just before it was time for her boys to come stomping in from school, hungry as bears!

> *In children are divine sparks of purity, poetry, righteousness, and reason. The immeasureable responsibility of sacred motherhood! Woman must learn to glory in her real relations with a real world. The highest type of being contains the best qualities of both sexes united in one person.....etc.*

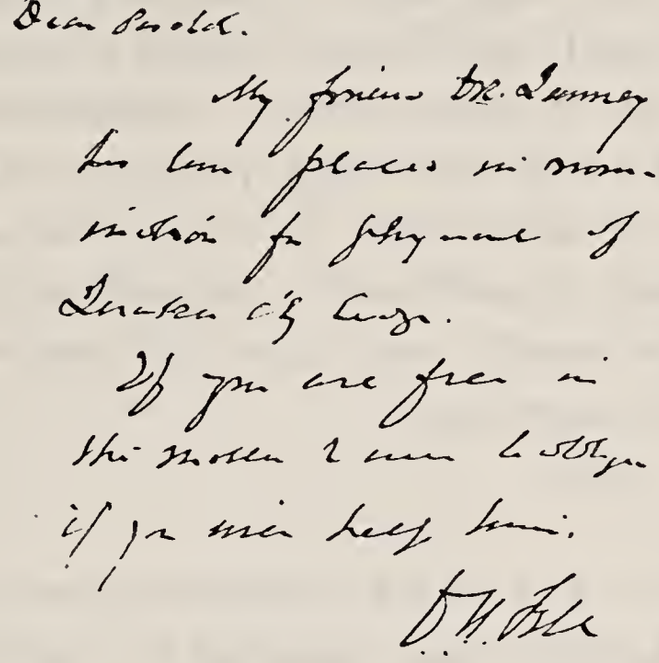
Though Carrie had really changed in many fundamental ways, particularly by acquiring a more mature, well rounded-out attitude in her companionship with her husband, still she would probably never completely outgrow her wondrous, child-like faith in mysticism. Who was it that wrote,

"We are dead if we lose that feeling of wonder"?

Caroline Leonard who enjoyed dancing and attending the theater in Sacramento.

Caroline Leonard, Sacramento school teacher

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE



THE SON OF MAN

Our author was hammering out on his typing machine the most recent paragraphs he had composed for his story "The Marquis Forlorn", paragraphs composed while riding from and to his office on the street cars. No, Paschal wasn't intending to write a long story for boys, similar to the Alger books so popular in Unitarian Sunday School libraries. This was a story for *The Youth's Companion* and Paschal was intent on producing his very top quality of writing for that highly estimable periodical. This story about a medical senior had taken shape in Paschal's mind as of a suitable length, style and quality for *The Youth's Companion*. Oddly enough, as our author punched away at the keys, he visualized his story on the front page and with a large, fine illustration. This vision spurred him on. "After all," thought wise Paschal, "it's the philosophy of life embedded in a literary piece that counts rather than the form it finally takes." He had a great satisfaction in working on this story "The Marquis Forlorn." He believed it would be accepted.

As Paschal had completed typing his created work to date, he carefully covered his typewriter and turned his attention to pasting a recent letter from Judge Fell in his *Bench and Bar* scrapbook. In the letter as one reads on our first page of this chapter, Judge Fell asked Papa to assist his friend, Dr. Quinsey, to an appointment to a certain post in the Quaker City Hospital. Then Paschal found a suitable place and pasted the following from a Massachusetts judge:

50 State Street, Boston,
Feb. 12, 1889.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your letter of the 8th and the number of the Weekly Notes. I am always much obliged to anyone who sends what I can use in my book, should it come to a second edition.

I am glad to see that the theory in the Williamson Estate that the grandchildren's shares were separable which I spoke of as "more than questionable" has been repudiated by the Supreme Court.

You may be interested that in the case of Dorr v. Levering which will be reported, I suppose, in the 147, Mass., our Supreme Court has confessed to having made the same blunder in Levering v. Levering, 129, Mass. 97, (noted p. 394 of my book) that your Court now seems to have acknowledged as to Smith v. Smith. Thanking you again for your courtesy, I am,

Your obedient servant,
John C. Gray

Although Carrie did most of the cutting and pasting for Paschal's other two scrapbooks, she had never been asked to assist with *Bench and Bar*. Yet anti-legal as was Mama's mind, still she sometimes enjoyed peeping into her husband's most exclusive scrapbook. So one spring day, while flirting

a dustcloth around Paschal's desk, she found *Bench and Bar* temptingly opened to:

"FINAL ADJUDICATION OF THE THOMAS WILLIAMSON ESTATE"

"Upon the audit of the final account of Passmore Williamson....., the present Auditing Judge held that the gift over was void for remoteness, that the trusts were at an end by the death of the testator's widow and of the husband of Mrs. Coggins. He further found that the balance for distribution was $163,349.06, and awarded one-fourth thereof to each of the testator's children, viz., to Mrs. Coggins and Passmore Williamson each $40,837.26, and to Mrs. Stackhouse and Mrs. Eldredge each $40,837.27.....etc.

"Mr. Williamson was, however, unable to comply with this decree. In some unfortunate stock ventures he had lost not only his own fortune but the greater part of the estate in his charge. Shortly before he had filed his account, Mr. Gendell having learned of the loss, secured possession of the remaining assets of the estate, valued in Mr. Williamson's accounts as $48,453.....Mrs. Coggins furthermore claimed that the question had already been passed upon by the Auditing Judge.....and that his decision had been affirmed by the Supreme Court.....etc.

"The gift to the grandchildren had been declared void. .....The duty of the Court is simply to carry out the distribution already awarded.....etc.

"It was afterward agreed that a sale should be made by the Provident Company who should receive a commission of one and one-half per cent. on the proceeds, and that if.....etc. The deficiency in the estate transferred by Passmore Williamson is much more than sufficient to absorb his entire interest in the property, real and personal. By deed, dated January 8, 1886, and recorded in the office of Recorder of Deeds of Philadelphia County in Deed Book G. G. P. No. 198, page 391, &c., he conveyed to his three sisters all his

interest in the estate, real and personal, so that nothing is now awarded to him.....etc.

"The Provident Life and Trust Company are hereby authorized to make the transfers.....etc."

Out of this welter of legal terminology, (almost as much was omitted as herein copied) Carrie had assimilated a few basic facts:

"Mary and Paschal, with lawyer Gendell, *have won their case*. Passmore has admitted wasting the Thomas Williamson Estate by improper and losing investments. Poor Passmore! He has been forced to pay over every cent he still had left. He gets *nothing* for his share because he owes his sisters a debt he can never pay. This case has been before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania twice in recent years. Now, in 1889, The Provident Life and Trust Company is authorized to do all the final settling between members of the Williamson family. *The codicil has been thrown out.* The grandchildren will not have the capital divided amongst them all. There will not even be a dividing up of the capital amongst the four sets of grandchildren, given in equal amounts as provided in the will itself. *Why, the will itself is broken!* What else can have happened since The Provident Life and Trust Company is told to divide amongst Thomas' children, not his grandchildren?"

As Carrie closed *Bench and Bar*, she sighed audibly:

"Strange that in all these years since I had my breakdown, I have never heard any more about the Williamson Estate and poor Passmore Williamson. I just concluded it had all been finished about that same time. The wheels of justice as with the wheels of God must grind very, very slowly. Sometimes I wonder if it's really justice the courts give to the poor people?"

No wonder Carrie had not heard of the continuing phases of the Passmore Williamson case! Could either Paschal or

Mary afford Carrie's expenses for another eight weeks in an Atlantic City hotel? Their consultations concerning their law suit were held in Paschal's office, usually ending in time for them to go to the Reading Market Terminal for lunch where, for twenty-five cents, one could get a large dishful of that tasty pepper hash (cabbage cut fine and seasoned with celery seeds and bits of red and green peppers), and all the coffee one could drink.

Had Mama sublimated the sorrows that had earlier wrung her heart almost to the breaking up of her marriage? Had she ceased to feel any responsibility for the actions of her mother-in-law and her husband? Had her judgment really altered as to what she considered right and wrong? Read her little verse written during these spring months of 1889:

Today

Today the son of man comes to my door,
He comes yet more and more.
Last night he had no place to rest his head,
Nor bench, nor bed, nor floor.
Heartsick, today he walks the stony street.
He hungers; none give him aught to eat;
Nor call one voice, "Come in, O child of God,
And bathe your bruised feet."

These thoughts probably rose in Mama because of the seemingly endless stream of tramps, entering to the back door of the Coggins' home by way of that unnamed back alley. These men would beg piteously for a cup of coffee and any crust of bread. Doubtless the heartache she had suffered over two particularly tragic lives had tended to symbolize for her the words Jesus addressed to his apostles:

"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

THE WONDER CHILD

Although Paschal had brought Carrie still another fine offering from Milton Bradley's (Emily Poulsson's Songbook of Plays, with Piano Accompaniments), *Mama had got herself that way again.* About the time she began to be prominent in front once more, someone told Alice that every baby born was either a boy or girl. This basic idea so appealed to Alice that she used it in most of her conversation until Carrie almost thought she would prefer hearing again, "She's coot, indeed she is." That, however, would have been upsetting too, as, of course, this time Carrie fervently hoped that her long awaited little son Emerson would put in his appearance. As usual, with all her many household tasks to perform, time sped by. Carrie kept well, happy, and ever so busy while weeks and months passed.

Another little baby girl arrived on a very hot day in July. She was named Edith. "The cutest little baby I ever seen in all my life," pronounced the kindly neighbor once more, adding "and she has the most beautiful golden ringlets

and dark blue eyes like violets, they are."

After Carrie had surrendered to the bottles and the formula, a very cute little drama took place each day. Little Ann, a sturdy toddler just eighteen months older than Edith, was sent to the kitchen to bring Edith her bottle of milk. Holding the nice warm bottle very carefully in her hands, Ann would toddle to the nearest corner and lie down to enjoy its contents to the last sweet drop. Carrie would then send Alice to get the baby's bottle. Alice, proud that she no longer could in any way be mistaken for such a baby as Ann who still wanted the bottle, would go to the kitchen and there Mandy would always happen to have a second bottle of milk all ready to be taken up to baby Edith. It almost seemed as if Carrie and Mandy were playing a little game by which they succeeded in having the two youngest children each busy with a bottle for a half hour at about the same time each day.

"A prettier sight I never did see," said Cousin Martha Burnham just over from New York for a few days visit to the Coggins family. (Her mother and Carrie's father were relatives.) It was after dinner and the front room (parlor) was comfortably warm for November in Philadelphia. Mama had her fine sunburst quilt on the carpet and all three little sisters were seated thereon. That is, Alice and Anna sat, and Edith crawled and was dragged back to the quilt from time to time by Alice, "big sister." Little Ann, now chattering, at times intelligibly, and at times talking a baby gibberish, had recently learned to reply to almost any question, "Why?" And now Cousin Martha, a single lady, continued: "Cousin Paschal and Pet, you are what the Swedish people call 'Children rich.' And no matter what life brings to these adorable little sisters, as they grow older, they will become closer and dearer to each other, as the years go by. An invisible,

spiritual bond will always hold them in loving companionship through sickness and distress, good fortune and bad. Nothing will ever come between these precious three sisters." *Cousin Martha had never had any sisters to get along with.*

Could anyone blame Paschal, a poor, blundering he-male, for imagining that "Conscious Motherhood" had somehow made him the father of three little daughters in a remarkably short time? Not but what he loved them to distraction! Why each one was as cute as a bug's ear. But then he would reflect that Carrie's mother was nearing fifty when her last child was born. *Wasn't that thought cause for pause?* Then lately, too, Mama had been explaining to him something about how he had within his inmost soul certain elements of motherhood and that she had also read somewhere (failed to mention her source) that her inmost soul contained elements of fatherhood. To Paschal, inclined to be realistic, scientific and materialistic in his thinking, these ideas were just so much *folderol.*

If Carrie's step was slightly less resilient than in earlier days, it was surely firmer, more resolute and determined as she walked along by Papa toward the Milton Bradley store in downtown Philadelphia. Moreover, she had acquired the habit of getting her own way, which fact was now demonstrated by the purchases made while they were in this store. Carrie bought a real kindergarten table with little squares marked off to facilitate playing some of the games advocated by Froebel. And six little chairs to match this new table. (Paschal observed inwardly that he was blushing because the same mature lady clerk was waiting on them. But, he reflected, there was no need to blush since she could not possibly have known just *why* he had purchased that first book as a gift for his wife.) Now he found Carrie had just purchased six of Froebel's Gifts, and was telling the lady

that in a couple of months they would come back to buy six of the Occupational sets. Paschal could not help wondering how many more sets with various names Froebel had designed to force money from innocent fathers like himself?

Occasionally Paschal would come home early to observe Carrie conducting her kindergarten. Of course, he would be reading the paper and did not wish his wife to know he was observing her pretty little plays with the children. He particularly wanted to understand this Froebelian idea of symbolism. There was finger-tapping in rhythm. Marching around the table in circular order, or they all sang:

"Wash day is here again,
Get the wash-tubs ready,
Put them on the wash-bench,
See that they are steady."

or

"Dear little worm we'll say goodbye,
Till you come out a butterfly."

For the life of him, Paschal could not discern any symbolism in such matter-of-fact, every day things as tubs and worms. Whether or not there was much sense in what Mama persisted in doing, (always using the word "kindergarten" so affectionately) she looked so pretty with her cheeks all flushed pink amidst the children who laughed and skipped happily.

Unfortunately, Edith had suffered from nightly stomach aches since her first few days here on earth. Now that she was eleven months old, it was still necessary for either Paschal or Carrie to "walk her" each night, giving little pattings on her tiny back, pattings calculated to dislodge gas. One night while Papa was keeping himself awake by singing as he walked the bedroom with Edith, he suddenly stood stock still and listened. He had been singing "In the Sweet By and By," and had heard Edith humming the tune along

with him. After a little, he gently woke Carrie and asked her to listen to the baby's little hummed tune. Her joyous exclamation was: "Thank God, the Quaker curse is lifted." Unfortunately, Mary had quietly slipped outside her own room and come to their bedroom door, fearing sickness because of the midnight voices. Just as she was about ready to knock on their door, she heard Mama's silly ejaculation. Returning to her own room, she whispered softly: "No call for anyone not using the Friendly language to criticize."

In the mornings Mama conducted her ever so cute little daughters on their Nature Study Stroll, Edith being pushed in her buggy with the adjustable parasol to shield her from too much sun. Ann, chattering mostly for her own benefit, often clung to her mother's skirt, thus keeping up fairly well. Alice skipped along in front but was frequently told to wait until the rest of the party caught up with her.

Carrie, who aspired to sweet humility, had to admit to herself that, at times, she was really *too proud of her little ladies.* When Grandma would urge her to leave one of the girls at home with her, Mama would answer: "But the people want to see all three of them."

If Ann paused to stroke a cat (being extraordinarily fond of cats), Mama would push the parasol on Edith's buggy to one side so that Edith also could learn about kitty, as she repeated slowly:

"I love little kitty,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm."

Mama also called their attention to dogs of various sizes and colors, never encouraging the patting of dogs, since she was rather timid herself regarding dogs. After some little proper attention to budding branches if it were spring, or

to lovely autumn colored leaves at that season, now at last full attention could be given to the passing parade of crazy bicycle men and prancing horses drawing open carriages with beautifully dressed ladies out for their morning airing. Up in front the coachman guided the horses by means of long reins and a whip, which he often cracked but seldom used in any other way. Sometimes the coachman guided the horses from his high seat in back of and above that part of the carriage where the dressy ladies sat, shading their eyes by means of gay parasols. Sometimes a surry with a fringed top would be drawn by some high steppers. Alice would exclaim, as though her family was in mortal danger: "Look out! Here comes the bone-shaker!" As the cyclist on this oldest of all bicycles still in use would come thundering by with a great noise, he would ride quite close to the curb so as not to be injured by any of the faster moving vehicles.

Of course, if somebody asked to see cunning little curly-headed Edith sitting up in her buggy and looking so intelligent, Mama would oblige by swinging the buggy parasol way to one side. Judging by the compliments paid by the various admiring women, none had ever seen such a Wonder Child! Whether the delighted woman was a nurse girl wheeling her own charge, or a young woman expecting, or maybe a mother, or even an old grandmother, Carrie invariable ended the conversation with the very same words:

"And our little baby girl can hum tunes exactly right. She began humming 'In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye' when she was only eleven months old."

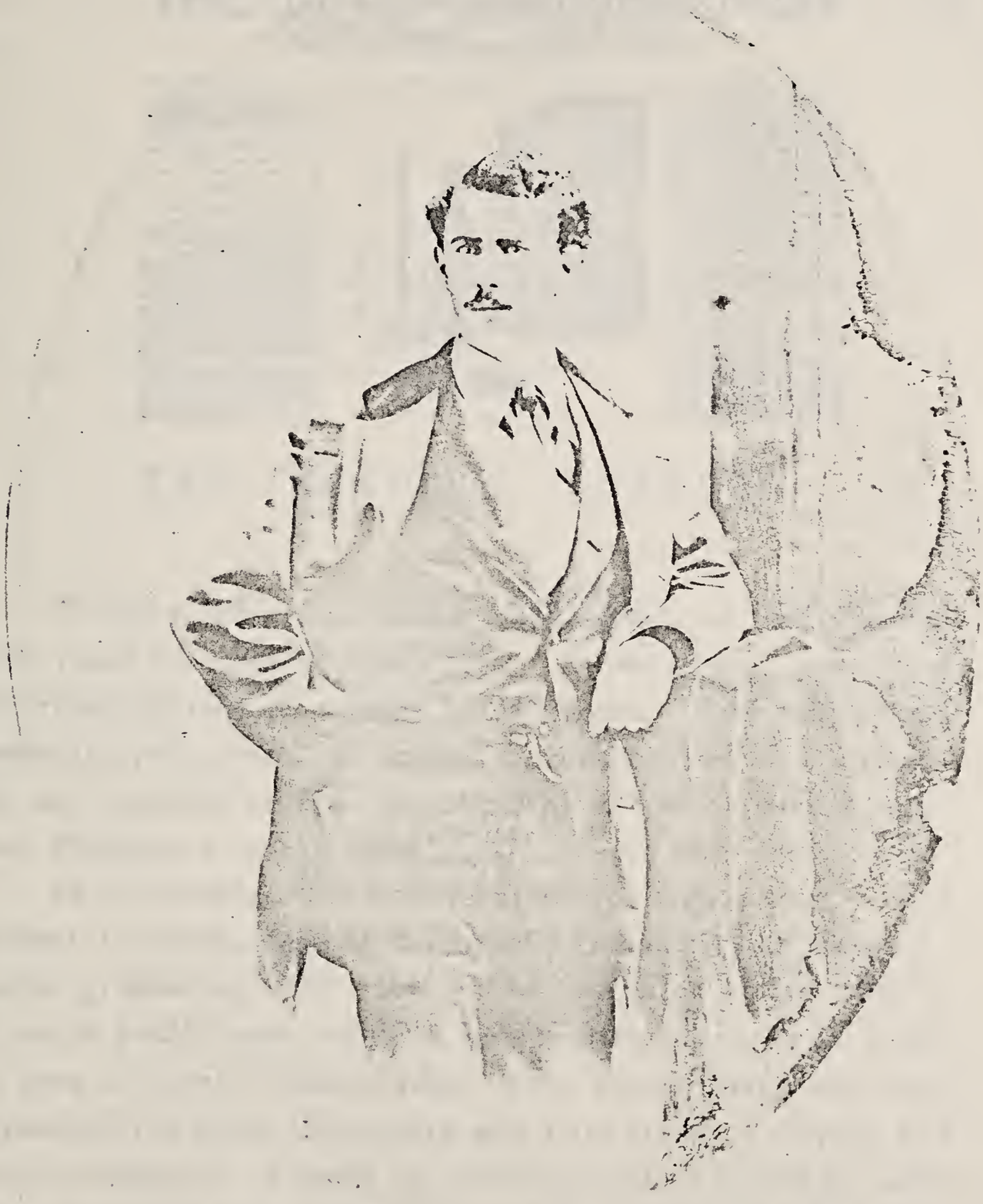
No 5. E. D. C.

When only eleven months old she could and did carry most of the time of the "Sweet bye + 'ye" which was the time her Papa soothed her nightly stomach-aches with.

As soon as she could stand alone and take a few steps she showed a disposition to work + help. It took the form at first of picking up infinitesimal objects from the carpet (like the tiniest shreds of wool) and handing them to me saying "Kank oo girl" which she sometimes varied to "als oo good girl".

Edith

Mama's Handwriting on Edith's cute sayings and activities.



Paschal Heston Coggins, Student at Law, University of Pennsylvania, about 1870, when he lived at Seventh & Arch Streets, Philadelphia, with his kind grandfather Thomas Williamson.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Boston, Mass., September 23,

The Marquis Forlorn.

THE MARQUIS FORLORN

"I don't believe an author, bad, good, or indifferent ever lived who created characters. It was always drawn from his recollections of someone he had known. Sometimes like a composite photograph, an author's presentation of a character may possibly be from the blending of two or even more... real characters in his recollection," says Mark Twain.

Be it remembered that Paschal Heston Coggins had been a student in the College of Law of the University of Pennsylvania, graduating 1872. Now in the beginning of the 1890's, he could easily have recalled some memory pictures of those he knew in hectic student days. Many there must have been attending the great University who faltered, slipped and never graduated. A youth as intelligent as Paschal must have perceived many temptations. And probably he had witnessed a certain amount of heroism on the part of men of character who reached out helping hands to rescue fellow classmen from ignominy.

"The Marquis Forlorn" is such a story. This sobriquet

was given by a gay young blade to a threadbare classmate, John Wilcox, who happened to be made of that granite character which does not anger under taunts. But when graduation was almost upon them (the gay young blade and the medical student), John Wilcox saw through the open door of a saloon he passed late at night after extra practice attendance at an Emergency Hospital, this same gay fellow, Ned Blythe, inebriated. This young man who had so sneeringly referred to John as "The Marquis Forlorn" to point out the shabbiness of his threadbare clothing, was now guided by John to his own humble flat in Philadelphia where he lived in poverty. Real friendship developed. Ned sobered down and passed his final exams. John was invited to spend two weeks with Ned's sister and mother in their suburban home, and went to that genial home with Ned. But ponder as he would, Ned Blythe could not understand why John Wilcox, whom he had treated so abominably, had saved him from failure and worse. Back in the heart of downtown Philadelphia again in John's flat, Ned asked him why he had been so graciously forgiving:

> *"You didn't tell me the whole truth. There was something back of it all. I've felt it often. What was it?"*
>
> *Wilcox was standing by the open window, gazing off over the smoky factories at the waters of the Delaware, silvery in the distance. When he spoke, his voice at first was hardly audible:*
>
> *"Yes," he said, "there was something else," and he hesitated. "It doesn't take long in the telling and yet it's not quite easy to put it into words. Ned, two years before I came to college, my only brother died. He ought to have lived longer and better. We were very different, Rob and I, and he was much like you. We were alone together and God*

knows, I tried to do a brother's part, but I was clumsy at it. I saw the boy's better nature crushed and smothered beneath a little wit, a little grace of speech and of bearing, a little of life's merest show and glitter. One earnest ambition, no matter of what sort, might have saved him.

"And so," he continued, yet more slowly, with his eyes still fixed on the fair tranquil river, "when I saw you passing in Rob's own footsteps, I just held out my hand. It was good of you to take it. Good for both of us, I hope."

Carrie had read and corrected the spelling in this latest story by Paschal. She had let her spouse know in very positive tones that he simply must brush up his spelling. If he hadn't ever learned the alphabet as she had by singing it in school, backwards and forwards, he should make himself *master of it now, even at this late date.* She hinted darkly that she would not always have time to correct the same word misspelled hundreds of times. "I see no humor", this because Paschal was smiling, "but only tragedy in your continued ignorance. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and a lawyer of such good standing that he has been allowed to plead before The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania!" Paschal tried not to look amused now that she had finished berating him. After a sufficient pause, Carrie continued in another vein: "I like this boys' story better than any you have ever written. It's a relief to have all that tiresome baseball jargon omitted. But what if Charlie does not like your story without baseball?"

"This college story is for *The Youth's Companion.*"

About a month after Paschal had mailed "The Marquis Forlorn" to *The Youth's Companion*, an envelope came to the

Coggins' home with *The Youth's Companion* in the lefthand upper corner. It was so intriguing that Mama was almost beside herself with delightful anticipation. She thought of steaming it open and pasting it up again. No, Paschal could find out it had been opened. Then she lighted the wellsbach in their sitting room and held the envelope up, scrutinizing it from every possible angle. Now she no longer doubted. *It contained a check!* (Though poor Carrie had never had a checking account of her own, we do not wish you to imagine she could not recognize a check, even under difficult circumstances. Hadn't she taught three years in the Sacramento School Department?)

"This calls for a celebration," was Carrie's happy idea about the envelope containing the check. Soon she had all her daughters dressed in their best "bib and tucker," and put on her new dress, a soft blue-toned affair, which Paschal had said he liked. When they were all settled down in the horsecar, Carrie reflected that it was pure prejudice on her husband's part that he advised her not to come down to his law office. "But surely this time he'll be ever so happy to have all his girls with him, when he opens that precious envelope? Maybe he will even take us to lunch at Horn and Hardouts?" Then she had to place little Edith in a convenient position to enjoy her bottle. Soon, however, they disembarked from the horsecar.

The distance between the car and Papa's office building (he didn't own it) was soon accomplished. Carrie, holding Edith, pushed Alice and Anna into the elevator before she stepped in herself. At the identical moment when Ann began to cry because elevators scared her, a horrible truth dawned upon her mother. *Somewhere en route she had lost the precious envelope containing the check.* If perhaps she had only left it at home? But no, she remembered distinctly putting it from one hand to the other when she gave Edith her

bottle on that side seat in the horsecar. When Carrie finally ushered her little ones into astonished Paschal's presence, she was too weak to speak, so, handing Edith over to him, sank into the chair he kept waiting for clients. Then she gathered all her courage and told Paschal of the loss of the letter which, beyond a doubt, contained a check from *The Youth's Companion.* When he looked glum, she added, "But didn't you tell me that you would be almost more happy about their publishing it than about the money?"

Perhaps Paschal had said such a foolish thing. But it so happened that *money* was what he needed more than anything else just now. For this harassed man, father of five, had received, this very morning, what might be called "a dunning letter." The banker was more than insistent that a certain sum owing on a mortgage be forthcoming *immediately.* Such letters always came to his office address. (He made now a mental note that henceforth his literary address would also be at his office.) On this particular day when any money at all would have been manna from heaven, to have childish Mama lose it! Yet, while in one way, Paschal was figuratively gnashing his teeth; yet in another way he prepared to exhibit the utmost forbearance and kindness.

"Well no use crying over spilt milk. Let's go to Horn and Hardouts for a good lunch. Then we'll all feel better. I could do with a cup of coffee myself, maybe two, if you'll allow me two?" He tried to smile playfully at Mama but with a sinking stomach, he knew he just was not at his best.

Characteristic of Papa's sense of fair play (never hit anyone who is completely down) and because his heart was a very kind tender heart towards women in general and Mama in particular, he did not *tease* her at all but was unusually considerate in little matters frequently neglected by this man of near genius. He pushed her chair in, selected the food from the menu suitable for the various little girls,

kept Edith's high chair close up near him, and even held Mama's light jacket for her as they were preparing to leave the restaurant.

But in spite of these extra tender loving kindnesses (Papa not being on the whole given to little chivalries), and though the chicken croquets and French peas with Parker House rolls were just "out of this world", and even though many people had cast admiring looks in their direction (for who could withstand the beauty of their three little daughters), still in all and in spite of all, Mama experienced a sickening feeling in the pit of her miserable stomach.

Papa's dwindling bank roll had suffered further depletion because of this nice tasty lunch. With what he hoped Mama would not consider undue haste, he escorted them to the horsecar and saw them all safely ensconced in the North Broad Street car. When they were surely on their way, and certainly out of his way, Papa, with a sigh, turned to walk back to his office. En route he must have thought of some source from which or whom he could borrow the necessary sum to satisfy the banker. For, as he stood waiting for his elevator, he was softly humming: "Larboard Watch Ahoy", the most cheerful of the three tunes comprising his repertoire.

For several days Mama was deeply penitent, depriving herself of certain choice foods (one of her ways of subduing her over-weaning pride in her children). "These go not out save by fasting and prayer", was one of her oft-repeated sayings at such times. With closest concentration, Carrie read and reread all her clippings about humility and perfection in human nature, even unto Confucius:

In this book (second volume of Confucian Philosophy) is depicted the conception of a perfect man, who in all circumstances preserves a golden roundness of character and is thus a model and standard of virtue to all succeeding gener-

ations. The perfect man is never satisfied with himself. He that is satisfied is not perfect.

All those whom Carrie counted as her dearest friends had this quality of *sweet humility*. Along with this characteristic, these persons always exhibited a breadth of feeling and great understanding and sympathy for others. They were, by these traits, set apart from the self-seeking, the over-righteous, and all the rest of those who make loud noises to try to impress their fellow man with their own great importance. Carrie wanted ever so much to belong with those in whom she believed devoutly. With them she could sing in perfect sincerity: "Love Divine, All Love Excelling." Between such tried and tested friends there is no *separateness*. And, upon rereading her favorite Emersonian essay, "Compensation", she found that Emerson had written it all down long ago: "The heart and soul of all men being one this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. *His is mine*. I am my brother, and my brother is me."

Then the postman brought back that same letter with *The Youth's Companion* printed in the upper lefthand corner. Good old Uncle Sam! Inside was a fine, crisp check for an amount Mama did not discover, since Papa took such excellent care of *his* letter. But he did read to Mama the kind words of the editor in accepting "The Marquis Forlorn." As they were preparing for bed that night, and just when Papa, on bended knee, was unbuttoning Mama's shoes (the whalebones in her best dress made bending difficult), Mama told him:

"You know I am ever so glad now that it all happened just as it did, for you simply must agree that we were assisted by *Divine Intervention*."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

"Give your scholar no verbal lessons; he should be taught by experience alone; never punish him, for he does not know what it is to do wrong; never make him say 'Forgive me,' for he does not know how to do wrong. Wholly unmoral in his acts, he can do nothing morally wrong and deserves neither punishment nor reproof." Rousseau

NATURAL GOODNESS

Alice was about five years old when she began to "help Mama" by putting her hands on the buggy which held baby Edith while Mama was really pushing the parasoled carriage. It so happened that Alice had lots of initiative and very little referendum. Apparently she watched for an opportunity when she could push the baby in the carriage without assistance from any adult. It also happened that Mandy put Edith in her carriage and left Alice to watch over her out on the front boardwalk while Mandy went back into the house to bring Ann out for the walk all three of them were going to take under Mandy's guidance. (Mama must have been writing a paper to read before the "Sand Lots Organization.") When Mandy returned to the front of the house, no Alice and no Edith in a buggy were to be found. While Mandy and Mama were holding an anxious consultation as to which way to turn to find Alice and the baby, Alice came running home, breathless with excitement, saying with very evident relish:

"I upsetted baby Edith in her baby buggy, but I was

smart. I put the carriage on top of baby Edith so the big horses wouldn't step on her and kill poor little Edith."

Led by the apparently well pleased Alice, Mama and Mandy (still holding Ann firmly by the hand) ran along the Broad Street boardwalk for several squares until they spied the baby carriage upset over the curb. (Getting it over the curb rightside up had been too difficult for Alice.) As they approached, they heard loud, indignant wails from Edith, who was not humming "In The Sweet-By-and-By" this time. That her cranium had not been fractured as she went down over the sharp curb was a miracle. Mama immediately attributed this escape from what might have been a terrible accident as an act of *The Encircling Good.*

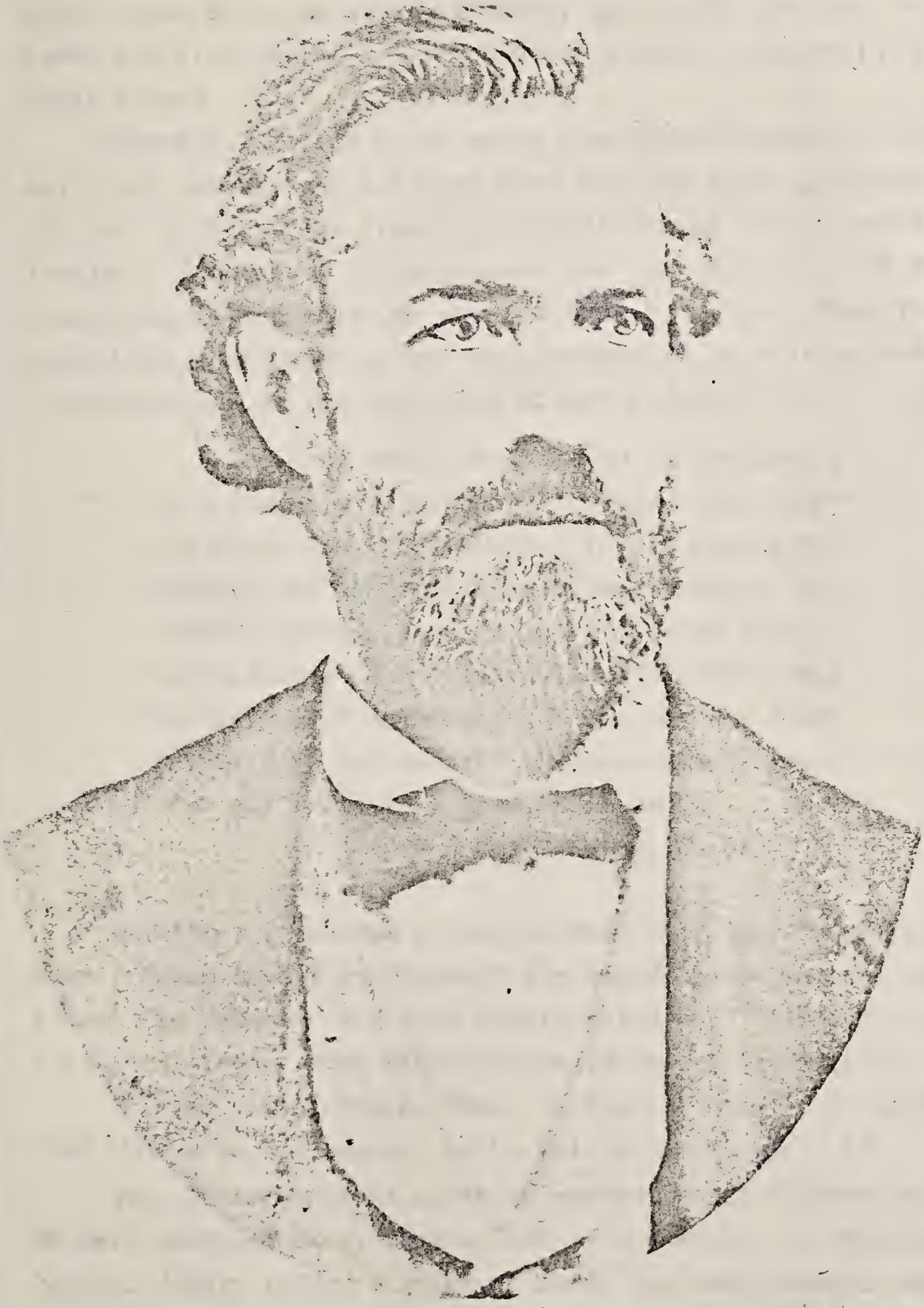
When Grandma heard that evening of this "incident", she remarked crisply:

"Alice should receive a good, hard paddling where Nature intended her to be spanked."

But Mama was still trying to help Froebel's *Law of Love* work out in her home between the various members of her family. (She had recently begun reading Rousseau's Emil.) And though she, to herself, had to admit Alice's action had not seemed to classify her according to that definition in *Conscious Motherhood* as possessing that "spark of divine poetry and righteousness and reason," still she was not willing to take action against Alice. Maybe this situation was her own *special challenge* to fan that spark to acute consciousness in her eldest daughter? Somewhere in Alice's life there was a great lack, probably because she herself had been on the verge of a nervous breakdown while carrying Alice. (History had not yet unfolded to the era of frustrations.)

Papa had a different idea of Alice's conduct, saying:

"Alice is trailing all the clouds of glory any little girl could need. Let's just treat her from here on out as we would and should any normal child, which she is."



Paschal Coggins, Sr., Member of the California Legislature and City Editor of the *Sacramento Union*.

That Paschal did not follow his own good, sound judgment and suit the action to the word was most unfortunate as Alice, unfortunately, early established the habit of getting her own way. Why do so many American men, having acknowledged their wives as equal partners, go still further and leave the training of their children almost entirely to their wives?

Meanwhile, Carrie by no means considered Paschal as her spiritual adviser and believed that for the best interests of their children her training methods would bring better results. After such a disagreement as to what should be done about this particular wrong action by Alice, Mama regained her confidence in her own leadership by writing some fine quotation on the educating of men's souls:

> *The best minds that accept Christianity as a divinely inspired system believe that the great end of the Gospel is not merely the saving, but the educating of men's souls, the creating within them of holy dispositions, the subduing of egotistical pretensions, and the perpetual enhancing of the desire that the will of God—a will synonymous with goodness and truth—may be done on earth.*
>
> *George Eliot*

Sometimes it seemed to Carrie that her cup "ranneth over." "What have I ever done," she would query herself at times, "to deserve five such lovely children?" Albert, entering his teens, when disturbed would say to his mother:

"Please always smile, Mama, so that I can feel sure that 'God's in his heaven, all's well with the world.'"

Yet all unbeknownst to their mother, both Albert and Herbert obtained money in ways not recommended in Sunday School. Albert traded a stick of candy for many pennies out

of one of the little piggy banks belonging to Alice or Anna. Herbert's dishonesty was even more flagrant. He robbed his grandmother's purse.

"Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme but all in a degree."

It is highly probable that Alice at some time or other had run across to that corner lot where the men and boys played ball, for her young Sunday School teacher said Alice had reported: "Some boys in Philadelphia say 'Gee Whiz.'"

Mama was most lovable of all when playing with her little ones, ring-around-arosy on the front boardwalk, perhaps, on a warm, sunshiny day. Or on the white marble steps with Alice and Ann and several little neighbor girls, sipping tea out of doll cups and eating imaginary cookies also. Mama entered into their childish plays with genuine enthusiasm. Not so many mothers in those days sensed the importance of playing with their little ones. Few frisked around in circle games as did joyous Mama. History was still at that era when little Philadelphia girls, neatly starched in spick and span clean dresses, were condemned to sitting all afternoon on the front steps holding onto a doll. (Boys, somehow, managed to escape from this deadly quiescence.) Un-selfconscious Mama would sing out loud and clear the kindergarten songs, right out there on the front boardwalk, skipping with the little girls as like as not. Even when dressy ladies riding by lifted those hateful English lorgnettes to obtain a clearer view of such a woman, Mama refused to be embarrassed. Why these women in the passing parade didn't even know that their era would soon be part of the past! Carrie attended meetings with modern-minded women in Sand Lots Organizations. Women of all groups and economic status were using every possible means to force the city authorities to place a sandbox in every schoolyard. These women believed

in kindergartens and were pressing against strong opposition to have kindergartens made an integral part of the public school system, such an integration as had already been effected in St. Louis and Milwaukee. (Oddly enough, Philadelphia and Sacramento would include kindergartens in their public school systems nearly at the same time, that is about 1895.) Children in these early 90's, playing in the sandboxes on the lots and school grounds, were often supervised by young women trained in private kindergarten training schools. Naturally, some games were played, introduced by these kindergartners. Soon the word "playground" became known to educators. The first playgrounds were managed and conducted by various philanthropic organizations, often by a particular church. So in tracing the development from sandboxes to playgrounds, with kindergartners often in positions of leadership, we find an interrelationship. Then, as today, only the forward looking people strove for the all-round education of *little people.* In Philadelphia about in 1892, there would be two philanthropic summer playgrounds. By 1897, in Chicago, a summer playground was opened by the efforts of the Associated Charities.

Carrie had done some of the same experiments with Anna and later with Edith that she had used in testing Alice's infant intelligence. Again the colored balls had dangled, the candle flame had passed before baby's eyes on the twenty-third day, and later the baby had been allowed to view seven little cards known as "Baby's Delight." But all in all, there was less time now to devote to these experiments. Mama accepted Froebel's idea that play is the most spiritual part of a child's activity. That no impression stops with the body but all enter the soul. The heart-cult had taught Mama that man is the child of Nature, Humanity and God. Each time she guided her little ones, she tried to remember that

Froebel had called life, action and knowledge the three notes of life's harmonious chord. Had she really grasped Froebel's idea that mother instinct must be elevated into mother insight? When Alice attempted to draw something she saw, no matter how crude the result, her mother would remember that Froebel had said:

"Ah! This little child I see,
Would e'en now an artist be."

Of late, Mama had been studying a book known as "The Child's Charter", its title being "Emil" and its author, Jean Jacques Rousseau. She had heard a speaker state that Rousseau's doctrines, given to the world in the eighteenth century, had laid the foundation for the French Revolution and the revolutionizing educational teachings of Pestalozzi and Froebel. As she steeped her mind with some of these new phrases from her latest reading, she would endeavor to find practical applications in her daily guidance of her own precious children. Could she save them from "suffering under artificial outside influences"? She would constantly try to remember that "We begin to learn when we begin to live". And she would avoid "looking for the man in the child, without considering what he is before he becomes a man".

Putting into practice what she preached (papers to her ladies in the Sand Lots Organization), Mama had a sand box in her own backyard. Papa had a building material man bring several sacks of sand which he dumped into this box. Here little Ann played happily by the hour, sometimes even sampling small amounts of the delightful new play stuff. A larger girl named Elsie, who lived close by, would often be small nurse girl for Ann. Elsie brought her little red wagon and hauled Ann around the small backyard, dumping the little one out occasionally when pulling too quickly, as she

turned. The wagon bed being only about ten inches above the ground, the thrown charioteer laughed happily as she was rolled out on the soft ground of the backyard. Elsie's companionship fairly intoxicated little Ann, a condition which showed in her loud exclamations, "Her playin' with me", or "Her makin' me a birthday cake", or "Her makin' me happy". If Mandy, Grandma, or Mama had a few minutes to sit beside the sand box, then baby Edith would be allowed to enjoy the benefits of these outdoor sports; only it was always an older person who pulled Edith in Elsie's dear little red wagon. Alice was attending a private kindergarten and when Mama or Mandy fetched her home at noon, wonderful were the tales of Alice's dramatic exploits during the morning session. At the end of her narrative, Alice would look earnestly at her mother or Mandy (Grandma never took a child to or brought a child home from kindergarten because she disapproved of all such nonsense) and ask, "Now what do you think of that?"

In after years, some of her own children questioned if Mama's way had always been the wisest? Had her offspring really been prepared for the hazards of life by the best of all possible methods of training and education in general? Mothers today, as they graduate into the grandmother class, are heartbroken by revelations made to them by one or other of their adult offspring: "Mother, you know I had the most unhappy childhood." Quite the vogue, now, this recalling one's own unhappy, frustrated childhood. Poor parents! All "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" are neatly put in one package and blamed upon the ignorance of parents! As if their parents hadn't been ignorant before them! Even at seventy, one can ascertain from a psychiatrist that his mother never loved him, or maybe loved him too much, thus from the first months of his life laying the foundation for all his ensuing miseries.

Was Carrie Leonard Coggins a successful child gardener?

Since success, happiness and love may all be subjects for semantics, this question cannot be answered in a categorical manner. It is, however, very certain that Carrie was really a true seeker after light, trying to interpret in her life-actions whatever inspired her during those early formative years of her children's lives. And the Coggins children, on the whole, enjoyed a deep feeling of security derived mostly from Mama's joy-of-life attitude toward daily living.

Paschal was kind to his little ones and these three daughters certainly received the minimum in the way of any kind of punishment from him or anyone else. At times he was even a trifle boastful in speaking about his three charming little daughters. He liked to inform people that his girls had the same names as Longfellow's daughters, and would then quote:

"Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair."

The last line of the above being entirely applicable.

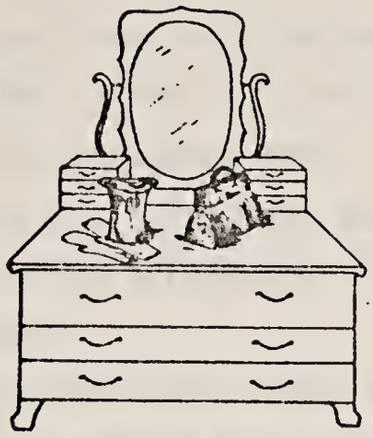
One lovely sunny afternoon in late autumn, Alice assisted Ann in making an escape with her through the back gate into the back alley which ran square after square, parallel to Broad Street in front. Alice was demure enough looking but in reality was venturesome to the nth degree. To keep up with "big sister" (Alice's own way of referring to herself), Ann had to skip along in the alley way. They found many worthwhile collectors' items, mostly, at first, those pretty, bright colored pictures which they tore off from vegetable and fruit tins in the ash cans. These were for kindergarten pasting, Alice's for the private kindergarten she attended, Ann's for the still more private kindergarten conducted by Mama. The two of them hastened on, examining ash cans for still further possessions which might suit their fancies. In their haste they crossed many, many

streets running at right angles to Broad Street. At last, either the lengthening shadows there in the boarded alleyway or some slight sense of guilt (not at all likely) made Alice decide that they must start back toward home. When they had about all the booty they could carry, Ann found a tiny little bright tin box with a lid fitting perfectly. It was not three inches long. Soon Ann picked up also a baby mouse and tried to fit it into her glittering box. But mousie proved to be an unwilling pet, preferring his own way of life, and was mean enough to bite the hand that would gladly have fed him. The mousie's bite brought blood to Ann's tiny palm. It was almost dark when the two little girls found the right backdoor gateway from the alley to their own backyard. If a kindly neighbor had not noticed their confused running back and forth along the alleyway, and shown them their very own gateway, they might not have been home until after dark.

When Grandma had cleansed and dressed with alcohol the "mousie bite," and put Ann to bed, she had a few words with her old-time friend and helper, Mandy:

"No matter how much my son and his wife may allow Alice to run hither and yon and do as she wishes, thee please never let little Anna out of thy sight, except when her own mother insists on taking her on one of her so-called 'Nature Study Strolls'."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN



THAT FOOL ALLOPATH

Whether as a result of too much journeying afar in the realm of garbage and ash cans, dead quadrupeds, live mice; or due to the milk which the family had delivered in a great gallon can by a Kensington milkman; or owing to the vile water Philadelphians were compelled to drink ((a favorite cartoon of those days was the ice-man carrying across his shoulders a block of ice from which grinned the Chesire cat frozen within the block of ice) ; whatever may have been the exact cause, little Ann became desperately ill with diphtheria. Grandma's room became the hospital room. Around the bed of the little sufferer,--she seemed to be burning with fever constantly,--hung sheets, almost dripping with moisture from a continual spraying with a hand syringe operated by either Grandma or Mama. Kind Cousin Margaret had come to preside over the housekeeping for the life of the rest of the family had to go on. The children liked their Cousin's cooking, except for an over-emphasis on Brown Betty.

Across the doorway, to keep out any of the children,

who might carelessly attempt entering the room, were piled chairs on their sides. As Grandma and Mama came and went each time, this pile must be pushed aside then replaced to its position of guarding the door.

As in that earlier case of diphtheria when Mary's only daughter died, Dr. Mabel Jones was called upon for her helpful advice. She wisely insisted some consulting physicians be called upon to take over the main control of this desperate case of diphtheria, in which the life of the little one was hanging by a thread.

Among several men physicians who came to consult about the case was one tall, bearded man with serious mien. He reminded Mama of that physician in the newly famous picture called "The Doctor", by Sir Luke Fildes of London. (Why see such a resemblance when Ann's life hung in balance?) At the request of both Mama and Grandma, Dr. Mabel Jones continued to drop in every few days. It was she who saved the little invalid from almost certain strangulation. When Dr. Jones discovered a thick grey coating of mucous choking up the child's throat so that she could scarcely breathe, she put her hand far down into Ann's throat and pulled out the horrible thick diphtheria membrane with a sudden loosening wrench. When Grandma could hear the child's soft breathing again, she went for her checkbook and wrote out a ten dollar check to Dr. Jones. (Mama would have loved to write another ten dollar check for Dr. Jones but she couldn't as she had no money in the bank.)

Dr. Jones demurred about accepting the ten dollars, saying: "Why pulling out the membrane is just part of the of the service I gave for my one dollar visit."

"Take it then to make up for all thy one dollar visits to poor patients who never pay thee a red cent," said Mary, opening Dr. Mabel's purse and shoving the check inside.

Down in the backyard a special anthracite stove just

Like to ~~?~~ she has a ~~to~~ bent toward Nat. History

When old enough to go to Sunday ~~School~~ she showed this quite surprisingly & amusingly. I sat near while the very young teacher (Miss Johnson) was explaining to the infants about the watchful eye of God.

Anna "Who is it" she asked, looking at them each in turn, "that has eyes always even night-as well as day? "Owls" very promptly came the answer from our ~~little~~ baby Naturalist.

Mama's handwriting about Anna and her cute saying about owls.

bought from a junk man, had been set up and over this, hour after hour, toiled poor old Mandy, boiling sheets from the sick room. The whole yard stank from formaldehyde. The rinsing was also a hard, wearisome job. This was accomplished in a wooden tub under the outside hydrant. There continued always to be a full line of newly washed sheets. This process had to be repeated as long as daylight lasted. In the back porch or shed, stood Mrs. Schuman constantly ironing sheets and more sheets. The kitchen anthracite had to be kept vigorously burning to keep up the continuous boiling of the red peppers in a great pot of water, as well as to keep the six sad irons hot enough to dry the sheets to put on the little one's bed every few hours at the changing hour. Every now and then, Mama or Grandma would appear and carry upstairs another pair of sheets, leaving the others to be boiled, rinsed and ironed. Every now and then, Papa (who had no heart to go downtown to his office) brought up to the sickroom a heavy bucket of strained red pepper water, in which the little one had to be bathed to try to reduce her fever heat. From her constant moaning, one might think she felt on fire inside.

When not running errands for those caring for the patient, Papa took complete charge of little Edith, curly-haired beautiful little Edith. The main amusement he knew how to proffer the little one was the constant singing of those only three hymns he could sing well (Mama said). But Mrs. Schuman, hired for the unheard of price of one dollar per day, was greatly irritated by hearing his strains of "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," or "We Are Sailing O'er an Ocean," and could not always keep her annoyance completely bottled up. "If he'd only stop part of the time he's caring for his child," she would remark to Mandy when they occasionally met as their paths crossed in kitchen or backyard. For she had imbibed real opera with her turnips and Swartzbrot in the

old homeland. Paschal's unmusical tones penetrated her consciousness, preventing her from humming to herself as she worked. Usually when he began on "Nearer My God to Thee" (his third tune he could really carry according to Mama), Mrs. Schuman, thoroughly exasperated, would pour herself a cup of coffee and sit down, saying to Mandy:

"Couldn't he be quiet just long enough so a body could draw a restful breath?"

But Mandy, of course, always came to the defense of her darling:

"He has to sing them three songs over and over. The blessed Paschal lamb."

This one distinguished looking physician (his beard an elongated goatee) kept coming every morning. In their great anxiety, no one had inquired whether or not he was a good Homeopath. He had ordered that all milk and water be boiled and then set out to cool. So each night, after little Edith was asleep, and Mrs. Schuman had gone home with her dollar, Papa had to continue to fire up the anthracite and boil the milk and water for the consumption of his family. Later, he would set great kettles out on a shelf in the shed so the liquids could cool. Herbert, self-appointed connoisseur, tasted the liquids when they were luke-warm and declared he found them insipid, almost nauseating. The next morning, he tasted the liquids which had stood all night in uncovered kettles, and declared they now tasted pleasant again, because the germs had come back into them during the night.

But even with this exhausting schedule, little Anna was wasting away, torridly feverish to the touch, ever burning inwardly. The distinguished, goateed physician right out of Sir Luke Fildes painting of "The Doctor" seemed to have given up all hope of Ann's recovery, after about three visits.

One morning Herr Doctor brought some cute little contraptions, each wrapped in transparent tissue paper. These, he explained, would be used for the antitoxin treatment of all the members of the family and everyone working in the Coggins home. However, although Mary counted them three times, there was one short.

"If he thinks we ignore Mandy because she never fights for her own rights, he's very much mistaken," thought Mary, who, somehow, could not quite trust this silent man. (But then, Mary was not given to trusting men very much anyway.) Now the doctor was unwrapping one of the little sets, for it seemed they had parts which had to be put together. He said:

"We'll do the adults on the muscle of the right arm, the children on the right thigh." Looking directly at Mary, whom he unerringly detected as the one of the two women who would be most useful for this task, he said:

"You wash off the spot with this alcohol," and handed her a bottle and a piece of cotton, then continued:

"You first, please, Mrs. Coggins," in a not unfriendly tone but still with sufficient positiveness so that Mama could scarcely decline his invitation. She rolled up her sleeve obligingly. However, she had some moments of rather unpleasant anticipation while the doctor slowly made ready the little syringe, as he called each little contraption.

He explained while he screwed the shining steel needle (hollow through the center) into the barrel, (entirely glass and only about three inches long), that this treatment was new, from the Berlin School of Bacteriology, the discovery of a Dr. Behring. He called it "the antitoxin treatment." Now he placed the little solid glass piston inside the barrel. This piston had a tiny handle by which he could work it. With a snap of his right thumb, he broke the top off a small glass bottle marked "ampoule", which contained a colorless liquid, the antitoxin.

Fascinated, Mary's eyes were following his every action although she did have time to reflect to herself: "I wonder what sick cow they took that serum from?" (She should have guessed horse.) Now the physician was making the little glass syringe drink up the antitoxin fluid, very carefully eyeing some measuring mark on the tiny barrel. Mary leaned over and saw that he regulated the antitoxin so that it did not rise above this mark. But even then he had not completed his minute preparations for his first injection of the antitoxin. Mama, personally horrified that this antitoxin would soon enter her by way of its tiny steel needle, was destined for a few more moments of unpleasant anticipation. Mary, much more objective in observing the doctor's actions, now saw him hold his glass apparatus up to the sunny window, apparently searching for something therein.

"What is thee looking for?" Mary was surprised to hear her own voice asking.

"Air bubbles. I must remove the last tiny bubble of air. Air injected into the blood stream is fatal." And he persisted with scrupulous care in pressing out the least tiny vestige of a bubble. Mary could not help admire his thoroughness, and seemed to reflect to herself: "It does appear as if the man knows exactly what he is trying to do."

Leaning close over the doctor's shoulder again to see the little barrel equipment more closely, Mary remarked: "But now since thee squeezed out those bubbles, the fluid is no longer at its marking." "Lean over a little closer," the doctor (a teacher at heart) said, "and you will see another marker slightly lower down on the barrel. That is the correct measurement when we are ready for action." And act he did so swiftly that Mama was jabbed before she knew what he was about.

Other victims followed a little more rapidly but still the doctor was meticulous in his exact preparation for each

injection. Seeing that baby Edith was about to cry, Papa began on "Nearer My God to Thee," but had only completed "nearer to thee," when the sudden, startled expression on the physician's face caused him to desist, his song unsung.

Alice was the last to receive the antitoxin. Having been thoroughly indoctrinated with the idea of keeping her body from exposure, especially in the presence of a "strange man," (a phrase in Grandma's vocabulary which always implied the worst), Alice was reluctant to uncover or have uncovered her right thigh. But she kindly condescended when Albert brought her a twisted red peppermint stick he happened to have available. As Cousin Margaret was out shopping and the doctor said that Mandy was in no condition for the needle, he left his bottle of alcohol and the two unopened sets on the little night table by Ann's small bed, when he went in to have a final look at her. Taking his tall hat from the bureau where he had deposited it, he turned to Mama and Mary who had followed into the sickroom, giving his final orders:

"Don't let your old servant work at all tomorrow morning. Keep her out of the way somewhere resting. Be sure your assisting relative is at home at ten tomorrow when I shall call."

"But doctor," inquired Mama, in a state of confusion from the jabbing of the many steel needles into everybody in such a wholesale method, "what about our poor little sick daughter? When do you give her the antitoxin treatment?" (Papa was with the other three adults now in the hall.) Very kindly, as though answering a not-too bright child, the physician, still right out of Sir Luke Fildes' painting but wearing his high silk hat now, replied:

"Antitoxin treatment is given only for immunization." Departing he left Mary, Mama, and even bright Papa as dazzled by his words as they had been by their sudden exposure to his gleaming needles.

Mary always relieved Mama at the midnight crowing, so invariably heard from nearby Nicetown and the outlying farm areas. As Mary took the tiny, wasted wrist in her firm grasp, she was alarmed because she believed the little life was ebbing away. She longed for the presence of Dr. Mabel Jones. Might not look so learned but full of horse sense. Just such a night it had been ten years ago. The doctors then had not told her death was hovering. They had said that when the sweat came her daughter would recover. But just as now, maybe a little nearer dawning, life had ebbed away; her darling only a dead body. Again the hot tears on her cheeks. Waiting, bewildered, she had fondled Ann's hair until someone had taken her away from her poor cold child. (That someone had been Margaret.)

Raising her head with that motion of determination so characteristic of her life of activity, she picked up one of the little packages the doctor had left on the night stand.

"Why not? Something must be attempted. Revelation is continuous and immediate. The Divine Being speaks directly to the heart of each human being. And it was William Penn who said: 'That which the people have been vainly seeking Without with much pain and cost, they, by this Ministry, have found Within.'"

Mary was never given to long reveries. Rising, she turned on the powerful wellsbach and lit it, shielding the face of the sick child by throwing a towel across the back of a chair. Taking the alcohol and a small piece of the *sterilized cotton*, she prepared a spot of skin on the little one's thigh. Opening one package, she screwed the needle into the barrel's mouth. Fitting the tiny glass piston into the cylindrical hollow of the barrel, she laid the syringe aside and broke off the narrow glass top of the ampoule. "Now, little needle, thee drink." Soon, with an exquisite degree of care, as the physician had done, she had eliminated

each tiny air bubble. This finally achieved, Mary squeezed out a few drops more of the antitoxin until the liquid stood at the second marker the physician had shown her. Setting her lips firmly, as she did so frequently in her life of decisions and extreme exertion, Mary pressed the needle in, in, gently but firmly until it could go no further; then she slowly released all the antitoxin into the body of the seemingly inert child, holding the little syringe there a moment longer than might have been necessary just as the physician had done with each of the family. With a deep sigh of relief because one more duty had been done, Mary replaced all the paraphernalia on the little table, and drew the sheet back over the child, not able even to be restless during this proceeding. In half an hour it would be time for another red pepper water bath and a change of sheets, but Mary determined she would omit both and let the antitoxin have a chance to do its work.

For a while Mary sat dozing and waking, recalling the many other times in her life when she had been forced into making decisions. Could she have foreseen the consequences wouldn't some of those decisions have been different? Again she was in the Arch Street Meeting, dressed in her best grey cloak and bonnet, buoyant with the joyousness of youth. But it was *old Mary Williamson Coggins* who at last stood up to bear witness to the truth: "The way has been hard. Sometimes what I considered the true Light proved false. I have kept a tenderness....." Mary had stopped. She had heard a voice out under the trees calling to her: "Stern daughter of the voice of God." It was young Mary who hurried outside, wondering who had need of her services, dreading the reproof her father would surely give her later for leaving in such a disorderly manner. Suddenly she awoke, fully conscious that the little one might need her. When she felt Ann's pulse, she was aware of a slight tremor. As her grey

head bent over the bony little chest, she believed she discerned a quickened heartbeat.

"Before I am interrupted, I shall have to do it all over again." And she did, with the same scrupulous carefulness. Again she turned off the bright wellsbach gas, gently recovered the little invalid, and again Mary dozed but this time quite restfully, as one whose duty has been well done. Mary's was a healthy snore, that rose and fell from a low, muffled little sound rising gradually to one great sawing crescendo--the rhythm and sound being not unlike that made when a neighbor cuts his grass, starting in the distance as a low sound, then louder as it approaches until it climaxes in a great sawing crescendo, subsiding again as it recedes. Surely the Lord was giving his *anointed* rest.

When Mama woke Mary because she was excited, believing that little Ann was better, the sun was pouring into the bedroom. Mama had already sprayed the curtain of hanging sheets, till they almost dripped with cool water. Mandy was hard at work starting up the anthracite in the backyard. No one would remember this day to tell her not to work hard. Mrs. Schuman was started on another ten hour day to earn her precious dollar. (Few women could earn a whole dollar by a day's work.) Mary was relieved to see the little table empty. Somehow, she had put away the telltale evidence of her secret bout with Death during the night. As her eyes rested on the child, she exclaimed: "She's better, much better! Can't thee see she is trying to move her body? I'll turn her. Why, she's sweating profusely. I never saw a child sweat so heavily as she is doing."

"That's why I woke you," said Mama. "I am not sure if it's good or bad, but I think that I've heard it's very good in diphtheria."

Mary, who had been listening again for the heartbeat, sat down on a nearby chair, suddenly feeling exhausted.

Quickly she gathered her thoughts together:

"Will thee bring me a tablet and pencil, daughter?" The word had slipped out unconsciously but it filled Mama's heart with a rare comfort. Mary began jotting down what must be done, giving Mama a rapid-fire outline as she proceeded. "First, Paschal will have to fire that fool Allopath who gave all his attention to everyone but his patient, 'Antitoxin treatment only for immunization,' she concluded, with something very like a sneer. "Mabel Jones is worth more than a whole staff of men physicians! Paschal must pay him off entirely and tell him not to come to this house any more. We can't be bothered with him. I'll write a note to Mabel Jones and send it to the office girl at the hospital by Albert. We'll tell her to come stay here with us for two or three days and bring a good nurse along with her so all of us can get our much needed rest. We shall want Herbert too for running nearby errands to the drug store and other places. Will thee please get both boys up and breakfasted so we can begin on our care of little Ann right away?"

As Carrie departed to accomplish her part of the tasks as outlined, Mary sat, partially relaxed, in the old Boston rocker they had been keeping near the invalid's bed. As so often in the past, she decided to keep her own counsel, as she usually did. It was enough. The little girl was sweating profusely, trying to move her arms, though ever so little. Mary felt convinced she would recover. For one long moment, alone in the quiet sickroom, Mary bowed her head and acknowledged the *God Within*.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Irene Leonard

SPRING SUNSHINE

All that little Ann could remember afterward (for within a few months she was definitely convalescing) was a sense of great thirst and terrible heat and these she could not have described in words. Indeed, the little one had to begin walking, talking, and smiling all over again. It was so evident for a while there that baby Edith, about eighteen months younger, was now more advanced than Ann. The boys were extra kind to Ann in many different ways, such as helping her when she wanted to try to walk and sitting by her bedside and trying to amuse her with stories of animals and birds. Perhaps she demanded more help from them than was necessary? Perhaps each had more to atone for than he would have cared to admit?

To her youngest sister, Irene, now about twenty years old, but still in Carrie's fond memory the little girl above who had sobbed at her wedding, Carrie addressed (that April) the following letter:

My dear little Sister:

Although I have many more letters from you than I deserve, and more than I shall be able to answer, yet, I think one long letter from you must have been lost. You wrote in one letter that the family was still talking about moving to the ranch. In the next letter I received, you are all living out at the ranch. I was very surprised but of course it must be for the best. I should think it might suit Mother better in some ways. Hope it won't be too lonely for her.

Our little Ann was a very sick child. Diphtheria! My, but we had a time of it! She had to be nursed constantly. We had wonderful help from an old nurse, Mandy, whom Grandma has had with us now since Ann was born; our German washer woman, Mrs. Schuman, came every day to keep up with the need of changed sheets, etc. You might have thought with this help that I had leisure, but I had none. I can only repeat we have been through a terrible ordeal, thinking for days on end that our second little daughter might leave us any time.

It is half past nine and I ought to be in bed, for I have lost so much sleep and am not very strong, so excuse poor writing. Edith walks everywhere now and is more precocious for her age than any of the other children. Her hair is curly, making her look a little as Herbert did.

Farewell again, Pet

P. S. It was most ungrateful of me not to mention the constant assistance my good mother-in-law gave, day and night.

Yes, spring, long-awaited, much loved, beautiful spring had returned--a spring as exquisite as it can only be where the change of seasons is decisive. All the Coggins family seemed revivified, joyous with careless abandon once more. Of course Mama had to express this in one of her notebooks:

The meaning of life comes to us mostly in great revealing flashes and intense emotions, as one of our philosophers

Grandma holding Anna after her illness. The central group was photographed by Albert in the backyard of the Broad Street home in the spring of 1891.

has written. This family has come through a terrible ordeal and now is more solidly united in spirit than ever before. As the invisible but none the less crushing pall of misery has been dispelled, we now can take up our daily occupations with gratitude to Divine Guidance. Henceforth, we shall be living in a more rarified atmosphere and on a higher spiritual plane.

Very gradually Ann's strength came back. One bright, sunny spring morning, Grandma gathered her up in her arms and carried her out to the glaring sunlight of the backyard. On the high board fence (behind which was the alley) Grandma had tacked up her precious paisley for a background. Albert set up his tripod, put the plate in his camera and put his head under the dark cover he kept over his camera to avoid too much light exposure. Then he said to Grandma, and Ann whom she was holding, "Look right at this little black spot for the birdie and don't move." As soon as he had his group exactly as he wished it to be, Albert squeezed the rubber bulb at the end of the rubber tube and the picture had been taken.

This picture turned out to be so good that Grandma was pleased and gave Albert an order for one dozen mounted, for which she promised him the princely sum of five dollars! He was very happy to realize that at last his hobby would earn him some much needed money. Even more happy than about the money, Albert was sincerely glad that Grandma seemed to be interested again in his photography. (She had been annoyed at him a while back because he had passed around among some of her lady friends a photo of her in a rocking chair at the very entrance to a saloon! This was just an old gag most all the fellows tried out on their grandmothers.)

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."
Whittier

THE LAYING ON OF HANDS

Out of a clear sky, one lovely June morning, Brother Ames told his congregation that they would have to seek a new pastor because he was going to Boston as successor to James Freeman Clark in the ancient Unitarian Church of The Disciples. The very thought of being without their beloved leader was a severe blow to all members of his congregation, particularly to Mary, Mama, and Paschal, each of whom had somehow assumed that Brother Charles would stand by to the end. Even as long as thirty years ago, the Rev. James Freeman Clark had told Charles Gordon Ames that he expected him to be his successor. Now death had created this vacancy. The congregation of The Church of The Disciples had sent for the man of their pastor's choice. With characteristic modesty, Charles had suggested that they look elsewhere, reminding them that he was neither a Harvard man nor an orator and that he doubted if he could properly fill the proffered position. But the call had come again, loud, clear, imperative. Charles Gordon Ames was the unanimous choice of the

congregation. *Boston was calling!*

Besides many other hastily arranged farewell social gatherings, one was given by the trustees of the Spring Garden Church on Girard Avenue. This was strictly a stag affair. And though the trustees gathered sadly for a jolly evening, it was soon sensed that a definite purpose was in the mind of Brother Charles. After the tasty and abundant dinner of roast duck, cider, plum pudding, etc., the trustees were reminded in stirring tones--not to be lightly disregarded--of their deep obligation to their church; told that on their shoulders rested the *responsibility* of keeping their church going. Then Charles resorted to a procedure which showed that deep inside this *convinced Unitarian still lived the feelings of the youthful Baptist.* Charles went through "the laying on of hands" ceremony, at the close of which there was not a single dry male eye. The ritual had been effective. *Every trustee felt pledged for life to carry on.* In lighter vein, Charles told again the humorous tale of Roger Williams in the wilderness later to be called "Rhode Island," having three of his followers "lay hands" on him as a sign of ordination. Following this ceremony, Roger Williams had turned around and "laid hands" on them, thus making them all "secure in the Lord."

The little foundling baby--adopted from a Boston orphanage--had grown into a man imbued with idealism. Now, a man of sixty, he was being called back to the city of his birth to as honorable a position as that city could offer. And afterward, for many, many more useful years, this *man of faith* would give of himself spiritually to sick souls. (For are there not some sick souls in every congregation?) "And fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death."

Mary knew well that she would miss Charles, his good common sense sermons that almost convinced her of a better world; knew she would miss his warm handclasp, his sincere,

earnest inquiry about her health that somehow always indicated that he really meant her heart and soul. *Besides, his leaving marked the passing of still another old-time link with hers and Paschal's happier life together, for Charles had been a trusted friend to both of them in the dear Sacramento days!*

Mary had long been used to continue her loving thoughts of her mother and grandmother by seeing a large charcoal likeness of them both hanging on the wall of her bedroom. Often, before turning off her wellsbach, Mary looked upon these two with infinite love in her sad heart. She had been thinking of late of framing a photograph of her once beloved husband, Paschal Sr. and having it also where she could remember him fondly. Now, with the knowledge that Charles Gordon Ames was passing out of her life, she decided to have identical frames for the photographs of Charles and Paschal. So it happened a few weeks later when her son came to her room for a few minutes chat, he smiled in surprise at seeing two neat, identical grey frames hanging side by side, enclosing these two photographs. Mary noticed his interest and said simply: "I like to think how happy your father and I were in those days when Charles was in California." But when any of the children inquired of Grandma, trying to find out about the other bearded man beside Brother Charles, she would invariably reply: "Those are the pioneers."

Carrie, of course, had to put it all down in handwriting. Sitting at her cherrywood ladies desk which Paschal had given her on her last birthday, she wrote:

I was at first stunned, stricken, heart-sick when I learned that our teacher, leader and very dear friend Brother Charles would not be among us any longer. But he has promised that he and Fannie will travel this way whenever it is possible. He will even preach for us some Sunday evenings, occasionally. I decided that I would be a selfish and

entirely ungrateful woman if I could not spare his healing presence to others who now need his "balm in Gilead" spiritual aid; really need Brother Charles' help much more than I. Hasn't he done enough for me in saving my sanity twice? From Emerson: "We cannot part with our friends. We are idolators of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its eternity and omnipresence. The voice of the Almighty saith up and onward evermore."

Hadn't Mama written herself down correctly? She realized while contemplating her loss how much greater now than formerly was her own capacity for independent thinking and acting. What deeper and fonder tribute could she offer to Charles and Fannie Ames than to follow in their footsteps in helping others? She had already, at times, felt conscious of spiritually sustaining, now this friend and that. Who can give inspiration until she has first attained it? Mama now knew herself to be blessed, whole, complete; an adequate wife; the happy and fulfilled mother of children.

There were, of course, a round of social activities to honor the departing pastor and his wife. Among those giving such little informal farewell parties, was Mrs. Susan Inches Lesley, whose life we have mentioned in some detail in an earlier chapter. This was her June invitation:

1008 Clinton St., Phila.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Coggins:

We want to have a Tea Party of our Trustees and their wives in honor of our dear pastor and his dear wife, on Thursday evening at 6:30. We hope nothing will prevent your coming. Tea will not be served till 7 o'clock, so if you find it not easy to get here earlier, you will still be on time.

Your sincere friend

Susan I. Lesley

Through all these festivities for the Ames couple, Paschal kept a stiff upper lip, so to speak. Neither Mary nor

Carrie sensed completely how deeply *he* would feel this loss. It was probably better for Paschal at this time that *he was forced now to develop his own inner security.* May it not be possible that Paschal had gained from his friendship with Brother Ames an increased understanding and appreciation of Life's real values? It is scarcely too great a tribute to pay much loved Charles Gordon Ames to state that, but for the teachings of this discerning student of human nature, it is probable that Paschal could never have learned to write so sympathetically about poor struggling humanity.

By October of that year, Charles G. Ames was engrossed with his new responsibilities as pastor of The Church of The Disciples in Boston. Paschal must have written to him in regard to the printing of some of his sermons. Charles did not share Paschal's enthusiasm for getting into print. He wrote in answer to Paschal:

Boston, Mass.

Dear Friend:

I wish you could all forget those five Sermons as I have practically been obliged to do. I had no working hours on my vacation. I am not at all forcible now. The exactions of each week pile up and I am always tired though I don't want anyone to know it. I have occupied as much time as I dared on your book of Sunday Services--a work begun a full year ago without yet being able to supply the copy complete, but I trust it will soon be ready for printing. But I am not satisfied with anything yet done, least of all with the sermon notes which always make me crawl.

Knowing pretty well my own limitations, and the perpetually increasing demands, I dare not hope to do what you may reasonably ask. The Fair pulls at my heart; though other matters take my hands.....Hoping you will look kindly on me in a few days, Yours and yourses, C. G. Ames

Although those selfish, bean-eating Bostonians, calling their city "The Hub of the Universe" (when everybody knows their twisted, curving streets are just well-trod cowpaths), had successfully lured Brother Charles Ames away from Philadelphia Unitarians, yet, a certain monument would forever stand as a perpetual reminder of that loving fellowship between him and the members of the Spring Garden Unitarian Society. Written for the first time on the petition for the new church and dated June 18, 1881, it is now known around the world by all Unitarians:

"In the freedom of truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man."

CHAPTER FORTY

700 Arch St. 5/8/91

Dear Nephew

E. C. Downing has always exacted from me the State tax $6. but as she said nothing about it in her note it was not thought of when speaking to you. I am sorry for the trouble caused you by my neglect.

Resp'ly

P. Williamson

GERMANTOWN

Just before the Coggins family moved away from the brick house on North Broad Street which had been their home for five or six years, Albert received a postcard sent by his great uncle Passmore Williamson; above is a photostatic copy. What the message said was of trifling significance to Carrie but the kindly interest expressed in something concerning Albert soothed Carrie's heart. With tears in her eyes, she read Passmore's postal, making up her mind then and there that she would pay a friendly visit to Passmore and his wife when an opportunity presented itself. She, by some means or other, would let them know that she was willing and able to break through the loathsome moldiness of that terrible Philadelphia habit of estrangement. Evidently Albert, always a hero worshipper, had learned of Passmore's historic role as an active member of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society in early days before the Civil War. Seeking his advice about a matter important to himself, *Albert had already broken through the estrangement.*

Another message which came to the Coggins' home before the family moved to Germantown was from Boston.

My dear Paschal:

Mrs. Ames expects the company of Mrs. Paxton, Mrs. Barker, and Miss Pike during the Anniversary Meetings of the Unitarian Association. Both Mrs. Ames and I are delighted to find that there will be plenty of room for both of you as well. By having five guests it will be more fun. So say you'll come.

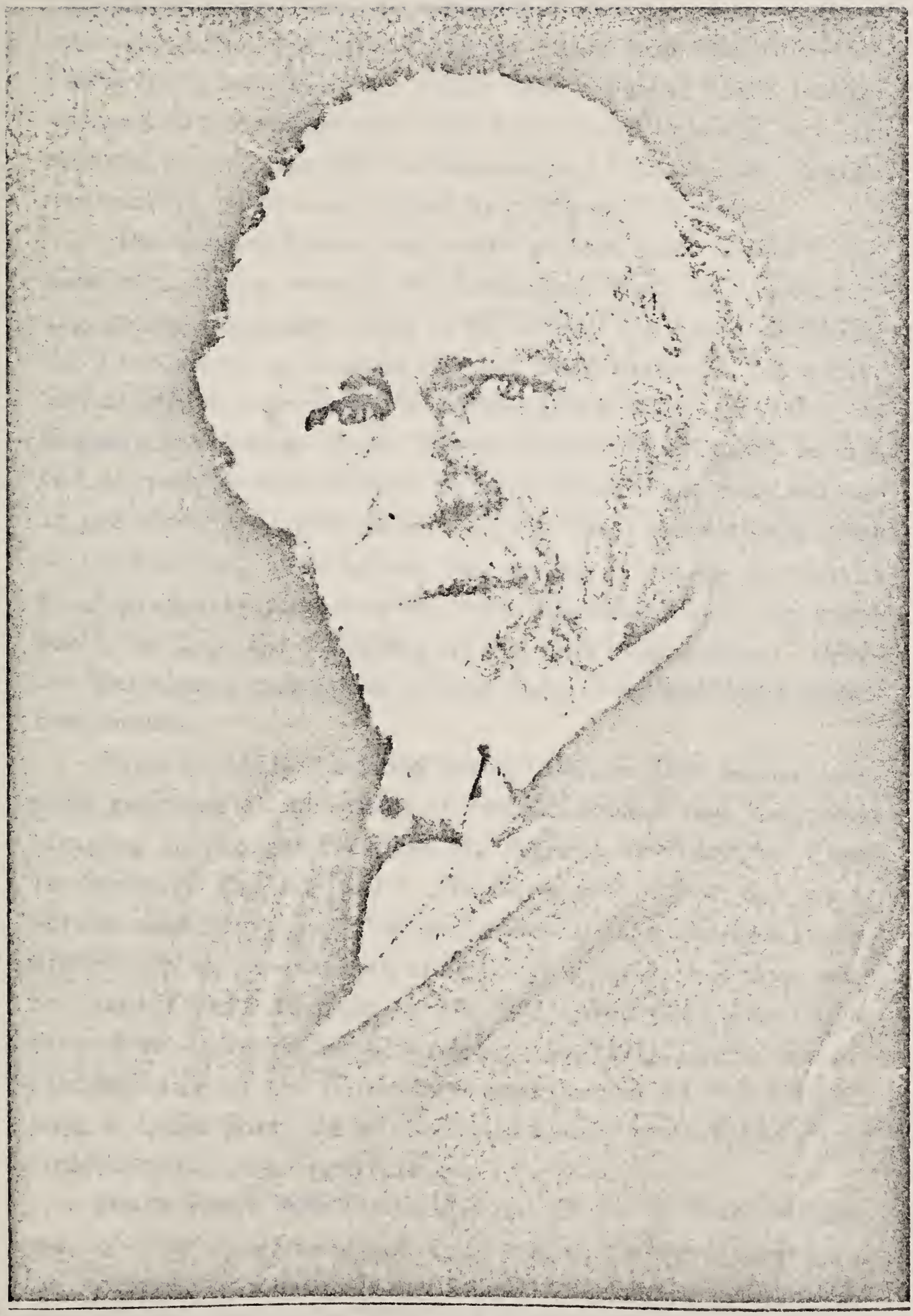
With cordial greetings to all,

Yours as ever,

Charles G. Ames

During this same eventful year, Mary Williamson Coggins had bought a three-story, fourteen-room house on McKean Avenue in Germantown. (Ever since 1854, Germantown had been an integral part of Philadelphia.) Mary had long remembered this particularly charming part of Germantown. For once, she and her young husband, Paschal, had ridden on horseback over the beautiful Clapier Estate, at that very time 1851, when it was being renovated by its new owner, Henry Pratt McKean. The old Clapier mansion was being torn down to make room for the new, modern McKean residence to be built on its very site on the rounded hilltop of the property. But the huge stone barn, several hundred yards below the residence site, toward the direction of Wissahickon Avenue, had been left standing. And now one still found that old stone barn defying time, its jaunty Indiaman weather-vane still atop.

Louis Clapier, born in Marseilles in 1764, had lived in San Domingo until the native insurrection against the rich Frenchmen in 1793 had forced him with many others to flee to the mainland of North America. Mr. Clapier had become a



Chas Gordon Ames

Philadelphia merchant, so successful that he soon owned and operated seven Indiamen carrying trade back and forth between India and America. (This rich oriental trade had developed after commercial ties with Great Britain had been severed at the time of the Revolution.) Later, Mr. Clapier had amassed still more riches by trading with Mexico.

The Clapier Estate had comprised one hundred and forty-nine acres lying west of the Germantown Road, mainly on rising ground beginning north of Nicetown, not far from Rising Sun Lane where it crossed Hunting Park Avenue. The estate had originally extended from the Plank Road (Pulaski) to Wissahickon Avenue (Lamb Tavern Road) and probably across the present Manheim Street to include some of the land now in the Manheim Cricket Club. As was the case with the rest of Germantown, this estate was on one of those low hills which gradually ascend to Mt. Airy, Chestnut Hill, and eventually on into the watershed of the Perkiomen Region. Draymen had always complained of the long, hard pull up Germantown Avenue.

Even in 1851, kind old Louis Clapier (for he had been most generous to the poor of Philadelphia) had long been sleeping in the graveyard of St. Peter's at Third and Pine, in downtown Philadelphia. In Germantown just one short street named for him, Clapier, was all that definitely reminded coming generations that Louis Clapier had done much to beautify his acreage for he had loved this particular part of his adopted land, America. By 1891, in the new office building of the Union Insurance Company of Philadelphia hung a large portrait of Louis Clapier, one of the first presidents of that organization.

Henry Pratt McKean was the son of Sarah Pratt McKean, and, of course, grandson of her father, the very successful Philadelphia merchant, Henry Pratt. His other grandfather was the illustrious (both loved and hated) Thomas McKean,

Signer; Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania; Governor of that state. Henry Pratt McKean had naturally married into a family of distinguished ancestry. His wife had been Phebe Elizabeth Warren, "the Miss Warren."

Maps of the 1850's showed this estate as "Fern Hill."

Aristocrats, who had seen for themselves, said an enchanting vista across the surrounding country-side yielded also glimpses of the great city itself (with some of its buildings six stories high) to those privileged to stand in the ornate cupola atop the mansion of the McKean family. And far over, beyond the great mile-wide Delaware, lay the beige ploughed fields and pastel meadows, light patches checkered with the dark forests of New Jersey. On still another side stretched the turbulent Schuylkill, beyond which lay the Kingsessing township, later to be called "West Philadelphia." Down from in back of the substantial square house sloped grassy land toward the industrial section known as "Manyunk," where great forges furnished billowing clouds of dark smoke by day and flaming fires of hell by night.

A visiting Englishman wrote down his description of the Tudor Gothic brown stone villa with its surrounding gardens:

"An elegant place approached by a long avenue of large trees, pines, elms, and maples." (This drive later became McKean Avenue.) "There are broad velvet green lawns, beds of many colored geraniums, and roses of every variety, bordered by English-like hedges--and flashing fountains. One of the superb places of that country; an almost perfect summer residence!"

But by the time the railroads connected Germantown with Philadelphia (both Reading and Pennsylvania systems), the McKean residence had become an all-year-round home. For now business executives could be driven to the station and ride to town by train, thus saving their beautiful horses from too much fatigue. *Rich Germantounians loved their horses!*

It was said that the furnishings inside this McKean residence were magnificent beyond the imagination of ordinary people. There were innumerable paintings by the "Old Masters;" a regal parlor furnished from a French king's royal palace; rugs and tapestries of the most beautiful oriental designs; linens exquisite and in sufficient quantities to supply many oncoming generations of McKeans; the china and silverware and gold plate were elegant enough to serve visiting princes. Nothing that good taste and unlimited money could provide was wanting in this imperial residence.

But by the time of the so-called "Gay Nineties", when the rather plebian Coggins family settled comfortably in the twin house Grandmother Coggins had so kindly provided for her numerous descendants, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pratt McKean had "laid them down in their last sleep." Other generations of McKeans had flourished, and were now all departed but old Mrs. McKean always dressed in black as she was seen driving along the Avenue. She alone now maintained the dignity and glory that had been the McKean dynasty. Varying according to the season, she was driven in a closed or open carriage, always attended by a coachman and one or two footmen, standing protectingly on the lowered step in back, or one on each side step of the open carriage. Because these men in service wore fashionable livery costumes, the whole affair suggested a fairy story to the Coggins children playing out in the Avenue. Still, one or another would have a good word for Mrs. McKean: "At least she is kind. Her horses' tails are not cut." Some of the more calloused of the people who lived along the Avenue, called her "The Widow of Winsor."

Mrs. Thomas McKean (she had been a Wharton but how were the ignorant Coggins children to realize the significance of being a Wharton?) was not the only person who rode up and down McKean Avenue in liveried style, so to speak.

Along this McKean Avenue, which had once been the long entrance drive to the McKean Estate, now stood substantial houses, many of them beautiful in their own right, with cultivated lawns and colorful flower beds. Owners of these, who were as economically substantial as their homes seemed to indicate, would be driven to Queen Lane Station or Wayne Junction by coachmen in order to catch various trains which would reach the Philadelphia business center in due time. They were prominent merchants, members of the Exchange, but one was just a professor at the University of Pennsylvania. When only the business man was being driven in his carriage, footmen never attended. These signs of grandeur would invariably be in evidence when "my lady" took her afternoon drive along the beautiful Wissahickon.

Although the Coggins' home, joined on the left side to its twin, towered three stories high, nevertheless, it was neither pretentious nor beautiful. The plat of lawn in front of each of these twin houses required no landscaping. The men who owned these homes had to walk to their means of transportation to downtown Philadelphia. Any such unfortunate people usually walked to Wayne Avenue to take the horse-car to town, as the walk to either train station was considerably longer.

Other large estates besides the Clapier Estate had been subdivided many years ago. John Coulter had once owned at least a hundred acres. He, as with Clapier, was only to be known to oncoming generations by Coulter Avenue. And who knew what had become of the lands once owned by Melchior Meng, by Kin the Wild Man, by farmer Kurz? Yet everywhere in Germantown stood magnificant magnolias which these men had set out to beautify their much loved German Town, or, as the classically educated Pastorius called it, *Germanopolis*.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

THAT ABOMINABLE OLD PUCK

Early in November of 1891, Paschal and Carrie took a trip by train and boat to visit in Boston as guests of their dear friends, Charles and Fannie Ames. As so often is the case, intolerance was dispelled by genuine knowledge. The Coggins pair (each of whom had been prejudiced against Boston) now learned, under the tutelage of their friends, to look with less jaundiced eyes upon the so-called "Hub of the Universe." Paschal even took himself, unguided, to the establishments which printed "The Youth's Companion," and the "Atlantic Monthly," respectively. He had learned from other men who "published" that it sometimes helped if an author became acquainted with an editor.

There in Boston, all of the Unitarians visiting from Philadelphia found that Brother Charles was apparently just as much at home and as dearly loved in The Church of The Disciples as he had always been in the Spring Garden Church. Easy as an old shoe, absolutely devoid of all pretensions, Charles was still acting in "the service of man."

Julia Ward Howe, a member of The Church of The Disciples, mentions Brother Ames many times in her journal:

"Great trouble of mind about attending the Peace Conference in New York, which I had promised to do. Daughter Laura is dead set against it because of bad weather. She is re-inforced by my physician. So, I at last wrote to my dear minister about it, saying, 'A violent snowstorm keeps me home.....etc.' Minister and wife said, 'Don't go to Peace Convention....etc.'"

And on a different page of this same journal:

"Another inspired sermon from C. G. Ames. Miss Page asked, 'Why is he so earnest? What does it mean?' I replied that 'He is one of those waves of inspiration which come sometimes. The angel has certainly troubled the pool and we can go to it for healing.'"

And on page 187 of the book "Julia Ward Howe" by her daughters we find:

"The year 1891 saw the birth of the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom, modelled on a similar society which, with *Free Russia* as its organ, was doing good work in England." Then followed a list of Bostonians (or at least New Englanders), who signed the petition of foundation of this organization: "Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Julia Ward Howe, John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell, George Kennan, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry I. Bowditch, F.W. Bird, Alice Freeman Palmer, Charles G. Ames, Edward Pierce, Frank B. Sanborn, Samuel L. Clemens and Joseph H. Twitchell." We are, of course, not claiming all these celebrities as Unitarians, but merely to show that when Paschal and Carrie visited Boston many of these luminaries were still in the New England firmament.

Another and final quotation from the "Life of Julia Ward Howe," found on page 288, quoted in Julia's words:

"A really inspired sermon from C. G. A., 'The Power of

Unending Life,'.....the communion which followed was to me almost miraculous. Mr. Ames called it a festival of commemoration, and it brought me a mind vision of the many dear departed ones. One after another the dear forms seemed to paint themselves on my inner vision; first, the nearer in point of time, last my brother Henry and Samuel Eliot. I felt that this experience ought to pledge me to new and more active efforts to help others. In my mind I said that the obstacle to this is my natural inertia, my indolence, and give me increased power of service and zeal for it. Those present, I think, all considered the sermon and Communion as of special power and interest. It almost made me fear lest it should prove a swan song from the dear minister. Perhaps it is I, not he, who may soon depart."

But the grand old authoress of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was to enjoy vigorous years of activity and service to humanity until 1910. And her "dear minister" would outlive her by about five years, dying on the very day of the sinking of the Lusitania.

Traveling from Boston to Taunton by train on the way home, Mama's weary head rested comfortably on Papa's substantial shoulder; they talked softly to the tune of the speeding train; congratulated themselves on their recently enlarged outlook on life; on many new friendships just begun; and above all the renewal of their priceless fellowship with Charles and Fanny Ames. When Mama raised her head in preparation for readying herself to get off the train at Taunton, Papa noticed the deep pink color of her cheek which had been resting against him. "Sweet, lovely darling," he said to himself, as he helped her on with her coat.

While the couple were eating lunch in a little restaurant in Taunton, Mama asked the personable waitress:

"Are there any Leonards living in Taunton?" (Her very

own father, Albert Leonard, had his ancestry straight back to John Leonard settled in Agawam, Massachusetts, in 1636.) The waitress laughingly replied, as she unloaded an armful of tempting food at their table:

"I am named Leonard. Half the people in Taunton are named Leonard. Our second president, John Adams, called the southern half of Massachusetts, 'The land of the Leonards.'"

On board train again, Mama remarked to Papa how unusual it seemed to have the waitress quoting from an historical personage of note, to which Papa replied:

"It's merely the educational uplift from Boston seeping down through the masses." At which witticism Mama laughed appreciatively. And so they rode on together, conscious of the rhythm of the wheels and complete harmony.

Of course the children asked immediately regarding any presents from Boston. Mama gayly presented her girls with beautiful bows of ribbon, blue for Alice, red for Anna and a delicate pink for Edith. She put her present on each of the girls which lent a festive air to the group which now closed in around Papa to see what he had brought his sons. Herbert was delighted with his Spalding ball right out of a Boston sports shop. And Albert was even more pleased with his Plymouth Rock stickpin. Papa explained that he had just been leaning against the historic Plymouth Rock, thinking of all the hardships so bravely born by our Pilgrim fathers, when he found he had chipped off a small piece of the Rock. Hastening to the center of Boston, he had found an honest jeweler who allowed Papa to watch him while he *set* this precious fragment (so Papa was absolutely sure it was his genuine Plymouth Rock piece that was set in this very stickpin he was now giving Albert), and he urged Albert to take great care of his gift and give it to *his eldest son as an heirloom,* because it might not always be possible to obtain an

This photograph by Albert shows Herbert pushing a wagon in which Alice is the rear passenger. The rest of the children are neighbors.

The Three Graces, Alice, Anna and Edith, photographed by Albert.

actual chip off Plymouth Rock. And how prophetic were hi words! For in due time Plymouth Rock was "covered with granite canopy and surrounded by an iron fence."

Later on, during that same day of their arrival back i Germantown, they found an atmosphere of great excitemen in their immediate home neighborhood. Surveyors had don their work for several weeks and now bricklayers were put ting in the foundation for a large new home on the only va cant lot on McKean Avenue. If we regard the Coggins part o the twin house as the right half, then we may say this hith erto vacant lot was to the left of the left half of the twi house; hence nothing intervened between the Coggins home an the new home-to-be but the other twin house. As with al lots on this same side of McKean Avenue, this much wide piece of land extended clear back to Morris Street. On th east side of Morris, houses faced backyards.

It was rumored around, the grown folks ascertained i a few days, that the folks for whom the new house would b built in the spring were disappointed they could not have stable on their property. A restricting clause in thei deed, similar to such a restricting clause in the deed whic Mr. Sterling had, forbad the stabling of horses within thre hundred feet of any boundary of the Sterling property. Th Sterlings lived directly in back of where the new home woul stand. There was no place on the lot of the new home bu was within three hundred feet of some part of the Sterlin boundary. This clause was probably one of those which wa to run for nine hundred and ninety nine years. So the dea hand of law would prevent the new neighbors from ever havin a stable. The Sterlings lived in the only fine house facin the backyards of the McKean Avenue residences. An extensiv lawn, some gracefully drooping willows, and variegated flow- er beds made a charming setting for gorgeous peacocks. Next

the Sterling barn (which was much closer than three hundred feet to the site of the new home) was an humble, two-storied home of a man and wife and eight children. They had no restrictive clause regarding the site of the Sterling barn.

The Coggins family not only did not object to living near a barn, but, by a friendly arrangement between this rich family to the right of the Coggins home, a wooden fence on the exact boundary between was taken down and one wall of a good sized red brick barn became one side of their backyard. This extra square footage was allowed by Papa to his children for garden space. After the time of melting snow was over, nasturtium seeds were planted in unconventional patterns, interspersed with radish seeds. When spring came on apace, the developing plants brought joy to the younger children. Morning glories planted close to the brick side of the neighbor's barn, soon began creeping up the dark red brick wall. Morning glories also were growing up the back fence and later would form a close network all over the surmounting lattice which therefore screened in the Coggins enclosed backyard from Morris Street. The wooden gate was close to the very back corner of the red brick building next door. Steps from the Coggins back porch led down into this nice backyard play place. Opposite the red brick wall was a wooden board fence, twice as high as the top of the gate but not nearly as high-reaching as the lattice along Morris. A peach tree leaned on this fence, which was propped up so it could help hold up this tree when it might be full of peaches come fall. A board beam six inches wide ran along the top of this fence which formed the boundary line between the two backyards belonging respectively to the two twin houses. Albert, Herbert and even intrepid Alice practiced walking on top of this board fence. Time, otherwise possibly wasted, was thus utilized in almost daily practice. Along this beam

by night or day, walked, in perfect balance with no fear of falling, Tommie, the children's pet cat.

Don't imagine for one minute that it was the lawyer, Paschal Heston Coggins, who had knocked down the dividing board fence, giving the Coggins yard quite a few more square feet of ground space (albeit only borrowed space). Nor in fancy let your mind picture Paschal digging up this piece of garden space as soon as the snow was gone. Nor did he kindly supervise the scattering of the nasturtium and radish seeds, most satisfying of all to children because sure to grow. Nor did the father of this large family tenderly enfold in the moist earth those morning glory seeds to cover the back street lattice work and the brick wall of the barn by summer time. Perhaps you think it was he who braced the fence upon which the peach tree leaned? Or made a nice square of lawn filling most of this enclosed back yard?

No, Paschal did none of these things though he probably planned them all. He had discovered a red-headed Irishman named Gallagher, who soon became, as it were, Paschal's *alter ego,* as the saying now goes. Whatever Paschal could not or would not do was done by the obliging Gallagher, for a price. He cut the grass on the two lawns, back and front, he saw about getting the supply of coal down into the cellar bin. In fact, coming from his home down near Wayne Avenue, he was apt to be around the Coggins yard several hours a day three or four days during the week.

One night in summer (the morning glories which had been adorning the backyard with their many bright colors all day were now tight closed), Paschal returned rather late from participating in a very interesting discussion at his Medical Jurisprudence Society. Undressing as silently as possible in the dark so as not to wake Carrie as she frequently had trouble getting to sleep again, he was much surprised by

hearing Carrie cry out in a loud and startled voice:

"Is that you, Paschal?"

This foolish question so tickled Paschal's risibilities that he let slip:

"No, this is Gallagher, come to spend the night with you." Mama was not given to enjoying off-color jokes but this time she simple had to chuckle a little.

Once in bed (a sheet is the covering in summer in Philadelphia), Papa took her hand in his caressingly and they talked softly for a few minutes, mostly about what had been under discussion at the Medical Jurisprudence Society. How infinitely dear were such companionable moments!

Lest our gentle reader be misguided into thinking that there will be no further conflict between the respective viewpoints of our hero and heroine, we hasten to explain exactly which habit of Paschal's annoyed Carrie the most at this particular period of their lives together.

Papa had developed the time-wasting, character-devastating habit of reading "Puck." "Puck" held nothing sacred. It made unmerciful fun of the "New Education." It even made sport of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children." It dared to call the Hon. John Wanamaker's Sunday School program *hypocritical.* "Kreutzer's Sonata" was called "Schweitzer's Sonata." Marriage was defined as the art by which two people managed to live together yet apart. So much that was good and true in literature was twisted and warped all out of proportion. Mama told Papa that children would become confused by:

'Twas Johnny's turn to speak his piece,
He said with outstretched hands:
"Under a spreading blacksmith tree,
The village chestnut stands."

But Papa, as usual when any attempt was made to alter his

reading habits; became very obdurate, just one more stubborn male, adamant in having his own way. Papa countered Mama's arguments: Puck was not intended for reading by children, but was for harmless, overworked adults. (He did not specify that he belonged in this classification but such certainly was his implication.) He continued by praising "Puck", stating flatly that he for one would purchase this edifying, highly humorous magazine as long as he had the price.

But Mama would not give up too easily. Wasn't that enlightening book, "John Ward Preacher" turned into a laughing stock by being dubbed "John, Word Preacher"? And why did "Puck" editors countenance that "Little Lord Dontannoy travesty on one of the sweetest stories ever written?

Papa, of course, not easily bamboozled, showed her some pages in some of the earlier copies of "Puck" containing an article by Rudyard Kipling called "O' Shaw McBally" and a very clever article by Carolyn Wells on how Henry James had mixed metaphors by pouring from one bottle into another.

But still Mama could not find it in her heart to like or in any way approve of "Puck" but continued to consider it *abominable*. Always there was this big-headed-bespectacled little bookworm named "Emerson." Mama wanted no opposition to naming her next son (due early in September) "Emerson."

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

"We are always looking for the Man in the Child, without considering what he is before he becomes a Man."

Rousseau

ROTTENLY SPOILED

Albert and Herbert were real husky lads with their interests mostly centered in baseball and baseball heroes. At times they were almost as noisy at home as on the sand lot. In spite of all Carrie's studies on the care and raising of children (probably because of her too implicit faith in her various educational authorities), there were many times when the brothers "got out of hand," so to speak.

One particularly hot summer afternoon (when Alice and Ann had been allowed to remove their dresses and two top petticoats, three being the usual number, and run barefoot through the house), Albert and Herbert each carrying a cup of water, began chasing each other up and down the several stairways, tossing water at each other as opportunities presented themselves. The house was darkened by all blinds being down; with just a crack of open window sun-lighted at the bottom, an invitation to flies to flee to the great outdoors. For those who chose to stay there were sticky pieces of flypaper to seal their doom.

Grandma had waited rather patiently and quietly for one who knew unerringly what should be done, until she overheard Carrie telling the boys that unless they stopped throwing water at each other and over the wall paper, she would have to tell Papa when he came home. Summoning Albert, Mary gave him some right smart blows with a pingpong racket which Herbert obligingly brought her. Then she treated Herbert to exactly the same number for she believed in absolute fairness.

"There," she said, making them both face her, "I have given you something to make you stop dead in your tracks if you ever try such abominable monkey shines again, spoiling my new wallpaper before I have been able to pay for it. You are as two fine boys as I have ever known but you are both growing up *rottenly spoiled* right under this very roof. You know self-discipline is the only kind that counts as you become adults."

About an hour later, (not too soon, of course, as punishment should have time to sink in adequately), Mary had asked Herbert to bring his bird book and come into her room. She spent nearly an hour listening to Herbert's account of what birds he had recently observed and looking up the exact names of some of them; she had from the beginning been helping him to maintain his interest in birds. After supper, on that same day, she invited Albert up to her room for their usual discussion of history. Grandma had a special book on American history, out of which she read to Albert. As soon as Albert wished to discuss what they had been reading, she would put the book to one side. These extra-curricular history lessons were a great help to Albert now that his homework was becoming rather hard. Albert had only been heard to make one complaint against Grandma's helpful assistance:

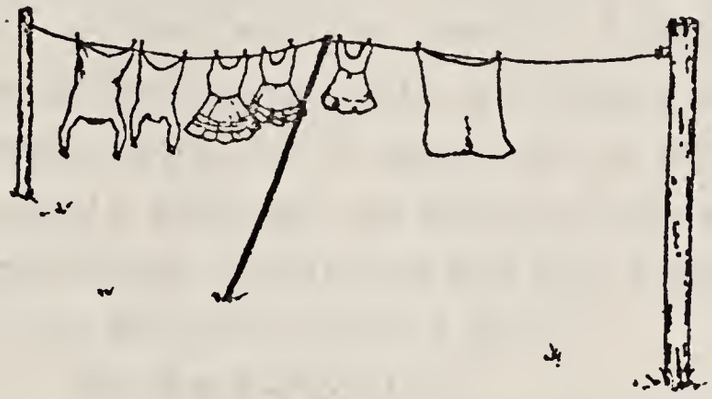
"Isn't it too bad that Grandma knows something *sinful* about every one of our greatest American heroes?"

Both boys thoroughly respected their Grandma. After this rather painless chastisement, the following conversation took place later that night when they were in bed:

"We'll just have to do less rough-housing indoors after this, for Grandma was really exhausted after she finished pingponging us. Did you notice how heavily she was breathing? That's a sign in an old person that her heart is not very strong any more," concluded Albert.

"Yes," answered Herbert, "and when she said to me, 'If it's the last thing I ever accomplish in this world, I'll straighten thee out, young man,' I think she thought she might never have the strength to whip me again. I felt almost as sorry for her today as I did that time when she discovered I'd been stealing money from her purse. 'Thee don't ever have to steal from me. I'm thy grandmother. I'll give thee opportunities to earn money honestly.'"

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE



THREE BROTHERS AND THREE SISTERS

One might wonder why Paschal Heston Coggins, Esq. did not take a more active hand in disciplining his mischievous sons, thereby relieving his mother and his wife of considerable strain? Well, poor Papa had more than plenty on his mind these August days in 1892. Wasn't he struggling to support a wife and five children with a sixth on the way? And Friday, the one night he was pledged to remain at home, could never be used for punishments, by an unwritten law between himself and Carrie.

Then, too, Paschal had created his first literary piece since moving to Germantown. By prodigious use of his pocket

dictionary, he had finally wacked a little humorous article into shape. Not wishing just yet to set up his typewriter and really get down to hard literary work, Paschal had paid one of those public stenographers to type it for him. Then he had mailed it to *Puck* without Carrie's knowledge. Paschal couldn't help feeling slightly perfidious in doing all this behind Carrie's back, as it were; yet he reflected that she probably wouldn't even get the point of the article. To find humor in political situations was not always easy for Carrie. *Then, too, how she despised Puck!*

He Back-Pedaled

Colonel Winderforce, upstate orator imported to brace up a local campaign, in the midst of a terrific tirade:

But a few brief hours ago it was reported to me how, by the villainous arts of certain unscrupulous political adventurers, there had been nominated for the exalted office of representative from this great Snailville district, one Turnbull Bug, or Buggy--locally known as Tumble Bug—an individual notorious throughout the length and breadth of our fair state, alike for the shameless infamy of his life and the utter insignificance of his abilities. My friends, a plain citizen, loving political righteousness and believing in personal decency, when these things were told me, what could I do———

Chairman of the Meeting (sotto voce) *Great heavens! He's our candidate!*

Colonel Windiforce (slightly winged), but promptly rising to the occasion. *I repeat it! What could I do but instantly hurl back the malignant slander into the teeth of its author, and dismissing all thoughts of personal convenience, hasten to Snailville and to you, that I might, now and here, add my own feeble tribute to the worth of that white-souled patriot, and my own lifelong friend, the Honorable Turnbull Bougge--a gentleman from whose sterling*

character the venomed darts of slander fall blunted and harmless and whose honored name stands, now and forever, proof against the petty sarcasms of a desperate and vindictive foe. (Prolonged and vociferous applause.)

Carrie had been preparing for her coming performance of the birth miracle again by reading all her material on New Education, so as to prepare this child also, for the finest spiritual attitudes toward life. And in re-reading Emerson, Carrie had even discovered some newer and deeper meanings which had somehow eluded her before. More even than in any of her other pregnancies, had she tried to give this latest baby-to-be its deepest heritage of her own intellectual gifts. But oh, how very much she did wish that Paschal and she could sometimes talk over spiritual realities together!

The building of the fine house on the large lot, just beyond the other twin house attached to the Coggins' home, went on day after day with constant hammering that lasted about ten hours each day but Sunday. Crowds of children who lived on McKean Avenue, Morris Street in back, and other nearby streets kept watch over its growth. When it was at last completely finished, this new house seemed a veritable mansion! Paschal and Carrie agreed that it was completely an English house--"late Elizabethan combined with early Georgian style," Paschal volunteered. Over the broad doorway of this new home-to-be was MDCCCLXLII. Every child who was old enough to attend school soon read these Roman numerals as 1892, though most of them wondered about the advantage of putting the present day date in such an odd form. The house was entirely wired for electricity and it was rumored a telephone had been installed on both the first and second floor. Several times the lights had been all turned on for an hour or so at night, and then the large house with

many gleaming windows seemed, indeed, a veritable fairy palace!

Where but a few months before, tall weeds had been cut and burned, now soon grew a lovely green lawn. Huge piles of grass sods had arrived by wagon loads and skillful gardeners fitted them all together like a great mosaic and then watered them daily. One day when Herbert lay right down on this lawn to find the dividing line between two pieces of sod, he reported to other children that these had already grown tight together.

Then the boardwalk in front of the new house was ripped up and those dirty old boards were carted away. Now cement men with flat trowels, working on their knees nearly all day long, smoothed down newly poured cement into a beautiful walk that would be easy to ride on at all times unless piled high with snow during the winter time.

Alice, the eldest of the three Coggins sisters, had exceptionally keen ears and eyes for happenings in their Germantown neighborhood. One day, near the latter part of August, she came running breathlessly to Mama, who was peeling potatoes, standing by the table over a kettle into which she was placing each potato as she finished peeling it. Right to the main point of information, as usual, Alice exclaimed:

"The people are moving into the grand new house right now. Their name is Lewis-Smith and they have a boy as big as Herbert. The lady's awfully fat, almost as fat as you, so I guess she'll have a baby pretty soon, too."

Middle class etiquette (as well as her own cumbersome form) kept Carrie from hastening to her front boardwalk and observing for herself. So the tumult had to remain in her heart, *unverified*. Was this new neighbor really and truly her dear, desolate friend of those long-ago Atlantic City days, when each, struggling desperately to become spiritually whole human beings again, to renew much needed faith,

faith in God and man, had leaned their hearts toward each other? "By what *Super-Divine-Intervention* has God arranged that we two women should be close neighbors?" And tears, such salty tears (as though to commemorate that long ago meeting by the briny Atlantic) fell into Mama's kettle of peeled potatoes.

The third son in the Coggins family was born wrinkled and looked quite old. When Papa first saw him, he drew back startled because he imagined the child was chinless. Then he reflected that the shock must be infinitely greater to Mama; besides he hadn't just been through twenty-four hours of labor, so he said jovially:

"Why he's got the map of Ireland on his face."

"You know who put it there," replied Mama, trying to be equally game and not in any way show that she was perturbed by her wrinkly baby's appearance. "Could she, perhaps," she thought, "have delved too continuously into the intellectual? Had her little son been worn out with life's problems before ever he was born into this mundane world?" When a nearby neighbor came in to look at the new baby, Carrie hesitantly drew the covers aside to disclose him, saying in an almost spiritless whisper, "We like him."

But the next day a kind neighbor who was ardently studying one of the newer mystic philosophies (based, of course, on Hindu philosophy of early centuries) stopped in to see the little new son. She gazed long at the little face until Mama withdrew her little one again into the protection of the bedcovers. This woman spoke as one with authority:

"You and Paschal are doubly blessed for unto you has been given what is known in our religion as 'an Old Soul.' 'The Old Soul came from far beyond the unlit bounds.' This manchild will be far wiser and much more sagacious than any of your other children. For lo, he is one of those who are

classified in all religions and throughout all ages as 'Masters'. 'This soul that cometh from afar hath had elsewhere its setting.'"

This breath of religious inspiration brought comforting assurance to Mama, so that she slept better. Papa had wisely refrained from commenting, being rather of the "hard money" school of philosophy, not having found time yet to dabble in mysticism.

But in a few days, Papa and Mama were both very happy to find their little son free from wrinkles, with chin becoming more prominent daily. He was just another fine lusty baby boy with--sure enough--the map of Ireland on his face.

John Greenleaf Whittier died on August 31 and George William Curtis died very early in September of this same year of 1892. Between the dates of their deaths, this third Coggins son was born. Just about when Mama was gathering up her good old will-power to inform Papa that she had decided to name their new little boy "Emerson", Papa said:

"I would love to name our third son, 'Curtis Whittier Coggins' so that we could honor him, honor ourselves, and those two great humanitarians beloved by our parents." And so it was Papa, *not Mama*, who named their third son.

Meanwhile, Grandma was busy in the kitchen, such a homey, comfortable kitchen when she was in charge, for she was a natural born cook. She planned ahead regarding meals, not just an unsatisfactory pick-up here and there. She would stoke the anthracite stove at night so she could stir it up into brightly burning coals in the morning. The oatmeal in its double boiler stood all night on the warm stove so as to provide thoroughly digestible cereal by morning. For breakfast she would also serve piping hot pancakes, coffee for all the men (which temporarily at least) included Albert and Herbert, and they all enjoyed a rather syrupy breakfast.

When Curtis was born, she was as wild as "Tofsey". She always said "bug" for "boy". The first-day she asked me "how long is that-little bug going to stay here?

When he was a few weeks old, Dr. Cooke asked Anna - "What- have you named the baby" "Curtis Whittier Coggins" "Taty, Whittidy, Toddins, and he never has his hair combed but 'cept with a rag".

Mama's handwriting telling of Anna's feelings and remarks about her new baby brother, Curtis Whittier Coggins.

Right after breakfast Grandma kneaded out cinnamon buns and loaves of bread from dough that was brimming over the edges of its agate container. This delicious, tasty yeast bread was always made from Grandma's yeast, grown on the home farm, so to speak. Her yeast jar was kept on a halfway shelf which one faced in going down the cellar stairway. At various times just before a lunch or dinner wherein boiled potatoes were being served, Grandma could be observed pouring potato water into her yeast jar. Bought yeast she despised. Likewise coffee ground at the grocery store. Coffee was bought in large sacks, green from the warehouse. Then a quantity was roasted in the oven and ground by hand. When Grandma ground her roasted coffee beans in her little "Best on Earth" coffee grinder, she sat down in the kitchen chair she provided for herself when in charge of the kitchen. She very evidently enjoyed turning the little handle round and round and once in a while she would sniff with a pleased expression on her face.

Now-a-days when Papa came home from his office, he went directly upstairs to visit with Mama and her new little boy. They would sit and talk very low, almost like lovers. Mama would laugh in her quiet way, and her laugh had some of that quality of sweetness we notice in the joyous laughter of a little child.

"Wasn't it odd," queried Papa, that no one ever mentioned the *Three Sisters and the Three Brothers* to us while we were up in the Lake George region?"

"We never heard them spoken of that I can remember," answered Mama sincerely, innocent of the fact that she was about to get a drubbing. By now, because of a slight rocking that Mama had maintained all during their conversation, Curtis Whittier was asleep. So Mama handed him to Papa to place gently in his little crib, remembering the father's

love increases each time he takes over a function of motherhood. Meanwhile, Papa *(urged on by his compulsion for teasing)* sat down again close to his wife and continued his malicious probing:

"Well, I thought that maybe the reason you never once spoke of the *Three Sisters and the Three Brothers* was because then and there at that very time you had made up your mind to have a family of three sisters and three brothers."

Mama stirred uneasily because so often when his approach was indirect, she eventually found herself the target for his aspersions.

"How could I make up my mind to have six children?"

"This big family of three brothers and three sisters you were planning to bring into the world ever since you began reading that book *Conscious Motherhood.*"

"You are certainly barking up the wrong tree. How in the world could I know that finally we would have a family of three sisters and three brothers?"

"But you were not unwilling?" asked Paschal softly, albeit his persistent following up along this one subject had by now become a veritable persecution of poor Carrie.

"Because it made for better companionship and a deeper understanding between the two of us," she said quietly.

"Then you do freely admit that you planned and connived to get this big family?" interrogated lawyer Coggins.

"Is it fair to say I *connived?*" pleaded the witness.

"Then how do you explain away the fact," continued the prosecuting attorney, "that you so often woke your husband up with your quite obviously amorous intentions?" How much longer Paschal would have carried on this diabolical inquisition will never be known for just then slow, cautious footsteps were heard approaching by the dark back stairway. Paschal, rising hastily, lit the wellsbach and threw open the door to provide light for the little climber. Seated

again by his wife, he noted with sadistic pleasure a faint color diffusing her cheeks. (Sometime he'd work that into a story, how lovely a woman looks flushed from being too much teased.) For the time being, however, any further wicked, malicious, or malevolent schemes for experimenting on his wife's emotions were superseded by a sudden appeal to his appetite for tasty foods--a whiff of hot doughnuts such as only his mother could make. For his little daughter Ann was now emerging from the dark stairway, carrying in her trembling hands a large plate heaped with doughnuts, the genuine old-fashioned kind, not those miserable crullers with a hole in the center. Thinking how wasteful to have all this lusciousness spilled on the floor, Papa rose and quickly took the plate from the proud little bearer. Mama also had feared that Ann might let the doughnuts slide off the plate. All those greasy fried cakes on her new carpet! But before all three of them began on this treat so kindly provided by Grandma, Paschal demonstrated that he had still one more ace in the hole:

"I thought that if you could overcome your detestation for that *abominable old Puck* you might accept this ten dollar check they gave me for a trifling bit of no account humor I sent them?" He held out the check halfway toward Mama, his manner, somehow, suggesting that he was still in a teasing mood. "But, of course, if you feel this money is really *tainted*, I wouldn't tempt you to accept it."

But Mama, mischievous as Puck himself, snatched the crisp, attractive check from Papa's hand.

T H E E N D

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Words can but inadequately convey the deep appreciation I feel for the timely assistance given me by the ladies I am endeavoring to thank in these few paragraphs. Such largess from friends unseen inspires further love of humanity. The highly informative letters from Ella G. McCleery and Sophie Price, both of whom have held highly responsible positions in teaching and in teaching organizations, brought old-time Sacramento kindergartens into clear focus for me.

My positive statements regarding Mary's membership and activities in the New Century Club of Philadelphia are based on information sent me by the Executive Secretary of that club, Mabel Corey, in letters dated April 4 and 13, 1951. She also sent me two postal photos of the New Century Club building and the "Annals of the New Century Club 1877-1935." Although she mentioned that Mrs. Paschal H. Coggins was elected a member in November 1882, of course, my chapter on just how Carrie was elected is fictional. Needless to say, Miss Corey's assistance was invaluable.

By what fortuitous circumstance my letter requesting information about the Women's Homeopathic Hospital Association came to the Librarian of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, Ida J. Draeger, I do not know. But this new-found friend gave me a full measure of help by answering as many of my questions as she could, and by enclosing with her letter a copy of an article about the Women's Homeopathic Hospital Association written by Fannie L. Skinner for the *Philadelphia Founders' Week Memorial Volume, 1683-1908*. To complete her good works which have helped me very much, Miss Draeger sent my letter of inquiry on to Dr. Farley of Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia. This lady (or probably gentleman) mailed my letter to Lillian Thatcher who had served the Women's Homeopathic Hospital Association long and faithfully in many positions of responsibility.

Far beyond the call of duty, Miss Lillian Thatcher went from her Germantown home to Moorestown, New Jersey, to see her friend, Mrs. Mary R. Sumner, who had succeeded Mary Coggins as President of the Women's Homeopathic Hospital. It may well be that the brief history of the Hospital was given to her by Mrs. Sumner. At any rate, Miss Thatcher, along with her answering letter to me, enclosed a typed page of most helpful information, seemingly a partial history of the Hospital. It is from this page that I have taken the paragraph at the top of page 5 in my story. Also about three sentences in the second paragraph on page 5 should be credited to Miss Thatcher's letter. With this first letter, of August 26, 1953, she also sent me two postal photos of the Hospital buildings, and under separate cover "Sixty-Second Annual Report" and the "Sixty-Fifth Annual Report of the Women's Homeopathic Hospital of Philadelphia." Everything was very valuable to my work. In less than a year, July 7, 1954, Mrs. Sumner died at the age of ninety seven. Another kind letter from Lillian Thatcher told me of her passing and enclosed a clipping from *The Inquirer:* "Mrs. Sumner Dies At The Age of 97."

Permission to use the portrait of Charles Gordon Ames has been granted by Mr. William H. White, Publisher, of the James T. White Company. The use of "The Birth Certificate of the Republican Party" and "The Call to Arms" is by courtesy of the Bancroft Library. Appreciation is due the Oakland Library for use of the photographs of Lucretia Mott, Passmore Williamson and Henry George. Most sincere thanks to the Chester County Historical Society of West Chester, Pennsylvania, for the copy they gave me of their original engraving of Passmore Williamson in Moyamensing Jail in Philadelphia. And appreciation is also due to Doubleday and Company for their permission to use their photograph of Henry George from their biography, *Henry George*.

REGARDING REFERENCES

The main background material in *Shining Cycles of Love* has been obtained from letters and articles and newspaper clippings in Paschal's old scrapbooks; from some legal pamphlets and documents; and from several notebooks and other writings in Carrie's Spencerian handwriting. These are all in the possession of the Coggins family.

Carrie's two articles, "Our Unitarian Sunday Schools," and "Religious Instinct, The Compelling Power Which Makes For Unity In All Life," constitute her main published contributions. She had previously had several letters printed in Sacramento Papers. But during all the subsequent, active years of her life Carrie wrote "papers" which she read to women's groups. My Chapters Eleven and Twelve evolved in my mind because I came across Carrie's account of the first part of their experiences at the Saratoga Conference. The first six paragraphs in Chapter Twelve are Carrie's own description of the opening of that Conference. The rest of Chapter Twelve is of my own creation, with much help from written sources on the Lake George and Lake Champlain regions. The " Piece de Resistance" chapter's informational article is actually " hewed and hacked from two enlightening sources of information" from Boston. It might have been Carrie but it could just as well have been one of the other women delegates to the Conference who gave a talk to the three Unitarian Alliances after the delegates returned from Saratoga. Likewise, though I know that Kate Douglas Wiggin favored Unitarians and was in Philadelphia just about the season mentioned and did stay with the Longstreth family and did write Mrs. Longstreth the letter on page 146, I cannot prove she attended the Unitarian Alliance at the Spring Garden Unitarian Church. Of other matters credited to Carrie I must report that she only wrote half of the letter given as her letter to Irene; that only three of her four poems

were really her own creations; and that the author added a half dozen bright sayings to the many which she copied from Carrie's " Nannygoats."

All other letters appearing in this book are authentic, mostly written directly to Paschal. The dates have sometimes been changed or omitted to suit the sequence of my narrative. With the exception of the article by Henry George (not exactly a letter), none of these has ever been published before. And, of course, all the specimens of handwriting are from our original sources.

While writing this novel, I have gathered a very complete set of exact references, sixty four pages, single spaced, to be specific. But since my *Shining Cycles of Love* is fictional biography and not history, common sense prevented my including these incumbrances, of interest to only a few readers. My references are grouped for the most part under such headings as: Legal Documents and Data; Lake George and Lake Champlain Region; Unitarianism and Charles Gordon Ames; Kindergartens; New Century Club; The Women's Homeopathic Hospital, etc. Besides these, I have many isolated references from numerous books, magazine articles and poems. Quite a few references are given in the story right along with the quotation.

Generally speaking, what I say *emphatically* is true. I have sought to preserve a sense of authenticity. I hope you feel well acquainted with the people in my humble portrayal.

A L P H A B E T I Z E D L I S T
W O R K S C I T E D

Alger, Horatio, Jr. A Unitarian minister who became the author of about 120 boys' stories, all on the same pattern. This letter on pages 7,8 was addressed to Mr. Shoemaker. His "John Maynard" was very popular. *A Biography Without a Hero*, by Herbert R. Mayes, published 1928 by Macy-Masius, New York.

Ames, Charles Gordon, "Baptist and Unitarian Minister." *Encyclopedia Americana*, Vol. 27, pages 294L to 301. *The National Cyclopedia of American Biography*, Vol. 23, pages 317, 318 and the Ames portrait, published the James T. White Company, New York. *A Spiritual Autobiography with Epilogue* by his daughter Alice Ames Winter, who also edited this Autobiography, published by Houghton Mifflin & Co., Riverside Press, Cambridge. It seems to have been also published by the Unitarian Headquarters on Beacon St., Boston, about the same year, 1913. *The Boston Transcript*, April 16, 1912 carried Obituary of Charles G. Ames by Dr. Mead. (Used out of context.) *The San Jose Mercury*, of August 26, 1871 mentions four ladies attempting to register to vote in Santa Clara County. ''Last Saturday, Mrs. Fannie Ames, Mrs. Laura J. Watkins, Mrs. Louise Smith and Mrs. Caroline Severance went to the County Clerk, Littlefield, and requested that their names be placed on the Grand Register of Santa Clara County for voting." When Mrs. Severance sailed from Boston, she was already known as the mother of clubs.

Annals of the New Century Club, 1877-1935 give credit to Susan Lesley as a main promoter of that club. Fannie Ames, Lucretia Blankenburg and Emily Sartain are all mentioned in its pages as active participants.

Appletons' Annual Cyclopedia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1884--New Series--Vol. 9, pages 765,6. It is from this book that I obtained " The Unitarian Directory and Missionary Handbbok 1884-1885," and " The Conference of Unitarian Churches, the Eleventh Meeting of the National Conference of the Unitarian and Christian Churches," in Saratoga, N. Y., Sept., 1884. These two informative articles seem to be the product of the Unitarian Headquarters, Beacon Street, Boston.

Barnard, Henry. Editor of *American Journal of Education*, published from 1856 to 1882 in Hartford, Connecticut. Articles herein on Froebel's Kindergarten and article by Baroness Marenholtz-Bulow in the 1880 and 1881 editions. The latter is the source of "fragmentary expressions of life," quotation on my page 71.

Blankenburg, Rudolph. *Scharf & Westcott Vol. I*, page 849, Blankenburg as member of Committee of One Hundred. *National Cyclopedia of American Biography*, Vol. 17, pages 226, 227 for both Rudolph and his wife, Lucretia.

Business Booms and Depressions from 1949 Edition, by the Century Company Press, Inc., West Toledo Station, Toledo, Ohio.

Clarke, James Freeman. *Autobiography, Diary, Correspondence*, Edited by Edward Everett Hale, published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1891.

Clay, Cassius Marcellus. *National Cyclopedia of American Biography*, Vol. 2, pages 311, 312. Complete article showing also his photograph and home in Kentucky.

Coggins Edward Heston. Abstract of his will, dated July 7, 1859, recorded in Will Book #49, page 39. His daughter, named for his mother, was Hannah Heston Coggins. Since writing of her in my story as Margaret, I have learned that she inherited from her mother's side, the Tysons; that she dressed well and traveled extensively.

Coggins, Paschal Heston. In a very favorable paragraph concerning Paschal's writings, found in *The Writer*, published Boston, June, 1898, we have our only proof about *Frank Selwin*. "Under the pen name of Sidney Marlow, he wrote three long stories, *Moncasket Mystery*, *Harry Ambler* and *Frank Selwin*. The first two were published in book form by the Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia, the latter ran as a serial in a Philadelphia magazine." It is hearsay in our family that it was published in a house organ of the Charles E. Hires Company. In a kind letter dated July 18, 1956, Mr. Edgar E. Hires could not deny nor affirm the possibility of their having had a house organ in which *Frank Selwin* could have appeared. Unfortunately, the Coggins family has no copy of Frank Selwin.

Confucius. The quotation about him is taken from a book by Allen Burgess, *The Small Woman*, page 112, published by Dutton & Co., 1957. He was quoting from a book by the grandson of Confucius, called *Doctrine of the Mean*.

Conscious Motherhood, by Emma Marwedel, published by Interstate Publishing Co., 30 Franklin St., Boston in 1887. Found in the Lange Educational Library, U. of C.

The Covenant is what is called "a certain monument" on my page 238. It is attributed to Charles Gordon Ames and ninety five members of his congregation in:

Scharf & Westcott, Vol. 2, p. 1407--Unitarian Covenant. *Heralds of a Liberal Faith*, edited by Samuel Atkins Eliot, published by the Beacon Press, Boston, 1952, in an article on Rev. Ames credits him for the Covenant.

Crittendon, Charles Nelson. *Dictionary of American Biography* Vol. 4, pages 550, 551. Founded sixty Crittendon Homes after the death of his daughter, Florence, in 1882.

Crocker, Charles. "The picture of the former blacksmith measuring out yards of calico for the pioneer ladies

Crocker, Charles, cont.

of Sacramento was ironically evoked years later but it was just the step that made later triumphs possible." *The Big Four, by* Oscar Lewis (p.58) published by A.A. Knopf, New York, 1938.

Diphtheria. *Book of Health*, published by Elsevier.

Time Magazine, Sept. 16, 1946, article on diphtheria.

S. Weir Mitchell, by Ernest Earnest, published 1950: Reports that physicians had not fully realized the possibilities of the Behring treatment and tended to use the antitoxin only as a preventive.

Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. 3, page 331 about Emil Von Behring, 1854-1917: 'It was found possible to induce a degree of immunity even after onset of the disease."

The Dying Lioness. Sketch on our page 73 was copied after picture in *Guide to City of Philadelphia* by George E. Nitsche, published by Philadelphia Rotary Club, 1920. Berlin sculptor, Wilhelm Wolff, created this bronze Grouping of lion, dying lioness and cubs. It was presented by Fairmount Park Art Association to the Park Commission, 12/9/1876.

Fast, Howard. It is from his book, *The American*, published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, 1946, that we have quoted our paragraphs on pages 150, 151.

Fell, Judge David Newlin. *Who Was Who in America*, page 390. *National Cyclopedia of American Biography*, pages 124, 125. Elevated to Supreme Court of Pennsylvania 1893, and became Chief Justice on January 1, 1910.

" Fellowship is Life and Lack of Fellowship is Death" is a statement which I read in a magazine article years ago: the name of the author and the magazine are forgotten.

Froebel, Friedrich William August, 1782-1852, an Educator. *Encyclopedia Britannica* Vol. 9, pages 860, 861:

Froebel, cont.

This German reformer, born in Thuringia, experienced neglect as a child. Apprenticed to a forester (1797-1799), "he obtained a profound insight into the unity of nature's laws. When he left the forest at 17, he seems to have possessed the main ideas which influenced all his life." He taught several years in Pestalozzi's school near Neuchatel. In 1826 he wrote *The Education of Man*. In 1837 he opened the first "Garden of Children" (Kindergarten) in the village of Blankenburg. He taught by demonstrating how to conduct kindergartens. Among his hundreds of disciples, were such gifted women as Baroness Marenholtz-Bulow, Emma Marwedel and Mrs. Carl Schurz. The latter, who was in a position to know, said that all the revolutionists of the 1848's were favorable to the kindergarten philosophy.

Gallatin, Albert. *Annual Open House of the Executive Mansion with Photographs*, issued by the Greater Sacramento Chamber of Commerce for third annual opening of the 78 year history of your Governor's Mansion. This was compiled by Newton Stearns from material in the Calif. State Library. Newspaper references below: *Sacramento Union*-5/12/1877. *Sacramento Bee*-12/24/1877. *Sacramento Union*-7/9/1903. Steffens Home Purchased for Governor's Mansion. *Sacramento Union*--9/24/1905, Description of the Mansion. *Sacramento Bee*-6/23/1953, and *Sacramento Bee*-11/24/1953, and same paper-5/4/1954 all three under 75 *Years Ago* column, mention improvements made on the Albert Gallatin Mansion.

Growing Up With Sacramento

This story of early Sacramento days (1849-1876) written by Caroline Coggins was published in the *Sacramento Union* each Sunday, beginning June 25, and ending October, 1939. In scrapbook form in the Bancroft Library.

George, Henry. *Henry George, Citizen of the World* by Anna George de Mille, edited by Don C. Shoemaker, introduction by Agnes de Mille. Published by the University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill. *Progress and Poverty* was published 1879. Appleton & Co. said it was *aggressive*, Harpers considered it *revolutionary*. *Life of Henry George* by Henry George, Jr. 2 volumes, published by Doubleday Page Co., 1919, Garden City, New York. (Our picture is from this book, Vol. 1, in the Oakland Library.) Henry George constantly reiterates: " Must progress bring poverty?"

Germantown.

Germantown History, published 1915 by the Site and Relic Society of Germantown. Gives origin of cricket in United States and formation of Manheim Cricket Club. Pages on Fern Hill later (McKean's): 176, 179, 184, 189, 286, 288, 294, 295, 296.

Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography-Vol. 4, page I, " Settlement of Germantown", Samuel Pennypacker and also in above, Vol. V, page 138: Article on the Clapier Estate and its barn with Indiaman weather vane. Also sketch of the Life of Louis Clapier.

Colonial and Revolutionary Families, Vol. III, pages 1177 to 1188 for Thomas McKean, Ancestors, Descendants.

History of Old Germantown, by Keyser, Kain, Garber and McCann, published by Horace F. McCann in Phila., 1907.

American Art Journal, Sept., 1877, Vol. 33, page 262. Much of my page 242 and the first paragraph on 243 derive their information from this *American Art Journal*.

Heston, Edward Warner, Revolutionary Hero, St. Senator, Judge.

Trimbull and Palmer Genealogy shows complete will of Jacob Heston, giving Edward the Warner land in Blockley afterward known as Hestonville, because of Edward Heston.

Roger's Biographical Dictionary, Easton, Penna., 1824.

Hires, Charles E. *National Cyclopedia of American Biography*, Vol. A, page 322, 323. Born in Salem, N. J. in 1851. Had an ancestor, John Hires from Wales in 18th Century. Charles belonged to the Society of Friends. A picture accompanying this article shows a handsome, middle-aged man. Charles became director of the Merchants' Bank of Philadelphia and also director of the Philadelphia Drug Exchange. His Hires Root Beer is sold around the world.

Homeopathy. *World Book*, Vol. V, page 3210, published by W. F. Quarrie & Company: " Homeopathy is a system of internal medicine, the fundamental principle of which is based on law that like cures like."

Howe, Julia Ward, 1819 to 1910. *Julia Ward Howe* by Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott, assisted by Florence Howe Hall. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Riverside Press, Boston and New York. Also *Reminiscences* by Julia Ward Howe, published by the same firm, 1899.

Idell, Albert Edward.
The Bridge to Brooklyn, pub. by the Oxford Press, Toronto & Holt Publishing Co., N. Y., tells of game Athletics played against the Brooklyns in summer of 1885 at Jefferson Field at Twenty Sixth and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia. This book was published in 1944.

Infant Damnation.
Presbyterian Doctrine of the Child and the Covenant.
Presbyterian Quarterly-Vol. V, No. 18, page 119.
A system of Christian Theology, by H. B. Smith, p. 318: "There was a definite action in 1903 to abolish the old idea and belief in Infant Damnation. The Presbyterian Church in the United States revised its Confession of Faith" (often called 'The Westminster Standard') "in 1903 to avoid confusion."

Jackson, Joseph. *The Encyclopedia of Phila.*, four volumes, pub. Nat. Historical Assn., Harrisburg, Pa., 1931-33.

Johnson, John Graver. *National Cyclopedia of American Biography*, Vol. 16, pages 421, 422:

An outstanding Philadelphia lawyer referred to as King of the American Bar. He refused invitations to become a Supreme Court judge and to become Attorney General. "The last fifteen years of his life, he stood preeminently at the head of the bar of the nation." He became very wealthy, spending about $3,000,000 on choice pictures for his home art gallery, which he opened to his fellow citizens, bequeathing his collection in the end to Philadelphia. Unlike many rich men who collect noted paintings, he was a genuine art connoisseur.

Journal of Zoophily.

Paschal's "On Mental and Moral Traits of Animals" was in the last two issues ever published of this intellectual journal. Actually the dates of this publication were August and September, 1896.

Key, Ellen. "Soulful Sensuousness" from *Love and Marriage*.

Kindergartens.

Cyclopedia of Education, Vol. 4, Edited by Paul Monroe, published by MacMillan Co., N. Y. 1913. Page 78 gives an excellent summary of the transformation from sand lots to playgrounds, citing cities and dates.

The Kindergarten Magazine, Vol. 5, published during some of the years from 1880 to 1900, by the Women's Temple of Chicago: "The Unitarian Church of the Messiah was the first religious body in Chicago to recognize kindergartens." Vol. 14: "It was only in the 80's that the kindergartens made much headway in the public schools, St. Louis and Milwaukee being among first. Supt. McAllister recommended that these be made part of the public school system. Also from Vol. 14: Baroness Von Bulow is quoted: "The whole problem of development consists in passing from semblance to reality."

King, Thomas Starr. *Life of Thomas Starr King* by William Day Simonds contains: "Keep my memory green."

Lake George, Lake Champlain and Saratoga Regions.

Health and Pleasure, advertising booklet.

Samantha at Saratoga, by Marietta Holley, published by Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia, 1887. Ill. by F. Opper.

Lotus-Eating, A Summer Book, by George William Curtis, published by Harper Brothers, New York, 1854.

Picturesque America or The Land We Live In, Edited by William Cullen Bryant. Published by D. Appleton Co., 1874. Contains picture of Fort William Henry Hotel.

The American Lake Series, Lake Champlain, Lake George, by F. Van de Water, Bobbs Merrill, Indianoplis & N. Y.

Life Magazine, Sept. 1952, "Grand Union Hotel Checks Out."

The Lake George Tour, by J. Arbuthnot Wilson, in *Belgravia*, an illustrated London magazine, Vol. 51, July to Oct., 1883, published by Chatto & Windus.

Life Membership Certificate in American Unitarian Association for Paschal Heston Coggins was No. 2429.

Literature and Theology in Colonial New England by Kenneth B. Murdock, explains very clearly the sharp distinction in belief between Quakers and Puritans. The Puritan believed the soul and body were hostile forces. Quakers believed soul and body one; owned the God Within.

"The Marquis Forlorn" was really published in Sept. of 1897, in the *Youth's Companion*. There was a Marquis of Lorn much in the news at the time. *The Youth's Companion* pub. by Perry Mason & Co., Boston, Mass., 1827 to 1929. *American Authors and Books, page 855.*

Marwedel, Emma, by Fletcher Harper Swift, printed and sponsored by the University of California, 1930. Thesis?

Cyclopedia of Education, Vol. 4, page 141: "E. Marwedel."

The American Journal of Education, Sept. 1880, p. 897.

Conscious Motherhood quotes from Froebel and others.

Masterpieces of the Centennial Exhibition, Phila., Pa. 1876, published in 3 volumes, by Gebbie & Barrie. Vol. 3, p. 163 reports that 'Froebel's Kindergartens teach the child, unknown to itself, habits of order, attitude, application, cheerfulness, careful manipulation and a knowledge of geometric and natural forms & figures. When the time comes for higher studies, he will be found far in advance of thosewho have not had these preliminary advantages." This Vol. 3, Edited by Joseph M. Wilson, is valuable as a source of information on kindergartens and Froebel's *Education of Man*, which was printed 1826; also a good explanation of his Gifts, and the Centennial Kindergarten, of which Elizabeth Peabody was the power behind the scenes.

Jackson's Encyclopedia of Philadelphia, Vol. 1: " The Centennial Exposition was the turning point of art and taste in America, although a generation passed before the full effect of the awakening was realized."

Medical-Jurisprudence Society was by no means a charitable organization such as the Quaker " Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisoners."

Moon, Reuben Osborned-*Who's Who in America, p.1472*, 1912,3.

Mott, Lucretia Coffin, 1793-1880, born in Nantucket, Mass. Book of her name above by Lloyd Custer Mayhew Hare refers to her as " The Greatest American Woman." Pub. by the American Historical Society, N. Y. C., 1937.

Lucretia Mott by Otelia Cromwell, pub. Harvard Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1958.

Life and Letters of James and Lucretia Mott by A. D. Hallowell, published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1884. The picture of her in this book is the same as the one we copied from a picture in the Art Department of the Oakland Library. It was from a photograph taken of Lucretia in 1875 when she was eighty two.

Notes from The Wisconsin Story by H. Russell Austin. Page 323 tells of Mrs. Margarethe Meyer Schurz (wife of Carl Schurz) who brought the kindergarten to America.

Oberholzer, Ellis Paxson. His book, *The Literary History of Philadelphia*, published 1906 by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, contains the statements about Charles Brockden Brown, and the poem by Whittier, "Stand in Thy Place and Testify," and an extensive account of William Henry Furness. Available at the Oakland Library.

Penn Publishing Company was incorporated about 1890 out of the little publishing firm. Mr. Charles Chalmers Shoemaker became head of the new firm and Paschal H. Coggins was retained as its attorney. Books mentioned my page 7 nearly all carried the name of Penn Publishing Co. I found 28 of them in Oakland Main Library 1955.

Phrenology, pages 350, 351 in Vol. 9 of the *World Book*. W. P. Quarrie & Company, Toronto, 1931:

Puck: Probably intended to be a sort of American *Punch*. Paschal's " He Back-Pedaled" was really published in the July, 1898 issue of *Puck*. The issues of *Puck* from which we quoted on pages 252, 253 are Feb. 1889; Dec. 1889, March, May, and July 1890.

Quaker Faith.

The Quaker Story by Sidney Lucas, Harpers, N. Y., 1949.
The Quaker Colonies by Sydney Fisher, Yale Press, 1919.
The Quaker Experiment in Government by Isaac Sharpless, published by Ferris and Leah, Philadelphia.

John Woolman by Janet Whitney, Little Brown & Co.1942.
Just Among Friends, by William Wistar Comfort, Pres. Haverford College, published 1941 by MacMillan Co.

Beyond Dilemmas, by S. B. Laughlin, Lippincott, 1913.
A Portraiture of the People Called Quakers, by Horace Mather Lippincott, printed by Walter H. Jenkins, 1915, Philadelphia,

Recollections of My Mother by Susan Inches Lesley.
It is from page 28 of this book that we have copied our quotation from Bancroft about Anne Hutchinson.

(A) Reminiscence of the Flood of '61.
Written by Paschal Heston Coggins and published in *Out West*, actually in the year 1902. We used the earlier date since it suited the purposes of our story. See in *San Francisco Chronicle*, "Riptides" 12/18, 20,22/1950.

Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 1712-1778, born in Switzerland.
World Book, Vol. 10, page 6218:
His book *Emile* was one of the great books in the field of education and many of the principles set forth in it were adopted by Pestalozzi and Froebel.

Sacramento Daily Record. Our paragraphs on 170, 171, 172 and 173 were quoted from this newspaper dated May 29, 1879, in some Anniversary Edition.

Sartain, Emily. Since Emily's father (John Sartain, *Reminiscences of a Very Old Man)* was Director of the Centennial Art Exhibit, it was natural that Emily belonged among those women who had carried on The Women's Pavilion and later founded The New Century Club.
Encyclopedia Americana-- Vol. 9, pages 367, 368.

Shoemaker, Charles Chalmers, *Who's Who in America*, 1906-07, page 1623. He became manager and treasurer of the Penn Publishing Company. He was a member of the Writeabout Club and the Franklin Inn, as was Paschal H. Coggins.

Twain, Mark. My quotation at the beginning of my Chapter 35 is taken from *American Literature*, (March 1954) *A Journal of Literary History, Criticism, and Bibliography*, published with the cooperation of the American Group of the Modern Language Association by the Duke University Press.
Howells, William Dean. *My Mark Twain*, published soon after Mark Twain's death (1910) by Harpers.

Unitarianism ."From 1825 to 1860, Unitarian ministers surpassed all other denominations in the intelligence and the culture of its clergy," wrote Thomas W. Higginson.

The Encyclopedia Americana--Vol. 27, pages 294L to 301: Goes exhaustively into growth & theory of Unitarianism. It states that the *Christian Register* is the oldest religious journal of continuous publication in America. This encyclopedia is published by American Corporation in N. Y., Chicago and Washington, 1929.

Heralds of a Liberal Faith, by Samuel Atkins Eliot published by the Beacon Press, Boston, 1952.

The Wider Fellowship, by Charles W. Wendte, Vol. 1 and 2, pub. by the Beacon Press, 25 Beacon St.Boston.

Unitarianism in America, by George Willis Cooke published by The American Unitarian Assn., Boston, 1912.

Variety Music Cavalcade, published by Prentice-Hall in 1952, written by Julius Mattfeld, page 182, 183:

"On the evening of May 4, 1886, in Chicago's Haymarket Square, a bomb exploded during a mass meeting that was agitating for the eight hour work day and protesting the suppression of strikes by the police. A riot started which increased in violence when the police fired into the crowd. Several policemen were killed and sixty six persons wounded; eight Anarchist Internationalists were arrested and convicted; four were hanged, one committed suicide, and three were sent to jail....(Their trials), however, failed to adduce evidence that the accused had been implicated. Seven years later, Gov. Peter Altgeld pardoned the prisoners. The event is the subject of a novel, *The Bomb*, by Frank Harris."

Verification is not possible in regard to the little verse I mentioned in Chapter 2 as it is known only by hearsay. The telegrams in Chapter 9 are entirely fictitious. The genuine telegrams were destroyed seventy five years ago.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas (Riggs): Born in Phila., 1859 and died in London, 1923. Started first kindergarten for the poor children on the Pacific Coast.

Authors Today and Yesterday pub. by H. W. Wilson Co., in New York, 1933. Written by Stanley J. Kunitz.

My Garden of Memory by Kate Douglas Wiggin, pub. Houghton Mifflin Co., Riverside Press, Boston & New York. Remembered best, maybe, for *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.*

Warner, Cap'n William of Blockley of Philadelphia.

Nat. Cyclopedia of American Biography, Vol.32, page 74: " William Warner commanded the Gloucester squadron under Cromwell at the Battle of Dunbar. After the Restoration in 1660, he came to America, settled in Gloucester in Mass., then founded Gloucester, N. J. in 1675. Then he bought land from the Indians, west bank Schuylkill."

Pennsylvania Magazine of Biography and History, Vol. 15, page 194: " William Warner of Blockley had four sons, John, Isaac, William and Robert." See same periodical Vol. 2, page 39; Vol. 18, page 343; Vol. 47, page 374; Vols. 52 and 62, pages 74.

Publications of Pennsylvania Genealogical Society: " William Warner was baptized 1627 at Blockley Parish England.....His will was proved 1707." Among others, he "named his son-in-law, James Kite & grsons James & Abr." Many other authorities say that William Warner settled on W. bank of Schuylkill long before Penn's arrival.

Williams, Roger, the Baptist Minister.

Massachusetts Pioneers, page 471 for Rebaptism.

Roger Williams, by Perry Miller, Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., page 156, for Rebaptism by Ezekial Holliman.

Roger Williams, New England Firebrand by James Ernst.

The Irrepressible Democrat, Roger Williams, Brockumer.

New England Register, Vol. 104, page 204, on Rhode Island Baptists and Roger Williams.

Williamson. *(Hinshaw*, Vol. 2, page 775: (Phila. Orthodox.)
" 1849 --Mary dis jas Unitarians."
This signifies that Mary was disowned from the Society of Friends for joining another society, that of the Unitarians.

Williamson, Passmore. See *The Underground Railroad*, by William Still, published by Porter & Coates. 1884, in Philadelphia. It is from this book, found in the Oakland Library, that we obtained our picture of Passmore. It is from a daguerreotype, which, I found later, we have in our family. This book explains fully the set-up of the Pennsylvania Antislavery Society and the part which Passmore played in helping fugitives to freedom.

Williamson, Thomas.

Sharpless Genealogy, page 478:
" Thomas Williamson was born 1796, probably in Chester County, near Newton or in the old Williamson home near Westtown. His parents, William Williamson and Phebe Passmore were married in 1789 at the E. Nottingham Mtg. He married Elizabeth Pyle. Thomas Williamson was bookkeeper at Westtown Boarding School from 1817 to 1827, after which he lived a few years in West Chester. He became a leading conveyancer in Philadelphia, where he took up his residence in 1839 at Seventh and Arch Sts. He had a large practice, cared for numerous estates as executor, guardian, or trustee. His wife, Elizabeth, died in 1846. He married at Haverford Mtg., Deborah Garrigues in 1848."

Encyclopedia of American Quakers by William Wade Hinshaw, published by Edwards Bros., Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1936-1946, Vol. 2, page 775:
" Williamson, 1839, 9, 26, Thomas and wife, Elizabeth andchildren, Phebe, Passmore, Anna, Mary and Isaac rocf, NDMM, dted 1839/9/24. (Philadelphia Orthodox Meeting.)"

Williamson, Thomas, cont. See *Smedley Genealogy*, page 213: "Thomas Williamson was a leading conveyancer in Philadelphia for many years and was father of Passmore Williamson who achieved notoriety through his efforts in antislavery causes."

Williamson, Thomas. Re the Estate of Thomas Williamson.

Legal documents and so-called Paper Books are:
Four documents in Passmore's handwriting.
The Will and Codicil of Thomas Williamson.
A Paper Book, Appeals of Mary W. Coggins....etc.
A document marked Deed made out 7/8/1890 which concludes the matter of the Thomas Williamson Estate.
(In the case of Taylor vs Coggins, some Paper Books review thoroughly the Thomas Williamson Estate case.)

Two Paper Books, in Equity, Court of Common Pleas, Dec. Term 1911, each numbered 762. Respectively these are: Joint and Several Answers of Paschal H. Coggins, Executor of Mary W. Coggins, etc. and Demurrer to Plaintiffs' Bill by Paschal H. Coggins, etc.
Four Paper Books, in Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, Eastern District, Jan. Term 1913, each No. 328. Respectively these are: Paper Book of Appellees in Equity and Appellants Paper Book in Reply to Appellees Paper Book and Appellants Paper Book (120 pages) and Appendix to Appellants Paper Book (244 pages).

Woodlands. This name at first belonged to the fine residence of the Hamilton family. Later most of its acerage became a cemetery by that name. Paschal and Mary are buried in Woodlands. Father's great grandfather, Edward Warner Heston is also buried at Woodlands, his body having been moved by his children from the Heston graveyard near 55th and Master Streets. *Jackson's Enc. 2*, p. 349.

Wordsworth for "Hath had elsewhere, etc." Edith Madeline Thomas for "Old Soul came from far beyond unlit bounds."